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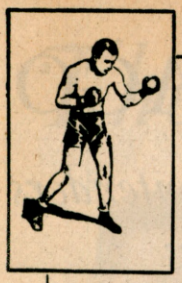

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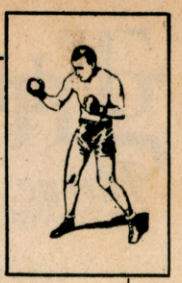

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Vol. XI JANUARY, 1933 No. 12

Published Monthly by The Ring, Inc.

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## *In Our Next Issue*

Every year an army of fistic fans—fighters, promoters and fight enthusiasts, await eagerly the annual rating of boxers as compiled by The Ring's expert staff, and more than 100 sports editors and Ring correspondents throughout the world.

Every year The Ring's ratings have shown such an accurate gauge in expert selections, that more than 90 percent of our choices have stood out.

That's why newspapers throughout the world reprint our selections, just as they did when the famous Walter Camp made his annual football ranking.

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The Ring, Inc., Washington and South Avenues, Dunellen, N. J.
Editorial and Business Office—11 West 42nd Street, New York City—Telephone Longacre 5-7244-45.

Nathaniel Fleischer, President and Editor.
A. D. Phillips, Secretary. Advertising Manager, D. P. Riker, 303 Fourth Avenue, New York City. “Tex” Austin R. Gramlich, Make-up and Art Editor.

Price—15 cents per copy in United States and Canada. Subscription Price—$1.50 per year in United States and possessions; also, Cuba, Mexico and Panama. Canada $2.25, and all other countries $2.50 in U. S. currency.

Entered as second-class matter January 9, 1930, at the Post Office at Dunellen, New Jersey. Additional entry at New York, N. Y.

Regular contributors—Frank Graham, Wilbur Wood, John L. (Ike) Dorgan, Jack Curley, “Tex” Austin R. Gramlich, Charles F. Mathison, A. D. Phillips and Joe Humphreys.

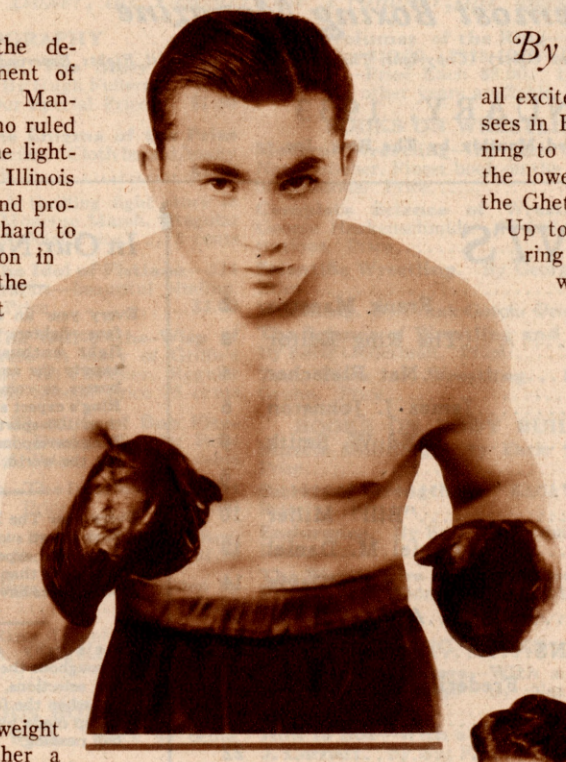
Printed in the U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Company, Dunellen, N. J.

# THEY HAIL *from* CHICAGO

## *Barney Ross and Paul Dazzo Loom as Strong Contenders for Lightweight and Featherweight Honors*

*By* FRANK MAESTRO

SINCE the dethronement of Sammy Mandell, who ruled over the lightweight division, Illinois boxing managers and promoters have tried hard to develop a champion in that state, but the nearest they got was when Earl Mastro became the leading contender for the featherweight crown, and just when the title was within reach, he became ill and was forced into retirement. Now, however, Chicago has two boys, one in the featherweight ranks and the other a lightweight, who loom as championship calibre.



*Barney Ross*

During the past few months, fistic circles have been buzzing with the names of Barney Ross and Paul Dazzo, the former, on the trail of Tony Canzoneri, and Dazzo, seeking the title which is owned by Kid Chocolate in this country and Seaman Watson in England. Fight experts who have seen these boys in action, rate both leaders in their respective division. Each has the necessary qualifications of a first rate fighter and each has demonstrated to the satisfaction of the wise ones that he merits consideration when a championship bout is discussed.

In Ross' last three starts he won overwhelmingly over Battling Battalino, scored a two-round knockout over Frankie Petrolle and gained a victory over Goldie Hess. As Barney is under the voting age, he has an exceptionally bright future.

And as for his fellow Chicagoan, Dazzo, he is a determined two-fisted little gladiator whose hitting power is on a par with that of the best men in the featherweight class, and who possesses a fighting heart, the kind that makes champions. He is a former amateur boxer with a good record. His style of milling makes him an exceptionally fine attraction and his ability adds to that prestige.

He has shown remarkable improvement in the last six months. An eight-round knockout over Frankie Wallace, rugged Cleveland featherweight, really started Paul on his way to fame. It was a surprising upset and was scored in sensational style. Following that kayo, Paul easily whipped Jackie Sharkey, Minneapolis rival who had been winning over his rivals with consistency, and judging by his work in the middle west, Paul should have little difficulty crashing the eastern barrier and making headway against New York's fine talent.

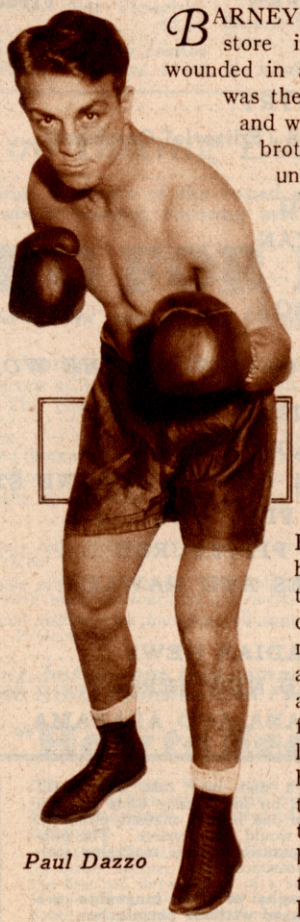
* * *

A FEW months ago the name of Barney Ross meant little in the East and didn't mean much even in his home burg except among his friends. But to-day, Chicago fandom is all excited over this 135 pounder. Now that the Windy City sees in Barney a future title holder, New York fans are beginning to claim Barney as their own, because he was born on the lower east side of New York and lived in the heart of the Ghetto until he was six years old.

Up to this writing, Barney has had forty-one professional ring battles and has won forty times and lost one. He has won seventeen bouts by the knockout route and now he is on the trail of the king of the division. Nate Lewis of the Chicago Stadium is hot after the bout as such a contest would fill the vast arena because of Ross' popularity, but if Ross continues to make headway against topnotchers, it is safe to predict that Canzoneri will give him a bout in New York, in which territory Tony is a big attraction.

Barney, according to his mother, was fond of boxing even when only a kid. She had great difficulty keeping him from joining the ranks of the mitt slingers until necessity forced the family to permit the boy to make fighting his profession. And it all happened like this:

* * *



*Paul Dazzo*

BARNEY'S father, the proprietor of a grocery store in Chicago's Ghetto, was fatally wounded in a holdup in his store. The father was the supporter of four boys and a girl, and with his death, Barney and one of his brothers took over the shop and ran it until a purchaser could be located.

Barney then went to high school where he completed a two-year course and during which period he engaged in odd jobs, but necessity again forced his hand, and he gave up school. Barney didn't earn much at work, so he decided to turn boxer and with sound advice from his friends, he joined a gymnasium in Chicago and tuned up for the Golden Gloves tournament.

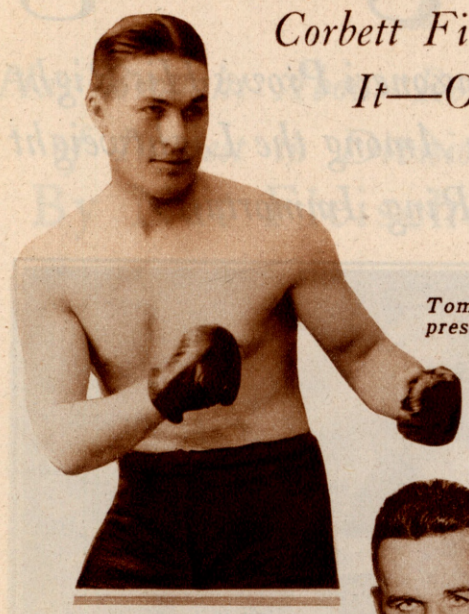
It was in that tourney that Barney starred and not only surprised his admirers but himself by winning the featherweight honors. He then came to New York for the inter-city matches and won over Al Santora in an extra round bout that sizzled with action. Shortly after, he turned professional and he has been travelling like a house afire since. So well has he done as a pro, that he has assumed the responsibilities of the family in the last four years. He has sent two brothers to high school and when they graduate, he says he hopes to have them continue a college career.

The story of his career is just one more in the long list of famed fighters who, like the heroes of Horatio Alger stories, has made his way from the bottom rung through a hard, trying, persevering campaign to become a contender.

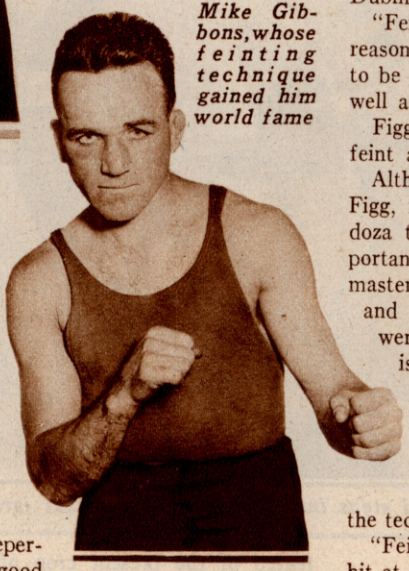
# The Art of Feinting

## *Corbett First to Modernize, Develop and Popularize It—Originally a Fencing Movement—First Used in Boxing in 1715*

By THE RING EDITOR



*Tommy Loughran, present-day master of feinting*



*Mike Gibbons, whose feinting technique gained him world fame*

EVERYBODY who has watched Dave Shade, Jimmy McLarnin, Billy Petrolle, Benny Leonard and Tommy Loughran in ring action, knows the meaning of the word "feinting", for in those fighters, we have the modern masters of this art of self-defense. That branch of fisticuffs seems to be ignored by all but the scientific boxers, yet it is one of the most important items in a boxer's repertoire. You can always spot a good fighter by his feinting. He is the cool, collected type, the fellow who doesn't rush in blindfoldedly, pell-mell, with arms swinging like a gate, eager to finish his man in a jiffy. That's the type who usually gets such a shellacking that if he continues long enough in his profession, he eventually finds himself cutting paper dolls in a sanatorium.

The art of feinting, for such it is, is as old as the hills. Many critics give Jim Corbett credit for being the first to employ it in boxing, but this is not according to the real facts. It was after the fight between Benny Leonard and Jimmy McLarnin, two masters in the science, that I decided to delve into the musty shelves of Fistiana, to decide a little wager on "who was the inventor of feinting".

Little did I dream the task to which my reader had set me, yet being historic-minded so far as boxing is concerned, I began to hunt through my books and before I finished the search, I found myself reading fistic data in ancient works dating back to 1700. Thus, I found the first reference to feinting in boxing in an article that appeared in the Dublin Advertiser of 1715, in a bout that took place between two Irishmen, Felix Maguire, "a master bruiser with the fists", and Felix O'Brien. This, mind you, four years before the Father of British Boxing, James Figg, became recognized as the king of English fighters.

And in 1717, there is a reference to feinting in a small report of a fight in Dublin in Woodfill's Daily Advertiser. Then in 1719, when Figg opened his famous booth, he taught feinting as part of his combination boxing and fencing instruction and gained many pupils.

* * *

FEINTING in boxing was nothing more than a copy of feinting in fencing. In a book in my possession, "The Art of Fencing" or the "Use of the Small Sword," printed in Dublin in 1734, I find the following:

"Feints are much used in fencing, whether it be used by reason of their number, gaining more time and light than is to be got in plain thrust, there being no thrust to be given so well as after a feint."

Figg, in instructing his pupils, laid much stress on the feint as a means "to obtain an opening".

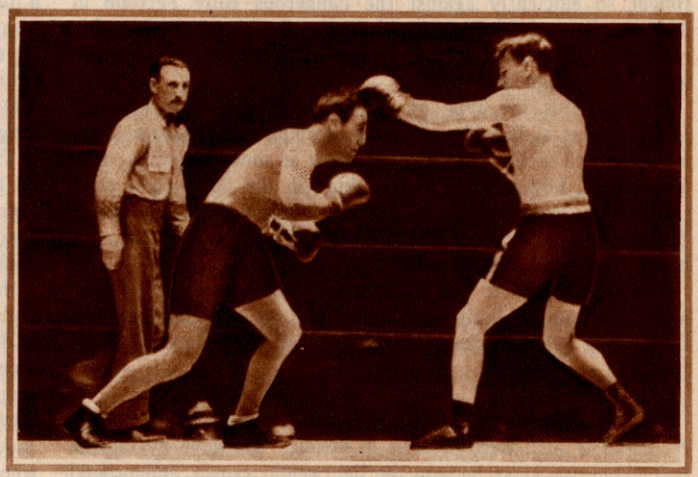
Although feinting was used by the fighters who followed Figg, it remained for Richard Humphreys and Daniel Mendoza to perfect it and to bring feinting into use as an important part of the science of self defense. They were both masters in the art. A century later, the great Jem Mace and Jim Corbett revived interest in the art because both were exponents of cleverness in boxing of which feinting is a part.

In another book in my possession, "The Art of Manual Defense, or System of Boxing", by a pupil of Humphreys and Mendoza, printed in London in 1799, the following interesting definition of "feinting" is given in conjunction with an explanation of the technical terms most frequently used in boxing:

"Feint—A mock assault. To make a feint is to affect, to hit at one part of the body and really to strike at the other in order to induce your adversary to guard the part pretended to be aimed at, and to mislead his intention from that to which your real blow is meant to be directed."

What finer and more explicit definition of a "feint" could be given by a master of the King's English to-day? I dare say none.

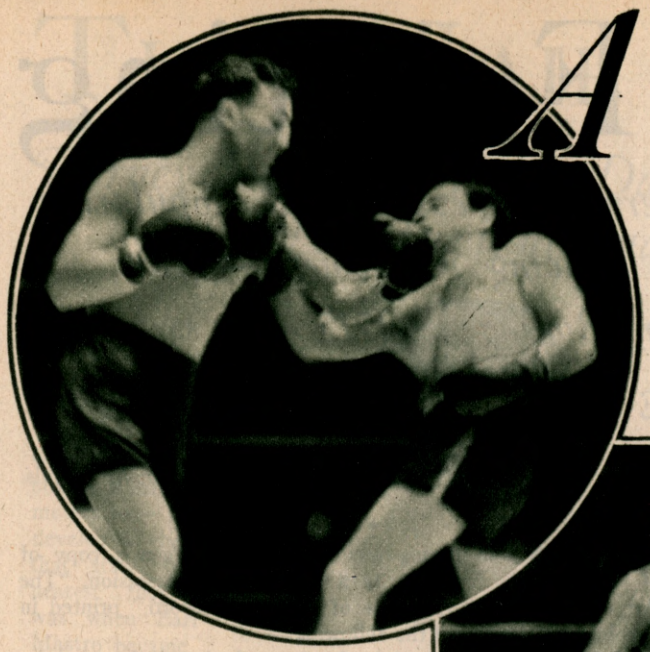
From my research, I find that feinting was little practiced in the early days of boxing, because the men of the bare-knuckle period didn't mind being battered. (*Continued on page* 34)



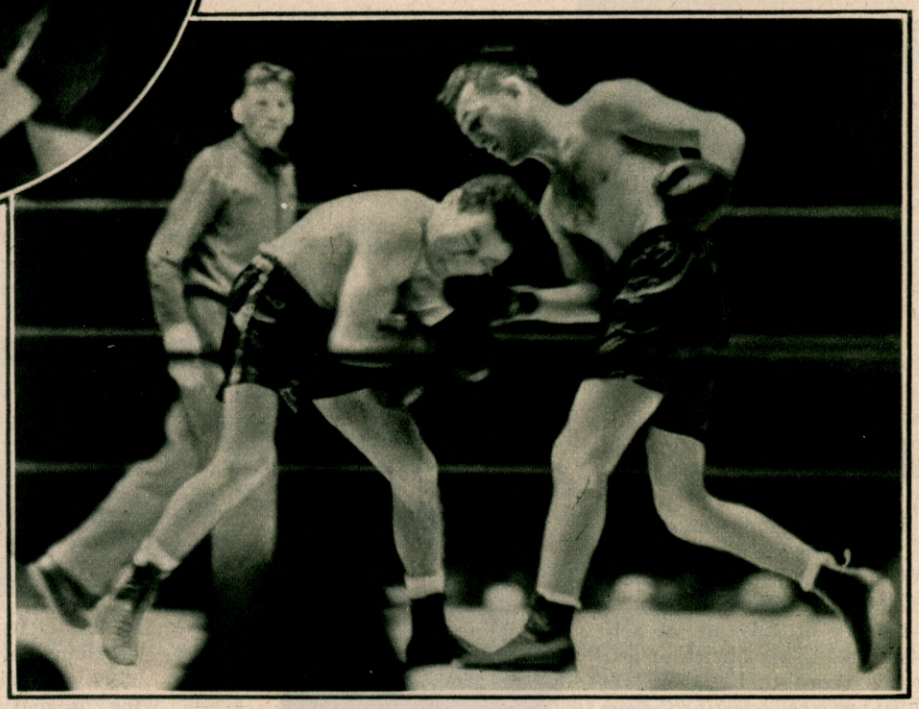
*Jimmy McLarnin, right, ranks high among present-day stars of feinting, while Billy Petrolle is a thoroughbred when it comes to forcing openings*

# A Fighting

## *Tony Canzoneri Proves His Right to a Place Among the Lightweight Ring Immortals*



***Billy Petrolle lands a left hook to Tony's jaw in the first round***



***Canzoneri steps into a right uppercut that jars him in the tenth round***

THE greatest little fighter of his weight in recent years —that is what fistic historians will write about Tony Canzoneri long after he has hung up his gloves. And well will he deserve that designation, for no champion has ever been more willing to clear the field of opposition and has given better and more honest competition than has Tony. He is one of the few champions of the present era who has opened the field to every logical contender and who, once he has entered the roped square, has fearlessly and conscientiously gambled with his opponent for possession of the crown.

Tony not only is a good hitter but a clever, scientific boxer, and as such he could take the easiest way out by safeguarding his crown through boxing rather than slugging, but he has never refused to mix it though such method of attack might have cost him the title. That is why Canzoneri still retains the lightweight championship and why he will be ranked among the great fighters in the lightweight division.

True he is not a Benny Leonard nor Joe Gans when those two ring wizards were at their best, but the Canzoneri who fought so efficiently against the dangerous Billy Petrolle in Madison Square Garden recently, can take his place alongside the kings of the past in his division. There weren't many who were better than he.

Canzoneri is the type of champion who dislikes idleness. If there were sufficient contenders, nothing would please Tony more than to tackle one after the other at short intervals. Unfortunately, however, there is lacking in the lightweight class talent that compares with Tony. Sammy Fuller, Johnny Jadick and Barney Ross might stand a chance against the title holder but there are no others.

For that reason it will be necessary for Canzoneri to fight above the weight limit or to take part in non-championship fights until talent of championship calibre is developed.

* * *

IN his fight with Petrolle, Canzoneri turned in a perfect battle if such were possible in boxing. He gave by far the best exhibition since he won the lightweight crown, and proved himself a champion in every respect.

Despite the fact that in Billy Petrolle he faced the most feared of the present crop of heavy lightweights, a fighter whose terrific punching power has taken the fight out of every one he has met, Tony did not fear him. He not only took Petrolle's best left hand crashes without a whimper, but even went so far as to stand toe-to-toe with this devastating puncher at crucial moments and swap blows with him. In fact, he did something that few fighters, especially champions dare to enter into—he traded right hand wallops thereby giving his opponent an opportunity to cross with a left haymaker.

It is an axiom in boxing not to trade rights, especially when a hitter of the Petrolle type is the opponent. But axioms mean nothing to Tony. He forgets everything but fight when he enters the ring and that is why he is so popular. He is willing to take his chances in a punching duel, despite the fact that as a scientific boxer, he probably can outpoint any lightweight in the game to-day.

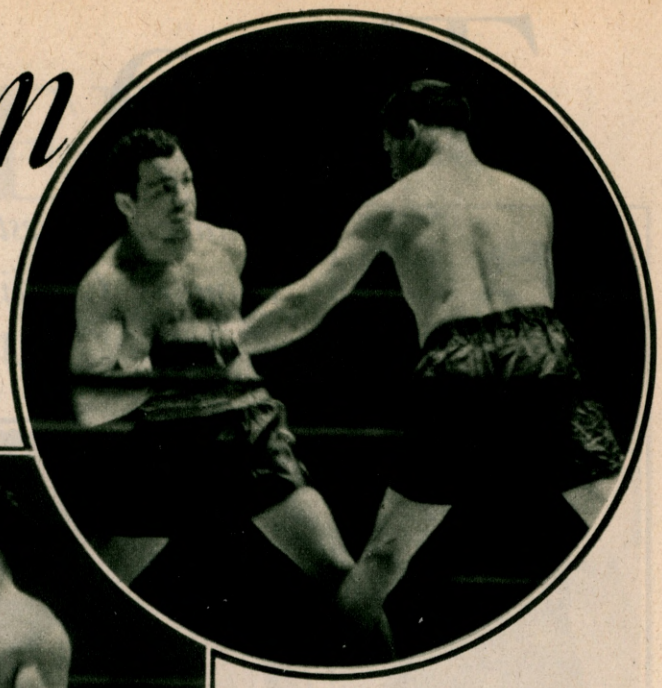
There are many who saw Tony successfully defend his title in the bout with Petrolle, who blame weight making for Petrolle's defeat. That, of course is an injustice to the smart, good, game, honest fighter who opposed Billy. There is no doubt, that making weight hurt Petrolle's chances. Any one with common sense could have seen that as soon as the bell sent the little gladiators on their way.

But as Petrolle remarked in his dressing room while his seconds were applying ice to his face to reduce the swelling brought on by Canzoneri's facial bombardment, "Tony deserves full credit for the victory. My making the weight shouldn't detract from that triumph. I knew what I was doing when I accepted the titular match. I was advised against it by my manager Jack Hurley, but I was bent on winning a championship before I retire and I've been taught my lesson."

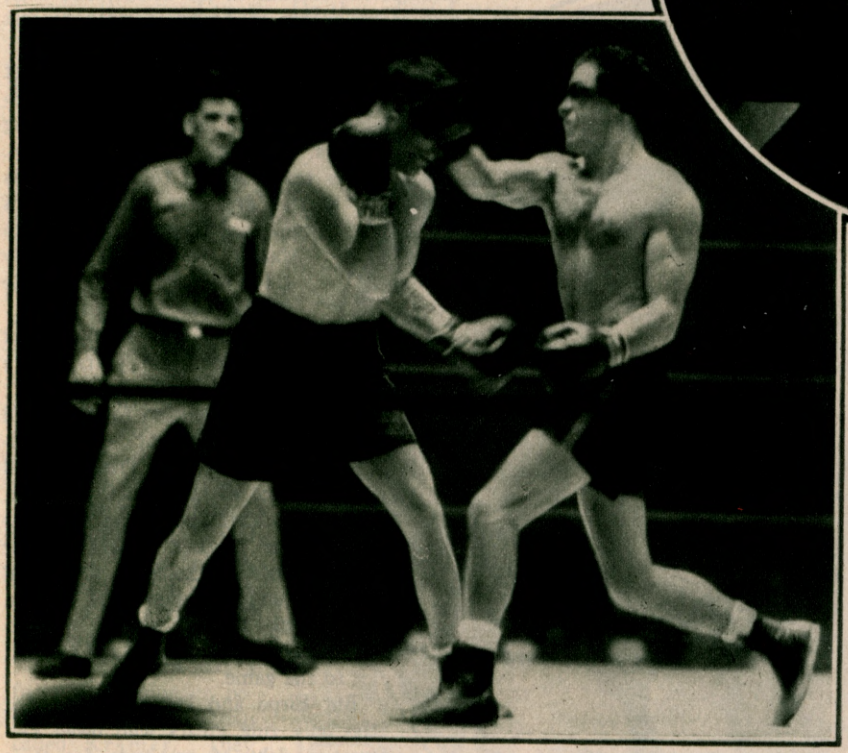
# Champion

## *Has Brought About Revival of Interest in Division*

## By Nat Fleischer



*Tony blocks a left and is ready to shoot over his own left in the twelfth*



*Canzoneri misses a right hook to Petrolle's head in the eleventh*

THOSE are the words of a good sport. The rules of boxing stipulate that a championship in any division may be won only when the challenger weighs within the limit of his class. Hence, if a man feels that by making the necessary weight he will injure himself, sap his strength, weaken his hitting power or lessen his speed, he has no right to accept a championship bout.

In the fight with Canzoneri there seemed to be a doubt in the minds of the fans and the scribes from the very start that Petrolle could be himself, that he could retain his speed, his punching prowess, his agility and endurance powers, but Billy insisted that making 135 pounds would not injure him any and his word was accepted. But when the test came, he was found wanting.

They took all the steam out of the Mid-Western Slugger in the steam room before he entered the squared circle. Billy soon found that he is not a natural lightweight and to make the weight for Canzoneri, it was necessary to apply artificial methods to reduce.

Those who know anything about physical culture, realize how injurious that method is. The steam room sapped Billy's strength, stamina, sock and speed. It made him leg weary even before he faced the champion. Petrolle's best punches had little effect on Tony, although in past contests, when weight was not a consideration, such blows as Petrolle landed would have brought on the chirp of the birdies.

As for Canzoneri, he gave one of the smartest exhibitions of his career. There was no doubt about the winner this time, for not only did Tony get the award of the judges and referee, but there wasn't one dissenting voice in the vast assembly of 20,000, and that, we must admit, is rather unusual. My score card gave Petrolle five of the first ten rounds, with two even. But with the start of the eleventh, it was all Tony's. He won every round thereafter. Only a knockout could have made his victory more pronounced.

The manner in which Petrolle fought against odds after the tenth, was a tribute to his staunch heart and wonderful resistance. He kept plodding along, legs spread, despite the tireless fire of his foe. As the fight progressed, Canzoneri used snappy lefts to the face and hooked his right with jarring effect to the jaw, but Petrolle refused to yield. In fact, in the last round, Petrolle made Tony see stars when he sent a terrific right to the jaw that almost sent Canzoneri off his feet. But Tony covered quickly, recovered his equilibrium and again turned the tide from then to the finish.

* * *

CANZONERI paced himself beautifully. He seemed certain of himself from the start, especially after he noted the worn expression of his opponent during the weighing-in. Tony coasted most of the time, slugged when he had to fight, jabbed when he saw the opening and didn't open up thoroughly until the eleventh.

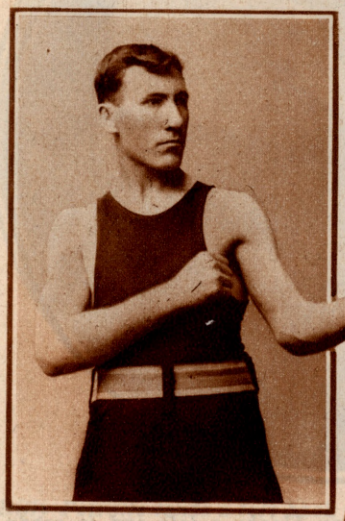
From then on he outpointed and outfought his man. It was a good fight, though lacking the expected fireworks. But that is usually the case when two good fighters clash. There were no knockdowns, the nearest to that sensation coming in the last session.

Petrolle's right eye was puffed and his left closed and his nose was battered from a continuous barrage to the face, while Tony had no marks on his face, but plenty of big red blotches on his body for that was where Petrolle directed most of his attack.

The fight proved what Petrolle already knows—he is no lightweight and shouldn't attempt again to make weight. As a 140 pounder, he stands supreme. Billy can still go after a title if he is anxious to annex one—(*Continued on page* 35)

# TWO GREAT

## *Jimmy Deforest and Dan Hickey, World's Most Famous Conditioners of Boxers—Both Were Makers of Champions*



***Dan Hickey as he looked when he came from Australia with Bob Fitzsimmons***

TWO great fistic characters, Jimmy Deforest and Dan Hickey, passed into the Great Beyond recently, the Grim Reaper striking the death blow to Hickey less than forty-eight hours after the burial of his pal. Both were veteran teachers of boxing, although Deforest, sixteen years older than Hickey, had seen about twenty years more service in his chosen profession. He served the profession for upwards of half a century. Both Dan and Jimmy were ranked as masters in the conditioning of boxers, and their loss has deprived the sport of two of its leaders in the field of training.

***Dempsey and Deforest, the man who made him physically fit to take the title from Jess Willard***

Jimmy Deforest belonged to the romantic age of boxing in this country. He was internationally known as an expert, because his system, like that of Spike Webb of Annapolis with the amateurs, was one that brought results—it was a system that made champions. Hickey was not so great an instructor as Deforest, but as a trainer he had few if any superiors. It was he who trained Bob Fitzsimmons when Ruby Robert was preparing for his bout with Corbett, and to him Freckled Bob gave full credit for having piloted him into the heavyweight championship.

Deforest's greatest fame was gained in his handling of the training of Jack Dempsey for his fight with Jess Willard and his tutoring of Luis Firpo when the Wild Bull of the Pampas made his American début. It was Jimmy's work with Dempsey that enabled the Manassa Mauler to whip Willard so badly and gain the world's heavyweight championship, and had Firpo consented to retain Deforest as his mentor when he was matched with Dempsey, he undoubtedly would have won the title from Dempsey at the time when he knocked Jack through the ropes, out of the ring.

But Firpo was opposed to spending on a trainer any of the thousands of dollars that he had earned here. Accordingly he discharged Deforest a few weeks before intensive training for the Dempsey bout began, with the result that Luis had incompetent seconds in his corner, and their lack of knowledge of American methods cost Firpo the heavyweight championship.

Although Firpo was perhaps the greatest example of Deforest's skill and resourcefulness in conditioning and tutoring boxers, Dempsey remained his idol. His ready answer to any questions of ring greatness was a pæan of praise for the Manassa Man Mauler. Speaking of Dempsey a few weeks before he became seriously ill, Deforest said:

"I was with Dempsey for two and a half years, and a more likable chap never lived. He is a glutton for work and is as obedient as a well-trained child. Dempsey will take all the advice you want to hand out to him. He was the greatest fighter I ever trained, though I also liked Dundee, Leonard and Britton. Jack Britton was a marvelously scientific boxer and a credit to the game."

But Firpo and Dempsey were not the only ring greats who owed Deforest a debt of gratitude for their high estate in the fistic world. Kid McCoy, Leach Cross, Joe Gans, Abe Attell and Johnny Dundee were but a few of the more famous pugilists whom Deforest prepared for their conquests. His interests were not entirely centered in the professionals. In recent years he specialized in training amateurs.

Irish Patsy Cline, of Harlem, one of the few fighters that Deforest actually managed himself, while never a champion, proved one of the most popular ring performers of his day. Under Deforest's tutelage, Cline gave Benny Leonard one of the hardest fights of the lightweight champion's career and proved one of the best men of his weight in the ring.

Deforest also was a great trainer of athletes. Next to boxing, track running was his hobby.

"I have trained runners, fighters, bicycle riders, high jumpers and a host of athletes engaged in other branches of sport, but I want to tell you right now that I believe running to be the greatest sport on the face of the earth," said Deforest.

"It is a clean, courageous and extremely individual sport. Mind you, I'm not crying down the fight game. I have been in it all my life and I like it, but, next to boxing, I love the game of track. I handled Longboat and Dorando. They were both great long-distance men. I also worked with Mike Sweeney, the high jumper, Lon Meyers and Tommy Conneff. They were all great runners."

Deforest was in a reminiscent mood, and, urged to tell about his early career in the fight game, he remarked:

At the age of 12 he took Dutch leave from the show with

# TRAINERS

## By JAMES J. JOHNSTON

*Deforest massaging Luis Firpo, whom he trained up to the time that the "Wild Bull" signed to meet Dempsey*

which the Deforest family was traveling in England and stowed away to his native America.

Jimmy landed at Castle Garden just as the immigrants were doing in those days and didn't get further north than the Bowery for several years. On that colorful street in the late 70's he got his first taste of boxing originally in self-defense in the struggle for existence with other ragamuffins there and later as an entertainer.

In his early Bowery days Deforest met Pete McCoy, a prominent boxer of the day, and McCoy taught the kid something of the game's fine points. Jimmy later became McCoy's chief second, but after several years of serving boxers in the ring, Jimmy went to Germany and France to study massaging. He returned to the United States and from then on was prominent as a trainer.

He was also a matchmaker and a manager and staged many important fights. As matchmaker at the Polo Grounds A. C., he put on the Tom Gibbons-Gene Tunney bout in 1925. But it was as a trainer that Deforest became known throughout America and Europe.

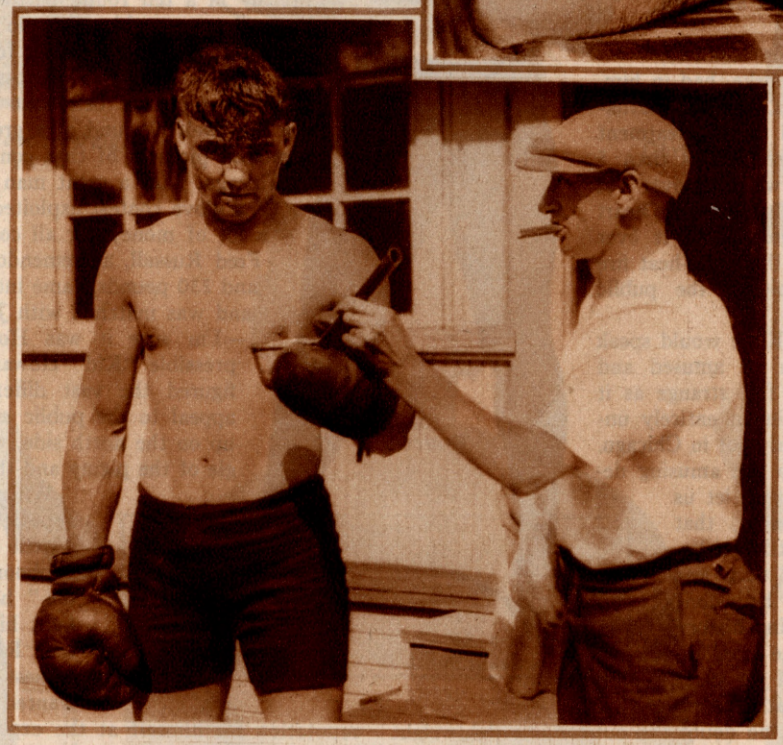
"I have refereed more than 7,000 fights," said Deforest to me a few years ago, "and I have refereed more than 100 skin-tight glove fights. My longest fight was a forty-seven rounder between Taylor and a chap called Kramer. They weighed 133 pounds and they fought at the Guttenberg race track.

"The shortest fight I ever handled was one of fourteen seconds. I boxed over in England both as an amateur and as a professional. Always under an assumed name. Billy Madden's and Owen Geoghan's, both on the Bowery, were favorite haunts of mine in years gone by.

"Pete McCoy was my first instructor. I was not keen on fighting, however. I engaged in possibly 100 battles in all. I've trained and handled more than 3,000 fighters.

"Nineteen years ago I moved down here and had Percy Cove, a Canadian, who lost his life in the World War, as my first pupil. I had the bad luck to lose a lot of my souvenirs and gymnasium apparatus during a big fire four years ago. The battles between Peter Maher and Gus Ruhlin and Leach Cross and Willie Ritchie were the greatest battles I ever saw."

Little did "The Professor" realize then that in a few weeks the Grim Reaper would cut short his life.



*Trainer Deforest and Jack Dempsey preparing for an afternoon's workout at Toledo, before the Willard fight*

* * *

DAN MICKEY was considered by many the best judge of fighters in the history of the ring, and the ablest teacher of pugilistic science. He was an articulate instructor, who put his knowledge into words of one syllable and illustrated them graphically and effectively. To this talent he added a shrewd business head.

One of Hickey's boyhood playmates and inseparable comrades was Robert Fitzsimmons, a lanky, freckled youth who could hit harder than any one in the neighborhood. Hickey and Fitzsimmons sparred during the recess hour at school, and sparred some more when they returned home in the evening.

Hickey learned his own ring science from Peter Jackson, the great Negro heavyweight. Jackson told him of the advantages of moving swiftly, keeping in condition and judging a young fighter from the instinctive movements of his feet and hands.

Hickey was eighteen years old when he came to the United States from Australia with Fitzsimmons. The latter was considerably older than he and advanced rapidly in standing among the contenders for Jim Corbett's heavyweight title.

Dan was in the challenger's corner in the famous Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight at Carson City, Nev., in 1897. When Corbett recovered from the effects of the knockout blow to his solar plexus in the fourteenth round he lost his head and rushed Fitzsimmons. Hickey, according to his own account, seized the defeated champion about (*Continued on page* 35)

# When Walcott Cried *Enough!*

## *Little Joe's Plea Failed to Move Tom O'Rouke in Bout With 6 feet 4 inch Giant*

*By* ED. W. SMITH

*(Famous Chicago referee and sports writer)*

ONCE upon a time it would have been the greatest case of *lese majeste* or a great *faux pas* or anything else in the line of fancy language to have suggested that Joe Walcott was a quitter or any part of one. This tremendous little chap never deserved such a slam at his courage for he showed dozens of times that his ring bravery was of the blind type—in fact, at times it looked positively foolish, some of the things he was asked to do, AND DID.

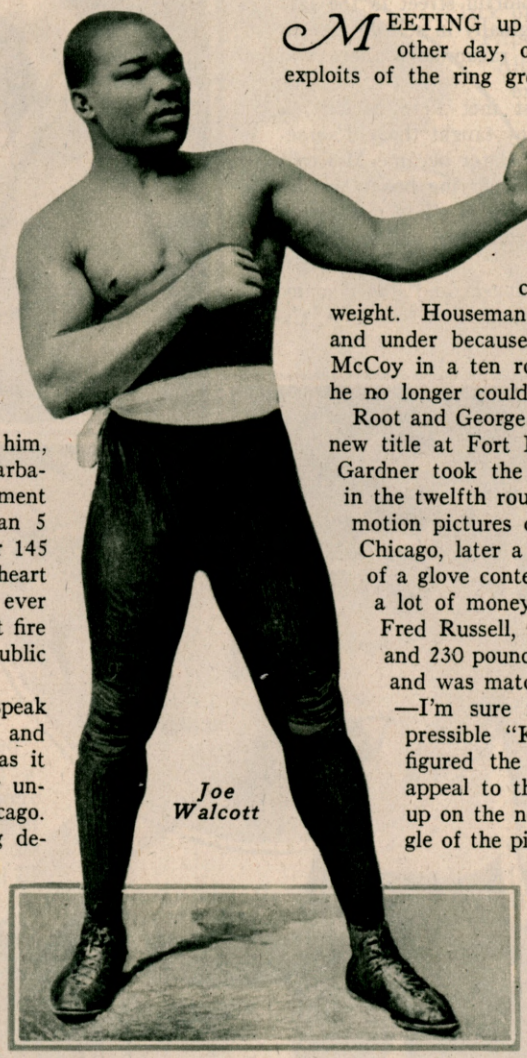
Such was the faith his handlers, and especially Tom O'Rourke, had in him, that it seemed ridiculous that the Barbadoes Black be submitted to the treatment he was—an impish figure of less than 5 feet 2 inches and never weighing over 145 pounds. Yet imbedded therein was a heart of the finest chilled steel and if it ever quavered under some of the white-heat fire to which it was submitted, the public never knew.

Yet it is of that ONCE we would speak but, mind you, only in an amused and rather detached manner for, strange as it may seem, it happened in an entirely unimportant, inconsequential bout in Chicago.

And before going into the amusing details of that strange contest, let us remind you, patient reader, that previously this strange little gorilla-like man who now does odds and ends to earn a living, had done things that seemed in ring history as absolute samples of the most unusual. Especially would we speak of Joe's tremendous battles with the late George Lavigne, no doubt the outstanding lightweight of his time and the embodiment at the time of all that is desperate in ring attainment—perhaps the most murderous puncher of any time and with courage utterly impervious.

Walcott was asked to make a killing weight of 135 pounds for George, then at his very best. He did, to the great sacrifice of everything but his indomitable will-to-do. Yet, in 1895 and again in 1897, he gave Lavigne such a great battle as to get a fifteen round draw and to lose a twelve round close decision.

That word of surrender, "ENOUGH," was not in the Walcott vocabulary. The Barbadoes, who was only around 24 years of age at the time, wouldn't have known the meaning of it had it been explained to him. Even when he fought such extraordinary men as Joe Choynski, George Gardner, Tommy West, Dan Creedon, Bill Hanrahan, Sandy Ferguson, Jack O'Brien, Sam Langford—well, fancy a mere welterweight taking on those portions as a regular daily, weekly, monthly and yearly diet and positively thriving on such tough fodder!



*Joe Walcott*

MEETING up with Jack Root in Los Angeles the other day, our conversation drifted to great ring exploits of the ring greats of another year. Jack was contemporaneous of a Walcott era and was one of the craftiest and toughest of any time and through his manager, the late Lou Houseman, then sports editor of the old *Inter-Ocean* in Chicago, was responsible for the making of that class now known as the light-heavyweight. Houseman suggested the new class of 175 pounds and under because Root, soon after his defeat of Kid McCoy in a ten round battle in Detroit in 1903, found he no longer could safely do the middleweight limit.

Root and George Gardner fought the first battle for the new title at Fort Erie, across from Buffalo, N. Y., and Gardner took the belt that Houseman offered, winning in the twelfth round of a great battle. Incidentally the motion pictures of that contest, taken by Bill Selig of Chicago, later a great man in pictures, were the finest of a glove contest exploited up to that time and made a lot of money for all concerned.

Fred Russell, a tremendous man of 6 feet 4 inches and 230 pounds, came into Chicago one time in 1902 and was matched with Joe Walcott. The promoter—I'm sure it was Howard Carr, the ever irrepressible "Kid" Howard, still a going concern—figured the vast difference in their sizes would appeal to the public and it did for Brand's Hall, up on the north side, was packed to see the struggle of the pigmy and the pachyderm.

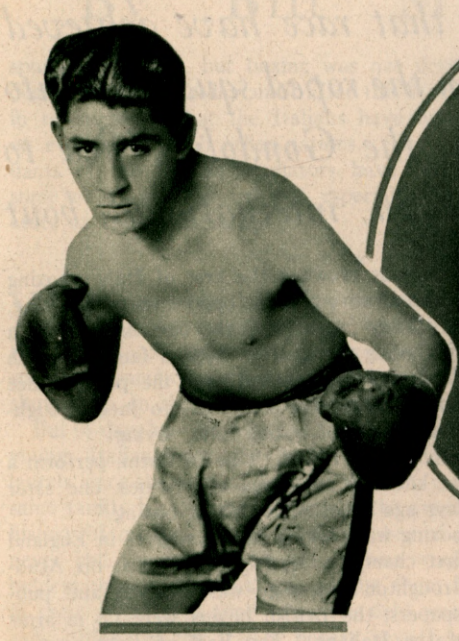
When Russell started training, he appealed one day to Jack Root for a little advice. "I don't want this babboon to make a monkey outta me," he said. "How would you fight him if you were me?" You see, Russell, perhaps, wasn't the gamest man in the world and he wanted to make some sort of a reputation for himself at the expense of stunted Joe.

Root, the crafty one, had a great idea. It's what he would have done had he been in Russell's fix. "You've got a foot the best of it in reach and 'way over a foot in height," Root explained. "He's a terrible puncher and you've got to keep him away from you. When you come out, just reach out and put your open left glove against his forehead, push him around as much as you can, and in the meantime, whale away with your right. Keep doing that all the time and you'll get somewhere. Otherwise—well, look out, that's about all I can say."

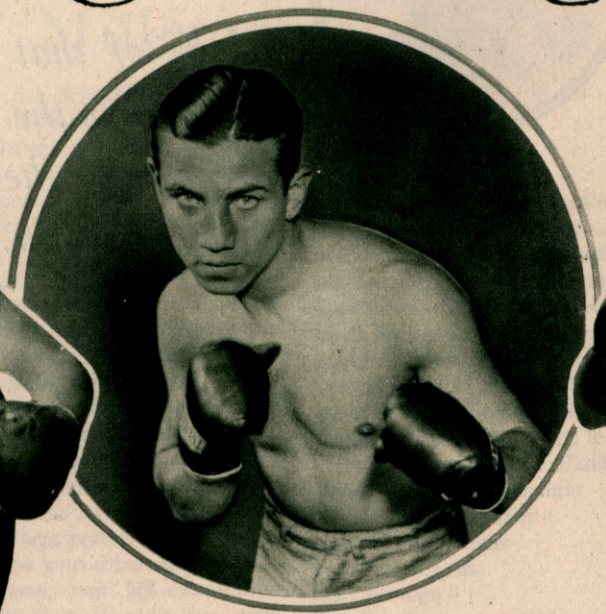
Russell listened attentively and said he thought the Root idea was solid and he'd try it. There never was a funnier fight. As they stood up for instructions, the top of Walcott's head just reached to the Russell armpit. As the first bell sounded, Walcott, getting a start like a broad jumper, made a running leap for Russell's chin with a right swing and landed flush. Down went Russell to a sitting position, badly dazed.

But he arose dizzily and tried to clinch the flash in front of him. And so well did he cover up that he quickly regained his senses and then started to put (*Continued on page* 34)

# Rising Ringsters

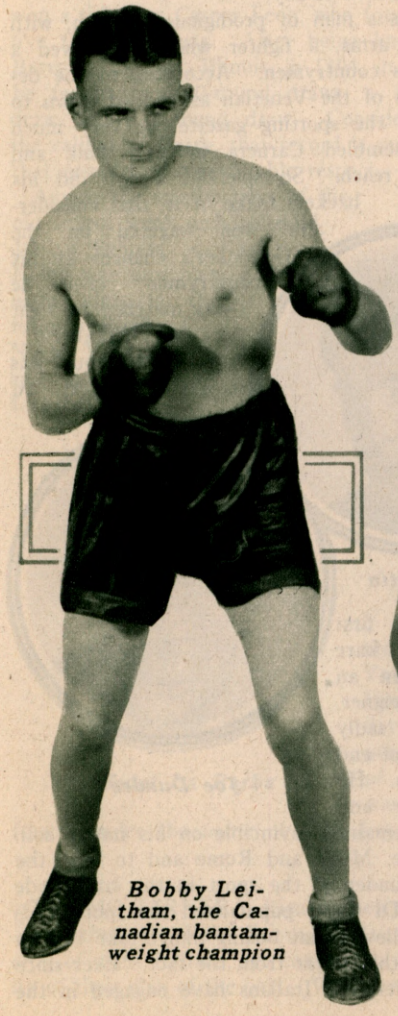


*Manny Candia, Mexican featherweight, showing in New York*

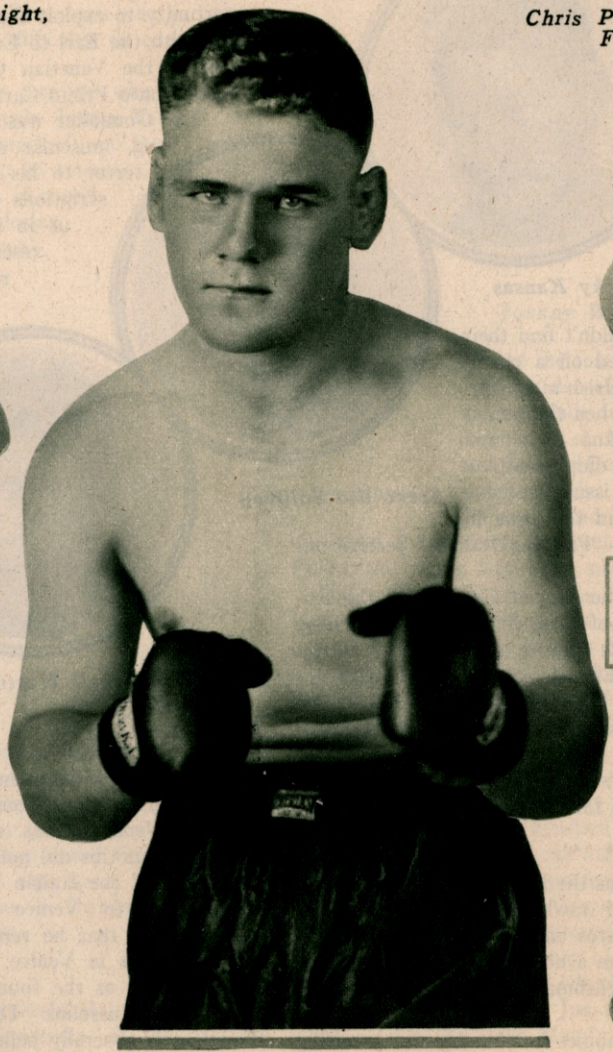


*Petey Hayes, New York's classy featherweight*

*Chris Pineda, a clever and sturdy Filipino bantamweight*



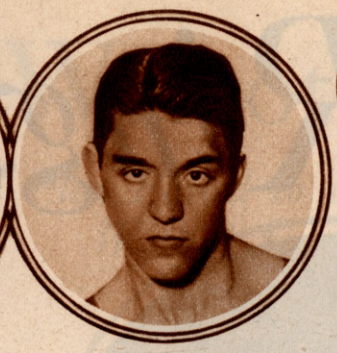
*Bobby Leitham, the Canadian bantamweight champion*



*Red Barry, rugged Washington, D. C., heavyweight*

*Pete Nebo, aggressive Cuban lightweight, is the "goods"*

Pete Herman



Sammy Mandell

# Fighting

## *Many of that race have achieved greatness in the roped square—Tito Di Carni, the Gondolier, first to engage in an international bout*

TIME was when a boxer had to have—or at least his manager figured it was necessary for him to have an Irish name to make any headway in the fistic profession. To-day however, the Italian and the Jewish fighters, the Germans, French and South Americans, have sufficient pride in their race to regard it an honor to fight under the colors of their birth. Thus we find the former heavyweight champion, Max Schmeling, making his rise to pugilistic fame without the necessity of adopting Erin as his Fatherland; Luis Firpo, an Argentinian of Italian birth, sticking to his family name; Primo Carnera, the present idol of the Italians battling his way to fame and fortune without the necessity of changing to Carney. And so on, along the line. La Barba, Rosenberg, Rosenbloom, Canzoneri, Genaro, among others didn't find their name a handicap. Each carried off a championship without the aid of an Irish monniker.

Midget Wolgast

Rocky Kansas

Steve Kid-Sullivan

Yet only a few years back when the Shamrock ruled the roost in Fistiana there was scarcely a fighter of note who didn't adopt a Paddy monniker. In previous issues we have traced the rise of the Irish and the Jews in boxing and in this number the "Fighting Italians" receive our attention.

Pugilism is traced back to the ancient Greeks and the Romans but as the ring gladiators of those times did their fighting with the deadly caestus with its spiking brass knuckles, death-dealing instruments, it is the English and not the Greeks nor Romans who are credited with being the originators of boxing. The sport that became so popular in England after its introduction in the early eighteenth century was an unknown quantity in Italy until recent years although history records the deeds of one famous Italian as far back as 1732.

* * *

BOXING in Italy is as old as the hills if we are to consider the days of the spiked rawhide knuckle mitts, but the sport minus the use of caestus had its start there in 1728. This information is gleaned from a note in the Sporting Magazine of 1793, in which an Englishman, writing to the editor, remarks:

"A form of sport which combines our boxing and wrestling is practiced in a number of hamlets in Italy."

Three years later, in a tournament of sports in Venice, Signor Tito Di Carni, was crowned the first of Italy's boxing champions when he knocked out three opponents in one ring, one after the other. They fought with the bare fists before a notable gathering, including the Earl of Bath, a famed English sportsman. The Earl was so enthused over the performance of the Venetian giant, that he sent a message to Jack Broughton, originator of the first set of boxing rules, saying:

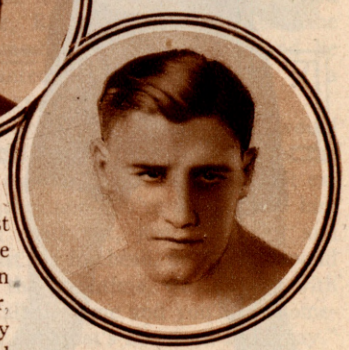
"I saw a wonderfully built Italian, Tito Di Carni, perform a great feat when he knocked out three adversaries, one after the other, a few days ago in an exhibition of boxing."

At that period boxing was making rapid progress in England with James Fig, first champion, leading the way at his Academy, and when Broughton's message was received and published in the newspapers, the British boxers were up in arms over the threat of the Italians. The Earl of Bath saw an opportunity to exploit the Venetian and gained his consent to travel with the Earl to England. There the Italian was ballyhooed as the Venetian Gondolier, the same nom-de guerre pinned onto Primo Carnera to-day.

The Gondolier was a man of prodigious strength, with long, muscular arms, a fighter who had proved a terror to his countrymen. According to the descriptions of the Venetian as handed down to us in the sporting gazette, he very much resembled Carnera in size, bulk and reach. So splendid a job did his backers make of it, that considerable was wagered on the Gondolier's chances by his countrymen, when he was matched to fight Bob Whitaker.

The bout was staged in Fig's amphitheatre, the first boxing match with the bare knuckles staged between an Englishman and a foreigner, and the Venetian was sadly trounced. But this did not end the career of the Italian. He went back to Venice and records show that he remained invincible on his native soil. He won bouts in Venice, Milan and Rome and to him the Italians point as the founder of the sport in the land made famous by Mussolini. Di Carni popularized the sport. Although it is generally believed that boxing didn't take root in Italy until recent years, that is far from the fact. Ever since the days of the Gondolier, the Italians have engaged in the

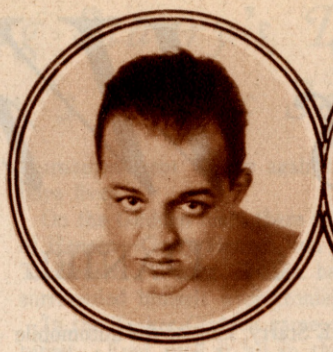
Eddie Cannonball Martin



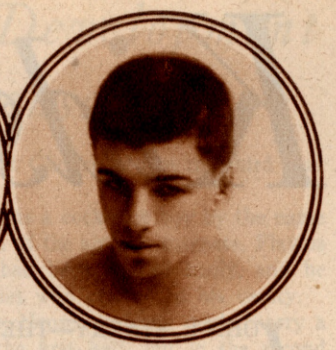
Joe Dundee

# *Italians*

## By "Bill" Miller



*Frankie Genaro*



*Young Zulu Kid*

sport of fisticuffs, but boxing was not developed to the high degree it enjoys to-day until after the World War. It is only in recent years that the Italians have been able to compete on even terms with other nations. The modern day descendants of the Roman gladiators have furnished boxing with some of its greatest fighters, especially American-born gladiators of Italian parentage.

* * *

YEARS ago, when the Irish were the kingpins of the sport, the Italian boys were rechristened with monnikers that had the ring of old Erin. No matter how difficult the name to spell or pronounce, no matter how dark-skinned the body, they showed up on the posters as sons of the Shamrock clan.

But to-day, how different! Counting junior divisions, eighteen young Italian-Americans have gained world championship laurels since the days of John L. Sullivan, and hundreds of that same family have given us some of the greatest thrillers in the history of modern pugilism. A number of great Italians who never had the fortune to gain crowns would have been title holders to-day, but luck was against them because they were in their prime at a time when the field was full of ring marvels. Most of the Italian boxers have been noted for their stamina. The best of the old school were boys who had marvelous endurance. They found no difficulty in engaging in fights of 20 rounds or more.

One of the greatest of the Italian pugilists who never won a title was Casper Leon, who fought Jimmy Barry five tough contests. After being knocked out by Barry at Lamont, Illinois, in 1894, in 28 rounds, he fought two 20-round draws, a 16-round draw and a 6-round draw. Considering the caliber of Barry, that record is one that commands considerable respect.

Among the smaller boys of the old school were such splendid Italian fighters as Jimmy Kelly, who now owns a night club in the lower west side of New York, and Eddie Lenny.

*Tony Canzoneri*

*Bat Battalino*

*Fidel La Barba*

brother of Harry, a New York manager of note. Humbert Fugazy, present-day promoter, was still another noted little scrapper of that same period. He was a lightweight who fought under the name of Jack Lee.

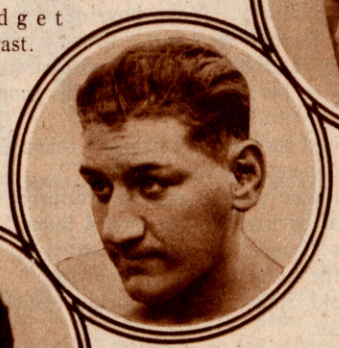
* * *

PRIMO CARNERA, Ricardo Bertazzola, Ray Impellietiere, Arthur De Kuh, Salvatore Ruggieriello, of the present crop of giant Italians, are considerably bigger than the majority of their clan of the past. With few exceptions, most of the old-time fighters of Latin birth were members of the bantam, featherweight or lightweight divisions. There were a number of exceedingly great middleweights and fine heavyweights, but it was not until recently that the bigger fellows began to attract attention. The best of the old school of heavies were Hugo Kelly, Jim Barry, Joe Borrell and Tony Ross, but in the lighter sections there were dozens of excellent warriors.

Let's look over the field and see who's who among the Italian stars. First we come to the ring champions:

There were four Italian title holders in the flyweight ranks—Young Zulu Kid, Frankie Genaro, Fidel La Barba and Midget Wolgast.

*Johnny Dundee*



*Johnny Wilson*

The bantams had as their leaders Pete Herman and Eddie Cannonball Martin.

Johnny Dundee, known as the Scotch Wop, Tony Canzoneri and Bat Battalino headed the feathers.

If we also consider the junior divisions, we must include in the junior lightweight class the names of Mike Ballerino, Steve Sullivan and Johnny Dundee as kings of this division.

Among the lightweights, Rocky Kansas, Sammy Mandell and Tony Canzoneri landed on top of the ladder in the junior welterweight class. Sammy Fuller, the young Bostonian, now heads the list.

The welterweight class was ruled over for a time by Joe Dundee and the middleweight section by Johnny Wilson, but beyond that class the Italians have never had a title holder, although George Nichols of Buffalo is the present holder of the National Boxing Association's light-heavyweight crown, and Tommy Paul is the N.B.A. feather champion.

* * *

BUT the above names only scratch the surface, for there have been several hundred top-notch Italians in all divisions who never reached the highest rung, yet were recognized as men of ability in their profession. They gained the admiration of the fans by their cleverness, hard hitting or endurance. Endurance and stamina are exemplified by most of the boys of this race. They have plenty of vitality and an abundance of what in sports parlance is commonly known as "guts."

There was the famous Joe Grim, who became known the world over as the "Iron Man." He was a great card in Philadelphia a quarter of a century ago. He engaged practically every celebrity among the bigger (*Continued on page* 35)

# Kids Will Fight!

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

JOHN R. STARRY—THE Starry, king of the automobile industry, sat in the gymnasium of Andexter Academy and poured out his heart to Spike Gliven, who for forty years had been the boxing instructor at the school.

"You know, Spike, I was pretty good with the mitts here, and became intercollegiate champion at Yale," Starry related. "And here I am with a son who is a sissy! He hasn't any more backbone than a jellyfish. He's about as aggressive as a pollywog, and as belligerent as a doughnut. Something must be done, Spike! No Starry ever was that sort, and no Starry ever will be, if I can help it. What do you suggest?"

Old Spike scratched his head. "It is a bit of a problem, John," the veteran said. "That boy of yours isn't as bad as you think he is. I've seen him play soccer and while he stood for a lot of guff from the other kids, who took advantage of his unaggressiveness, he looked as if he might have the stuff inside of him. There are a lot of kids that way.

"Now, John, when you were here your dad was a country lawyer without too much money. Your boy, on the other hand, is the son of THE Starry. He's soft. Brought up with a lot of maids around him, catering to his every wish and want. How do you expect him to be as aggressive and as tough as you were at his age?"

"Well, Spike, maybe Fred isn't as sissy like as I think he is," wailed the father. "But something must be done."

And for the next hour they were in earnest, whispered conversation. "It's going to be hard on the boy, I know," said Starry as he left. "But I count on you to cook it up with Mr. Zane, and see that the tutor doesn't get cold feet."

"You can count on old Spike, John," chuckled Gliven as Starry left the gymnasium.

* * *

FRED STARRY and Joe Wilk, his roommate, sat around discussing the new turn of events about two weeks later.

"I simply cannot make Mr. Zane out, Joe," said Starry, Jr. "He used to be a nice, quiet sort of tutor, very kindly—at least, toward me. He never uttered a sharp word to me. But lately he has been sharp, quick to find fault. Why, yesterday he almost accused me of lying when Skeets passed that exam paper to Pug. Practically accused me of cribbing!"

They sat in silence for a while. "I'll go home and tell dad," Starry, Jr., said, after a while. "I'll quit this school and go to Phillips. I'm willing to take the blame if it belongs to me, but I am not going to let that tutor make a liar out of me. Say, if I had had more weight and age, I would have torn into him."

But Fred knew that he would have done no such thing. It wasn't the gentlemanly thing to do, and Fred never had been guilty of the ungentlemanly act.

"Listen, Fred, you can't quit," Joe advised. "Why, you've got to fight this out. And Mr. Zane isn't so heavy or so old. He can't weigh more than 145, and you scale around 128. He is only about twenty-two, and that's only five years older than you. Why, they'd laugh you out of Phillips if they heard why you had left Andexter."

"Listen, Fred," said Joe, eagerly, after they had discussed the strange change in Mr. Zane, the tutor, for more than an hour. "Why not take up boxing? I don't believe Mr. Zane knows much about the game. Looks like one of those study hounds to me. How about you and I getting together and developing a little skill with the mitts? Then, if he gets nasty again, you let the tantalizer have it, and you'll be the hero of the school."

Fred Starry shook his head. "I can't box, and never will be able to box. I don't like that sort of thing."

"Okeh by me, Fred, old boy," said Joe, as he turned in for the night. "It's your funeral."

* * *

IT was Fred's funeral. Mr. Zane became more and more belligerent. He seemed to go out of his way to pick on the Starry heir. At first all this had gone unnoticed by the rest of the small form of only sixteen lads who were under Mr. Zane's scholastic and moral guidance. He not only taught them in class, but was their overlord in ancient Tasker Hall, where the second year boys lived.

But by this time the Zane-Starry feud had become a matter of class interest.

"Don't let him get away with it," Skeets France advised. "Put flypaper in his bed."

Pug Flavin derided this suggestion. "Listen. I know a rough and tough egg down at Hillery's pool room in town, and he'd fix Mr. Zane so you couldn't recognize him. All for ten bucks."

Starry, Jr., stopped the entire discussion. "What you suggest is pure rot. Mr. Zane seems to be laboring under a misapprehension. He thinks I have done something—well—reprehensible. I've got to fight this thing out my own way."

"And pray, does that mean crying into your pillow and losing weight worrying?" inquired the rambunctious Pug. "Well, it's your funeral." That was the Tasker Hall consensus—it was Fred's funeral, and the rest of the dormitory soon forgot about young Starry and his troubles.

In fact, for a time Mr. Zane relented, and Fred thought they were to be on the old footing again. But a visit from Spike to Zane was followed by renewed animosity on the part of the tutor.

* * *

IN response to a telegram from Spike, John R. Starry rushed up to Andexter. Again they were closeted in Gliven's little office in the basement of the gymnasium building.

"The boy is losing weight, and my report says he isn't eating so well. This is a drastic cure. So far it has had no effect," Spike said. "Now, it's up to you. Do you want to go on testing this out, or shall we call Mr. Zane off?"

Starry, Sr., sat in cogitation for a few minutes. "Spike, I think enough of you to be guided entirely by what you say. What is your advice?"

"Stick to your scheme," Spike said. "I think it won't be much longer before your boy wakes up. Give it another month, anyway."

And Mr. Zane persisted. He began to snoop on Starry and Wilk at night. Some of the boys occasionally slid down the rain gutter and ran off to town for a forbidden ice cream soda after curfew, which was at nine.

"Thought I heard a suspicious noise up here," said Mr. Zane as he paid them a visit one night.

"Thanks for your compliment, Mr. Zane," said Wilk.

# *The Inside Story of Young Starry's Development as Andexter Academy's Fistic Sensation*

Starry just looked at the tutor mutely, and Mr. Zane slammed the door. "What sort of boy is he, anyway?" he muttered as he returned to his own quarters.

* * *

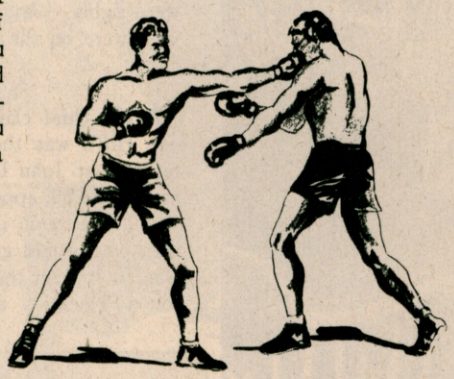
"WELL, what do you say now?" young Wilk asked, as Mr. Zane left the room. "Going to keep right on taking it? Listen, Fred, tomorrow we go to Spike and join his boxing class. If you don't, I will. I'm going to give this Zane guy a trimming if it is the last thing I do in this school."

"I'd like to join Spike's class, but you get an awful cuffing around," said Starry. "They get pretty rough."

Wilk grunted, and went off to sleep. The following night he dashed into their room in jubilation.

"Read this, Fred. How does that sound to you?" It was an advertisement in THE RING, telling of the virtues of a new course in boxing.

"For ten bucks, you and I get the skill of the ages," said Wilk. "Now, I would much rather work with Spike and the rest of the boys. I think it would be a faster way. But if you hate getting cuffed around, as you express it, why not buy this course and see how it works out? May be something in it. Then one fine morning you walk up to Zaney and challenge him to a fight in the basement of Tasker, and knock his daylights out."



Starry finally consented to invest his share of the ten dollars in the boxing course. In great excitement, they went to the town post office the next day to mail the enrollment.

* * *

A MONTH later Spike called Starry, Sr., over the long distance telephone. "Things look a little brighter, John," Spike chuckled. "The boy and his roomie have bought a boxing course. They get it by mail, and Mr. Zane says they are hot and heavy at it, every evening. The roomie, young Wilk, is having a hard time keeping Fred on the job, but it looks as if it might work out."

Two weeks later Starry, Jr., got a mouse under his right eye. Tasker Hall became excited. Had Fred been fighting? The state of Starry's eye became a campus sensation within the next four hours. Spike Gliven shook with glee. In a practice session—Lesson No. 10, labelled Long Range Tricks—Wilk had crossed a right with undue speed and power, and Starry had forgotten to pay any attention to Lesson 5—Shifting and Ducking—and had taken a solid wallop on the eye.

Neither Starry nor Wilk would explain to their fellow Taskerites. They took keen delight in making a grand mystery of the "mouse."

In New York, Starry, Sr., raised salaries and did other things not in keeping with the depression. "A mouse," John R. kept repeating to himself.

At luncheon with David L. Deaken, the banker asked about a new eight-cylinder car which the Starry company was getting out. "A mouse!" chuckled Starry. Deaken shook his head. He knew John R. had not been drinking.

* * *

THE mid-Winter examinations came and went. Winter dragged through February and March, and in April, Starry went back on the Tasker Hall soccer squad.

It was Andexter's pride that it gave to every boy a chance to participate in some sport. This was done by means of inter-hall competitions. Much to everybody's amazement in Tasker, Starry made the soccer team. The first round of the tournament sent Tasker against Glidden, where the third year boys lived.

On the Glidden team there was a cock-sure boy by the name of Hensen—Garry Hensen, son of the aircraft magnate, Flavius T. Hensen. Young Hensen had been spoiled badly, and he surrounded himself with cronies who catered to his vanity.

In the Tasker-Glidden game, Hensen unfairly made Starry a target. Fred took it all in the first half, but in the second he warned young Hensen. "That sort of thing is not gentlemanlike, Hensen, and you'll have to cut it out," Fred said.

"You mean it isn't ladylike, little Freddy," roared Hensen. Wilk ran up. "Here's a good spot to try out that stuff. This kid is a windbag," he whispered into Fred's ear. "Challenge him."

Starry demurred. Wilk took matters into his own hands. He ran up to Hensen and said, "Listen, Hensen, old boy, Starry would appreciate your appearing in the basement of Tasker just before dinner this evening. He'd like to knock the daylights out of you."

"You shouldn't have done this. I'm not at all sure of myself," Starry insisted, when Wilk gave him the news. "Besides, what would dad say if he were told I had been fighting?"

"Well, all I know is that I have challenged Hensen for you and you can't renege. It's your funeral now. You've got to fight, or go home in disgrace. You know how they regard quitters at Andexter."

* * *

STARRY and Hensen met in the basement of old Tasker. About thirty other youngsters stood around a small improvised ring as the scions of the Starry and Hensen families had it out.

Wilk, in Starry's corner, kept coaching him in language which sounded cabalistic to the others. He was quoting whole passages from the boxing course, almost verbatim.

In the first round Hensen rushed his man and had him down. Starry forgot all he ever had learned, but Wilk brought him around. "Don't be a sucker and rush into a bar-room brawl," Joe whispered. "Remember what O'Brien says in that course—keep cool, and make use of your knowledge and confidence. Now, go out and let him have it!"

Starry scored a clean knockdown in the third round, and from then on they fought a hard, even battle, in which Starry's skill overcame Hensen's greater natural strength and bull-like tactics.

After six rounds the gang in the Tasker basement called it a draw. Honor had been satisfied. And both battlers had cut lips and black eyes. They were the envy of that juvenile crowd.

And what a sensation Starry was! Had anybody seen him working in Spike's class? Where had he got that left hook? And the foot work? Wilk just smiled. He was the Sphinx of Tasker.

Somehow Spike heard about it. The telephone to New York was kept busy for half an hour. Starry, Senior was overjoyed. At last the test had brought the desired results.

* * *

SPIKE told Mr. Zane. The tutor was elated. "Now all that nonsense is off," he said.

"Nothing doing. Not yet. Keep this up for a while longer—maybe until the end of the term. Our job is not finished yet," Gliven insisted. Mr. Zane demurred, but finally agreed to go through with his agreement until he got the word from Spike to desist.

(*Continued on page* 34)

# WHEN GRANDPA

*John L. Sullivan's first appearance in New York is arranged at Harry Hill's*

HARRY HILL'S on Houston and Crosby Streets, in gas-lit New York! When Grandpa was a kid! A rough and tough spot in a rough and tough era.

Harry came over from the other side and established a variety house in what then was the gay section of old New York. Along about that time boxing was taking hold in the metropolis and Hill began to stage some bouts. In fact, he was the first man to put on fights between women —a doubtful form of amusement which lately has been revived in the big city.

Mrs. Hill still is around to tell about the old days on Houston Street. She lives in Brooklyn, and still maintains and interest in things fistic.

Hill's first made its bid for the patronage of New Yorkers —and, of course, folks from out of town, too—in 1860. And it flourished until 1886, when a reform movement backed by Mayor Hewitt forced Harry to close his doors for good.

Fighters gathered there. Fighters—and women, too. Women of the world called the demi-monde. But Harry always prided himself on the fact that in his place no man ever had been murdered, or even slugged—yes, or even robbed! A genteel place on Houston near Crosby.

* * *

ON Crosby Street, Hill had a stable. He had a fine lot of horses which he delighted in driving through Central Park. The fighters who hung around Hill's sometimes did not have enough money to pay for their feed. Harry permitted them to work it out currying his horses.

And as Hill drove through the park behind a pair of spanking bays, his fighters ran behind the carriage. Thus the scrappers did their training.

Jem Mace and Joe Coburn, former heavyweight champions, had staged bouts in New York and had put on a lot of fakes and runouts. Hill jumped into this situation with some honest to goodness fights and soon his resort became the American fistic center.

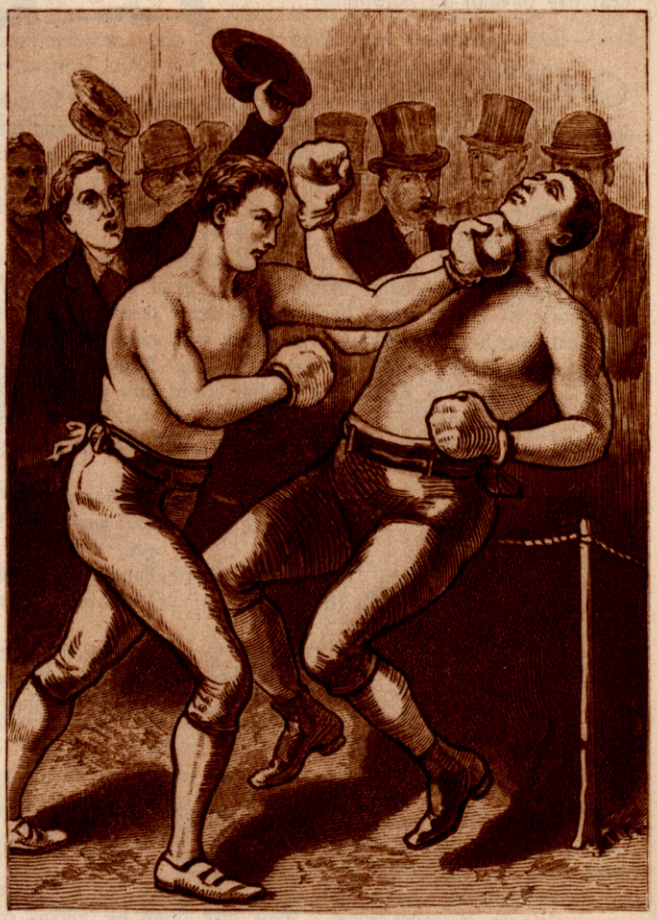
It is not a period of boxing history which does great credit to the game. At this time its gas lit rendezvous seems colorful and dramatic. Its plug uglies have a certain intriguing lustre which is given to them by Time. But as a matter of fact the game was unsavory.

However, credit must go to Hill. He staged fights that were fights. And he organized many a benefit for fighters who were on the ragged edge.

* * *

THE chief claim to fame in boxing history presented by Hill's was the fact that it was in the Houston Street resort that John Lawrence Sullivan, the Boston Strong Boy, first made his appearance in New York.

Sullivan came down from Boston and offered $50 to any man who would go three rounds with him. Of course, Hill was to furnish the fifty, and then some. The time was set for a Thursday afternoon, and Sullivan sat on the stone



*Sullivan batters Steve Taylor in two rounds in Gotham début*

# WAS A KID

By Olin Davis

steps of the Convent of the Sisters of Mercy across the street, counting the house.

Steve Taylor, a battler from Jersey City, who had been traveling with the Jem Mace circus, offered to fight Sullivan. "Just hand the half century to my old woman when she comes here after the fight," said Taylor. Sullivan knocked him cold in two rounds with a succession of terrific rights.

The hardboiled onlookers hooted. "Get up and fight, you dog!" they shouted. They knew nothing of Sullivan's ability.

Hill quieted the mob and made an appeal for Taylor.

"This strong boy, Sullivan, is a great fighter and has knocked out Steve fair and square," Harry said. "Taylor needed that money very badly. He has a family. I will go among you and want you all to contribute for him."

Hill got about $50 for Taylor, and the magnanimous Sullivan turned over the $50 purse to him, too. For a time it looked as if Taylor had been injured seriously.

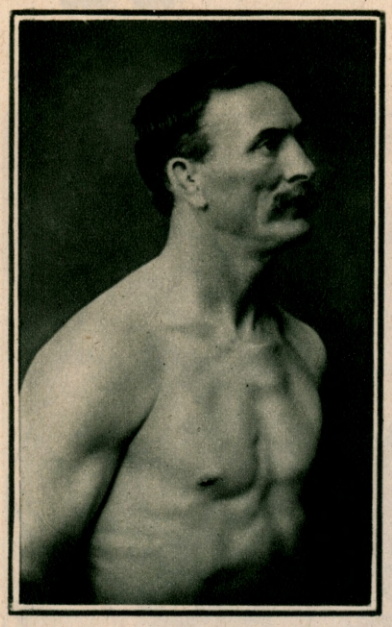
Thus rough and tough Harry Hill's, on Houston Street, gave Sullivan his start toward the championship. When "John L." became champion, he often visited Hill's emporium.

*Harry Hill, his place on Houston Street in New York, and scenes in this gas-lit rendezvous of the days when grandpa was a kid.*

# From MILO to LONDOS

## CHAPTER III

By A. D. PHILLIPS



*Farmer Burns, Gotch's teacher*

LITTLE did Frank Gotch dream, when he accepted the offer of Farmer Burns to go to Alaska, that he would clean up thousands of dollars and come back to the States the most talked of man in wrestling. It will be remembered how the "Farmer," after Gotch had lost a thrilling match to Dan McLeod, had "threatened" to make of Gotch a world champion if he would consent to travel with him, and how Gotch, accepting the offer consented to visit Alaska in the spring of 1901 in company of Dick Butler, a millionaire miner friend of Burns. The "Farmer" found that he could not make the trip, hence did not accompany Gotch, but taught him many tricks of the trade before he left, and as a result, Frank garnered $18,000 in a jiffy in the Yukon territory.

At the time of Gotch's visit there was present in Alaska a famed fistic warrior, Frank Slavin, known as the Sydney Cornstalk, a fine heavyweight fighter who had gone to Alaska for the gold rush. Gotch had heard considerable about the prowess of Slavin but thought he could whip him. Frank didn't think much of Slavin's physical make up and word to that effect having reached Slavin, he promptly challenged the wrestler to a fight. Gotch was quick to accept for he figured that he was as good with the mitts as he was on the mat and the match was arranged.

The match took place at the New Savoy Theatre, Dawson City, September 25, 1901, winner take all. Gotch was magnificently proportioned and looked the fighter, but Slavin proved too much for him. At the end of the fourth round Gotch was bleeding badly from the mouth and nose and one eye was battered to a closed slit. The other was slowly closing.

At the bell for the fifth round, Gotch became so enraged over his inability to connect solidly with a punch that he rushed Slavin to the ropes, and picking him bodily up heaved him over the ropes into the tenth row of spectators.

Slavin was badly shaken by the fall, but crawled through the ropes and was ready to continue hostilities, but the referee quickly awarded the match to him, and Gotch left the ring a battered but a wiser man. "He is the best wrestler I ever boxed with," grinned Slavin after the match.

* * *

IN 1902 and 1903 Farmer Burns carefully nursed Gotch along and a match was made with Tom Jenkins, then champion of America. The bout took place at Cleveland, Ohio, February 22, 1903. Jenkins was at that time the strongest wrestler and one of the most scientific. The "Farmer" had carefully instructed Gotch as to the correct method to wrestle the titleholder and although Gotch carried the instructions out to the letter, he was badly defeated. The two big fellows roughed it

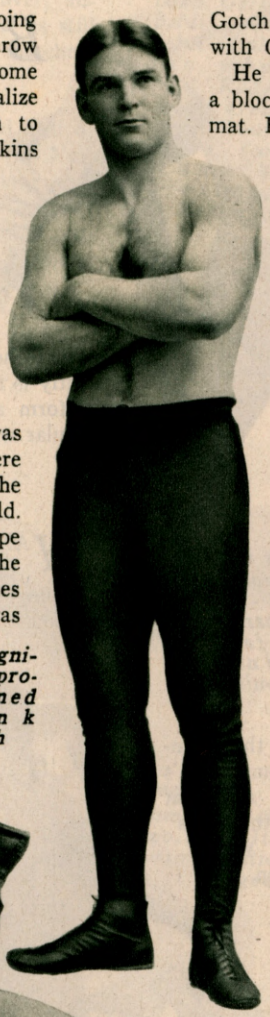
*When Gotch (left) was in training, he always picked the biggest man he could find. Here he is with "Yankee" Joe Rodgers*

# *The Progress of Wrestling Through the Ages—How Farmer Burns Brought Frank Gotch to the Front—Gotch's Defeat of Tom Jenkins for the Heavyweight Championship*

about the mat for over one hour and a half before going to the canvas. Referee Edwards threatened to throw them both out of the ring if they did not show some aggressiveness and Jenkins was the first to realize that his title was in danger. He rushed Gotch to the ropes but the Iowan slid to the floor. Jenkins worked his way behind and started to work over Gotch like a beaver. By main strength Gotch rose to his feet carrying Jenkins up with him.

He tripped the champion as he rushed in and then fell on top of him slowly working away at a half nelson. Jenkins broke the grip and then slipped a hammerlock on Frank that Gotch broke after a struggle. Tom shifted to a bar nelson and crotch and in 1 minute 55 seconds, Gotch's two shoulders touched the mat.

When he came up for the second fall, Gotch was wabbly on his feet and his mouth and nose were bleeding from the quick stabs to the face that the champion used when trying to lock the strangle hold. Jenkins was fresh and rushed Gotch about from rope to rope roughing it and banging Gotch down to the canvas at every opportunity. After twelve minutes work, Jenkins slipped over a jawlock and Gotch was slammed to the canvas for the second and decisive fall.



***The magnificently proportioned Frank Gotch***

* * *

HIS match with Farmer Burns followed a few minor matches which he won with ease. The bout took place at Bellingham, Wash., October 5, 1903. Burns had never lost a match previous to this encounter.

"I tipped Gotch off to my tricks and then gave him thirty pounds in that match," said the "Farmer" when discussing that match. "How was that for liberality?"

It was Frank's ambition to defeat the veteran decisively. He "bullied" his way out of his corner at the bell and rushed the "Farmer" about the mat, jabbing out with his left for the head. Burns was too cunning to be caught with a head lock, but tripped over Gotch's outstretched foot and flopped to the canvas. with Gotch on top.

He worked hard over Burns, but the "Farmer" had a block for every attempt and at last squirmed off the mat. He slipped from beneath when the men had assumed the same position in ring centre and for the first time in the match he was behind. He clamped on a full nelson, but Gotch broke the dangerous hold by brute strength, flinging Burns to one side of the ring. He was after the veteran like a flash and as the "Farmer" turned to face him Frank slipped in with a full nelson.

As Burns tipped and his heels kicked in the air, Gotch bore down upon him with his full weight and slipped to a crotch and wrist lock. Burns was game and bridged, but the weight of Gotch leaning upon him was too much after a struggle and he slowly fell back. The time was 22 minutes 30 seconds.

In the second bout, Burns took the offensive at the start. Gotch was winded from his earlier exertions and took matters easy, breaking all of the "Farmer's" most dangerous holds by mere strength and allowing the veteran to work over him. Gotch regained his wind while lying on his face and soon took the upper hand, working his way above and holding Burns on the mat for ten minutes.

Burns tried desperately to rise and at last broke away, but Gotch came up with him and grabbing him by the waist, turned him upside down and crashed his head on the canvas. They both mixed it up fiercely and Burns leaped in with a head lock that he clamped on for three minutes.

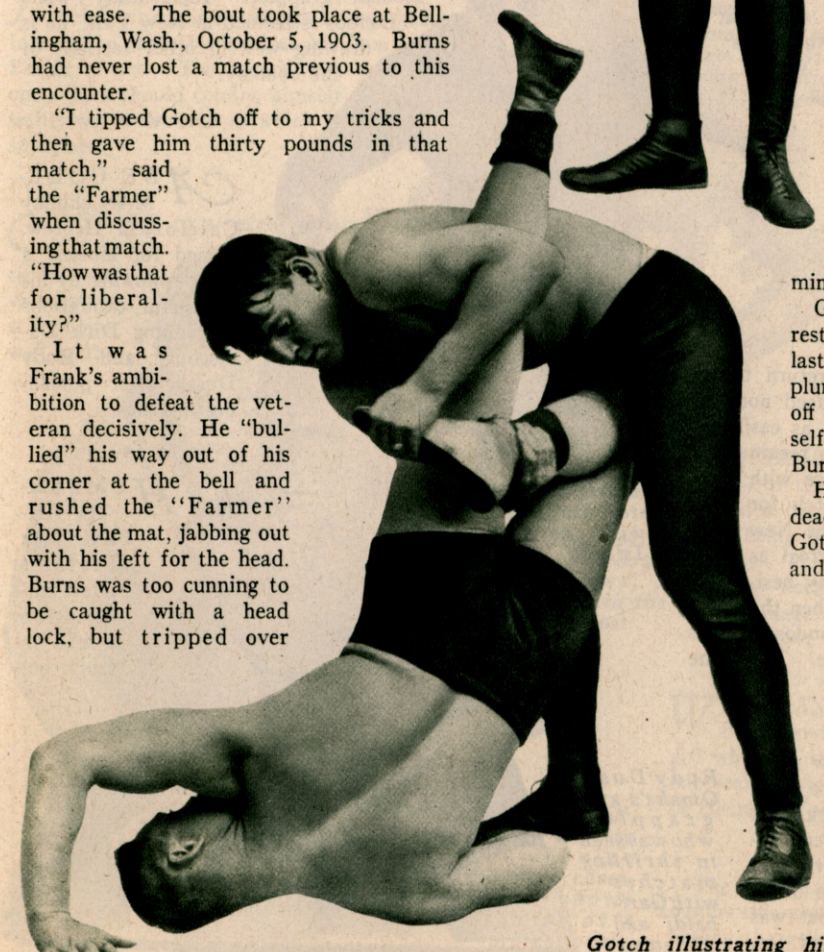
Gotch was groggy when he broke the hold and Burns was quick to sense victory, clamping on a double bar lock, with which he pinned Frank's shoulders to the mat in the exact time that he himself had gone down in the first match—22 minutes 30 seconds.

Gotch recuperated quickly during the ten-minute rest between bouts and came out for the third and last with a rush. Burns gave him the foot as he plunged in to meet him and Gotch crashed almost off the mat. He grabbed the upper rope to save himself from falling over into the ringsiders and rushed Burns about the ring when he again came on.

He threw the "Farmer" and then clamped on his deadly toe hold that the "Farmer" broke with ease. Gotch secured a half nelson, but Burns slipped out and countered with an armlock that put Gotch over on one shoulder. Gotch reached down and grabbed the "Farmer's" toe in a lock and Burns had to release his armlock in order to avoid going to the canvas. Gotch worked his way up to a half nelson and Burns was slowly forced to the mat, both shoulders touching in exacting 16 minutes and 10 seconds.

* * *

THAT victory of Gotch's was really a remarkable achievement as Burns had defeated the best in the land up to that point, and the stock of the Iowan rose mightily. Talk was again rife of a return match with Jenkins for the title. (*Continued on page 36*)



***Gotch illustrating his punishing toe and ankle hold on Oscar Samuelson***

# Current Wrestling

## By "Tex" Austin

*Hans Kampfer, 225-lb. German, is a big favorite in St. Louis*

JACK CURLEY, America's foremost wrestling promoter is being unjustly charged with responsibility for the failure of the wrestling matches to click this season as they did last year. Why blame Curley? THE RING has never been backward in directing its attacks on Mr. Curley or any other wrestling promoter when the success of the sport demanded it. But in this case, we must side with Curley for we know how hard he tried to get Jim Londos to defend his title against either Shikat or Lewis and how the present champion ducked the issue.

We cannot blame Mr. Curley for the action of the New York Commission in ruling Londos out of the championship picture for his failure to accept the commission's mandate. The New York Commission has a rule that holds good in both boxing and wrestling, a rule that calls for a champion to defend his crown if he won it in New York and the New York Commission was well within its rights to demand that Londos stop meeting palookas and defend his title against legitimate contenders.

THE RING has no bones to pick. THE RING'S policy is not to take sides in any controversy except when such a controversy is of international importance and may kill the sport. Londos owes much to wrestling. He owes much to Curley. He owes much to the New York fans who paid thousands of dollars to see him.

The New York fans are clamoring for his return to the Empire State. It is entirely up to him. He need not continue to perform in the sticks when he can just as easily get the cream in New York. All he needs to do to regain his prestige in the big city is to make his peace with the New York Commission by accepting a match for the championship with Ed Strangler Lewis as the New York Board has commanded. If Londos is as great as we think he is and his admirers believe, then why hesitate any longer? And why blame Jack Curley when the blame rests wholly on the shoulders of Jim Londos and his foolish advisors? Come, let's stop this nonsense. The game is bigger than any man or group of men.

* * *

IN the absence of Londos, New York fans saw some fast matches last month. Some also were very rough, particularly those between Rudy Dusek and Gino Garibaldi, who locked horns on two different occasions at the St. Nicholas club. The pair were through the ropes and out of the ring almost as much as they were on the mat. Each time the verdict was a draw, something quite unnecessary and uncalled for, although each match was very entertaining. Later, Ernie Dusek, brother of Rudy, met and pinned Garibaldi in Philadelphia.

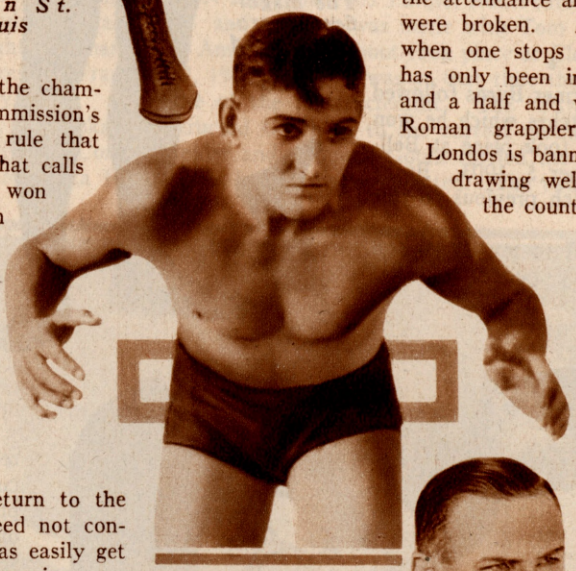
* * *

SAM STEIN, the Jewish football star, was victor in the shortest match seen in recent years. It took Stein only fifteen seconds to flatten Mike Romano. Two flying tackles ruined the Italian veteran from New Orleans. Mike, incidently is the Masked Marvel of recent months. Stein is back in form after an extended illness. He is one of the most popular wrestlers appearing around New York.

* * *

HANS KAMPFER has established himself as a prime favorite in the Mid-West by tossing Jim McMillen, Rudy Dusek, George Zaharias, and Gino Garibaldi in St. Louis. In each of Kampfer's matches with Jim Londos, the attendance and gate receipt records were broken. A remarkable showing when one stops to consider that Hans has only been in this country a year and a half and was strictly a Graeco-Roman grappler. Incidentally while Londos is banned in New York, he is drawing well in other sections of the country.

* * *



*Paul Boesch, Long Beach, L. I., youngster, has a following on Long Island*

ABE COLEMAN, chunky California Hebrew, gained for himself a large following by his masterful exhibitions in pinning Dick Daviscourt and Rudy Dusek after punishing matches.

* * *

HUMBERTO ARPINO, Jack Pfefer's latest importation from Italy, got

*Rudy Dusek Omaha's great grappler, who was seen in thrilling matches with Garibaldi and Coleman*

# Attractions

off to a fine start in his American debut by tossing Vanka Zelesniak, the rough veteran Russian Cossack in jig time at Madison Square Garden. Arpino, before coming over, annexed the heavyweight crown of his native land. He is still young and should prove an attraction if properly matched.

* * *

A PAIR of Swedes have been attracting a good deal of attention, one in the West and the other in New York. Cliff Olson, a young Minnesotan has come along at a fast pace and big things are predicted for him. The other is John Richthoff, three time Olympic champion and now a professional star in the World's largest city. He, too, is young and has the opportunity of a lifetime ahead of him.

* * *

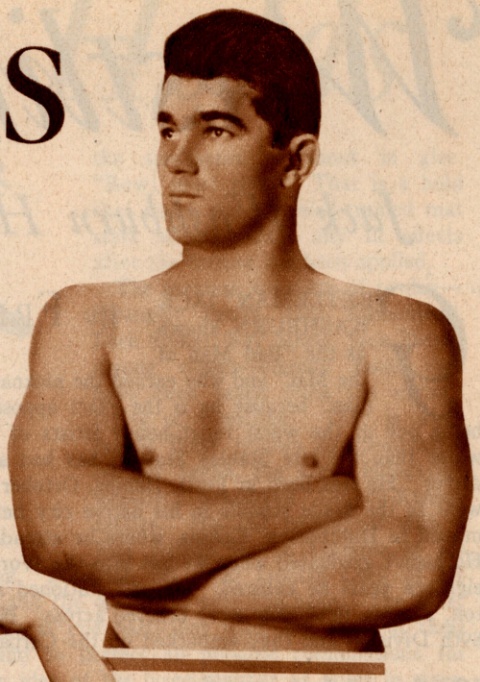
A FLOCK of new faces have come to the fore in the past few weeks and some are worth mentioning here. We have seen Charley Webb, an ex-Marine and protege of George Hagen; Paul Boesch, Long Beach, L. I., life guard; Nick Condos, a young Greek who stacks up well; John Reilly, a 220 pounder from Northwestern University and Pat McClary, a real Irish Giant who tips the scales at 245 lbs. Pat has a big grin and a world of freckles on his body.

* * *

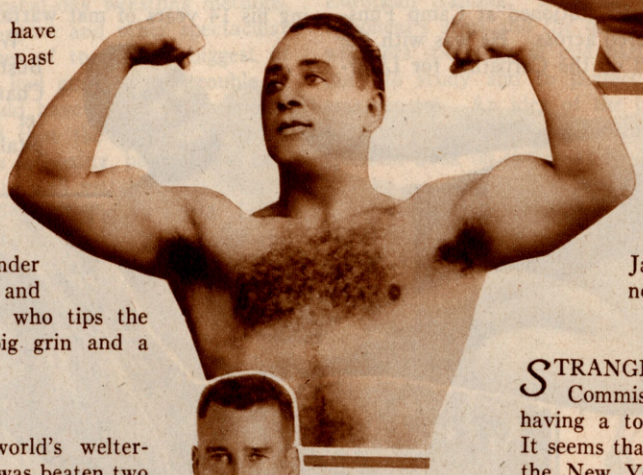
JACK REYNOLDS is still world's welterweight champion although he was beaten two falls out of three by Wildcat McCann out on the Pacific Coast. The match was an overweight one. Jack should confine himself to the welterweight division in which he ranks supreme.

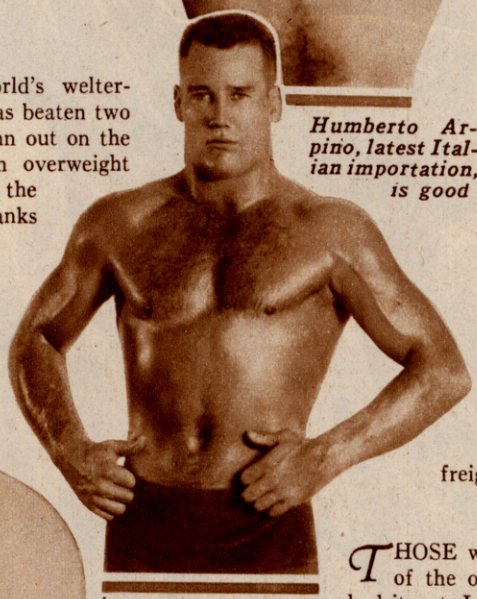
* * *

CONTRARY to a recent report, Cincinnati and vicinity is still doing well in the grappling field. According to Jimmy Amann, a star mid-west wrestling reporter, things are humming again and by the middle of January, should be close to normal in the mat sport.

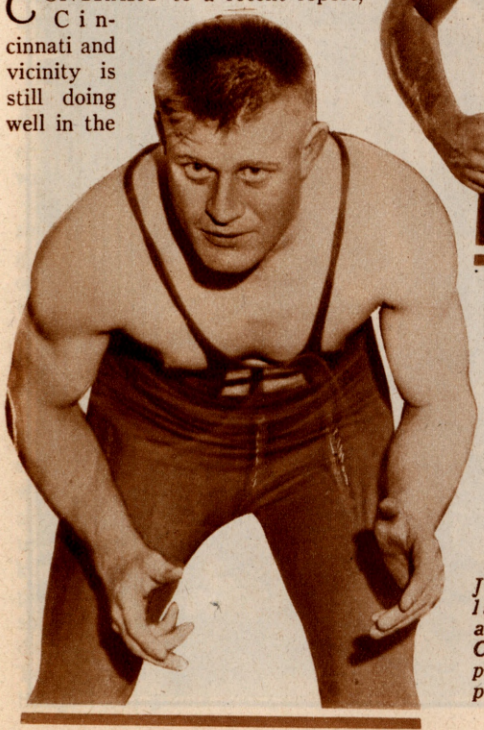


*Gino Garibaldi, powerful Italian who held Rudy Dusek even twice, but lost to Rudy's brother, Ernie*





*Humberto Arpino, latest Italian importation, is good*



*Cliff Olson, Minnesota Swedish newcomer, a good card in the Mid-West*

*John Richthoff, lanky Swede and thrice Olympic champion, shows promise as a professional*

* * *

STRANGLER LEWIS, New York Commission's national champion, is having a tough time with the mat fans. It seems that since Londos was deposed by the New York Board, the fans boo and hiss the Strangler regardless of his good but colorless work. There is no reason for the fans taking such sides. Lewis always gives the best in him and should be treated with a little more applause. He deserves it. He is a veteran who still can show the way to the majority of the present crop. It would be far better if the fans compelled Londos to accept Lewis' defi to settle the championship controversy so that we will have only one legitimate title holder and thereby bring the sport back into its own again. Think it over, you who pay the freight. We think you'll agree with us.

* * *

THOSE who are following the sport in New York are of the opinion that now that Steele and Lewis have had it out, Londos will again be seen in action. The way is being paved for his return to the mat in the Greater City. It wouldn't be at all a surprise to see the rival New York factions lock arms and call their battle for patronage off. At least, the fans of New York hope this will prove true.

* * *

WRESTLING fans feel sorry for Toots Mondt, who has been convicted in Canada of recklessness in the death of a girl who was killed by his automobile. Toots has appealed a one-year conviction and his army of friends are hoping he will be cleared. Toots claims that the affair was purely an accident.

* * *

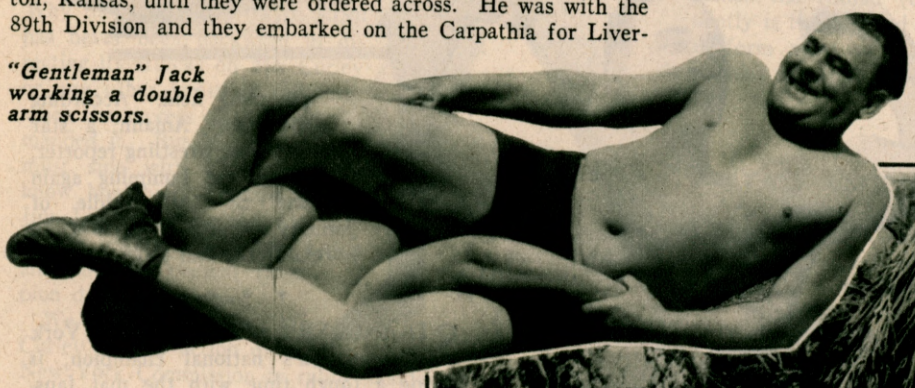
The college talent picked up by the various wrestling promoters this year has proved itself far below par. The boys are finding the going against the veterans pretty stiff.

# Wrestling's "Bad Man"

## *Jack Washburn Has Had a Most Colorful Career*

By FREDERICK R. GLASSMAN

"GENTLEMAN" JACK WASHBURN, known as the "Bad Man of the Mat" and who earned the nickname of "Gentleman" because he is the exact opposite in the ring, being one of the worst rough-house artists of them all, even worse than the late Stanley Stasiak, has had a most colorful career. He was born in Paris, Illinois, October 14, 1899. He went to the grade schools in his native city before his family moved to Hutchinson, Kansas, where he attended high school. He hadn't graduated when we got into the World War, and at eighteen years he enlisted. He was stationed at Camp Funston, Kansas, until they were ordered across. He was with the 89th Division and they embarked on the Carpathia for Liverpool from New York. His Division was recruited by the late Gen. Leonard A. Wood.



***"Gentleman" Jack working a double arm scissors.***

Washburn went over the top for the first time at St. Mihiel and his division remained at the front, in action all the time, until the Armistice was signed. The men of Jack's division were shock troops. Jack also flew with the 91st and 101st Aerial Squadrons, which flew out of the Zeppelin hangar at Thiers.

While they were a part of the Army of Occupation in Germany after the war, Washburn's division won the A.E.F. football championship, the preliminaries having been held along the Rhine while the finals were held in Paris. Jack played right guard on the team.

It was while on the other side that Jack indulged in wrestling for the first time, and it was Earl Caddock, then undisputed world's heavyweight champion, who taught him the rudiments of the game, and afterwards they gave exhibitions, entertaining the various divisions of the Army of Occupation. It was Earl who afterwards made him turn pro.

Since then Jack has wrestled in every nook and corner of the United States. For a vacation he went to Hollywood and doubled for the late Fred Thompson in "Kit Carson," in which he wrestled a beast, and also in "Tarzan the Mighty," in which he encountered leopards, lions and tigers. He is absolutely fearless.

When Strangler Ed Lewis was undisputed world's champion, Washburn won the first fall in thirteen minutes, but Ed broke Jack's arm to win the second fall and Washburn lost because he defaulted by not returning to the mat on the doctor's orders. He has defeated such men as Pat McGill, Mike Romano, Howard Cantonwine and numerous others during his 14 years of mat warfare.

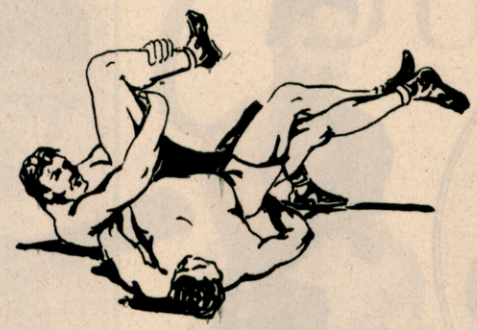
Washburn is a big favorite up in Boston, where he recently dumped Charley Strack so hard that the latter spent some time in the hospital.

***Washburn as he appeared in the picture, "Tarzan the Mighty"***

# The Mat Holds

By JACK PFEFER

I WAS considerably amused recently to read a report from abroad to the effect that the police of Paris had ordered Jeff Dickson, youthful sports impresario, to discontinue wrestling matches and to confine himself to the staging of the less dangerous sport of boxing at his arena. The police gave as their reason for this drastic action the fact that the fans became "so upset over the rough, brutal tactics of the wrestlers that they could not be restrained from bottle tossing."



Apparently the French have not yet become accustomed to the present-day wrestling methods, with their flying tackles, airplane spins and other spectacular stunts that make wrestling matches of to-day the biggest of indoor attractions. If the police had gone to the trouble of examining the wrestlers, they would have found that none of the contestants were injured and that the danger of bodily harm in wrestling is less than it is in boxing, because the contestants in a mat tilt are invariably well matched.

To remove from wrestling the holds and tackles that furnish the sensations would be to eliminate from the sport that which has given to it its greatest drawing power in the last three years. From my viewpoint, as a man of wide experience in wrestling and as an importer of several hundred of the leading mat stars in the past decade, I can safely say that wrestling to-day is less dangerous than it was under the old system and that if the spectators learned the various holds and their significance, they would appreciate the movements of the contestants and would not refer to wrestling in the harsh terms used by the Parisian police.

* * *

FOR the benefit of THE RING's army of readers, the majority of whom are wrestling fans as well as boxing enthusiasts, I shall briefly give the favorite holds of the leading wrestlers.

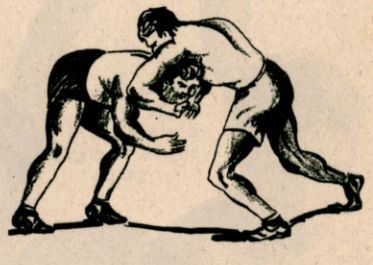
Every move made by a wrestler has some significance. Wrestlers, for example, go in pawing each other, trying for a Head or a Wrist Lock. Some spectators hiss when they think the men are getting too rough while trying for the hold, yet once that hold is obtained, they cheer because of the science involved.

The main purpose of a Head Lock or a Wrist Lock is to use it has a means to an end—to lead into some other hold from which an opponent can be tossed. There are many holds in wrestling that come under the category of torture holds, the kind that caused the Parisian police to place a ban upon wrestling in Jeff Dickson's arena, yet they really are not as dangerous as they look. Take the Double Toe hold, for example, the one which brings forth grunts and groans and causes the spectators to shout in glee, "Row! row! row!" That is a hold that hurts, yet the well-trained mat stars seldom suffer any ill effects after the torture has been applied.

The greatest wrestlers of to-day—Strangler Lewis, Gus Sonnenberg, Dick Shikat, Ray Steele, Jack Sherry among others—employ holds that have been taken from the various styles of wrestling. That is what makes these fellows so formidable. Sandor Szabo, the great Hungarian wrestler, employs Graeco-Roman tactics. His fall backwards with a Full Nelson is one example of his European training. Likewise, his great Double Lock of his opponent's arms and the quick flip over the head. The great wrestlers specialize in one particular hold, but make it their duty to study and to perfect all possible combinations for emergencies. An idea of the large number of holds in wrestling may be gleaned by looking at "Modern Wrestling," that splendid book on the sport by Jack Curley and Nat Fleischer.

* * *

STRANGLER LEWIS gained fame and fortune through his perfection of the Headlock.



Earl Caddock was the master of the Head Scissors, his favorite hold. He put the pressure on his victim's head by locking his legs about the unfortunate man's cranium. Then, with a wrist hold, the victim was gradually pressed to the mat.

As the opponent's head was subjected to the crushing impact of Caddock's legs, the result was to daze the victim and to make him very unsteady, if he were lucky enough to break out of the hold.

Joe Stecher was the greatest exponent of the rib-crushing Body Scissors of modern times. All his falls were gained with that hold, a hold that carries boa constrictor pressure.

Frank Gotch was the master of the Toe Hold with which he threw Hackenschmidt in their great battle in Chicago. Stanislaus Zbyszko also had this as his favorite hold.

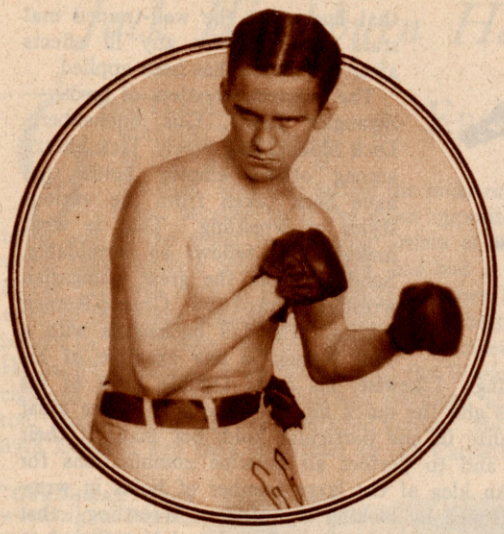
It consists of twisting a man's foot until he surrenders either as a result of pain or fear of a broken ankle. It is one of the meanest modes of attack because of the suffering it causes. It is decidedly more brutal than the Headlock or the Body Scissors.

A hold that was largely used by the elder Zbyszko when he was in his prime was the Hammerlock. It is a dangerous grip that may result in a broken arm.

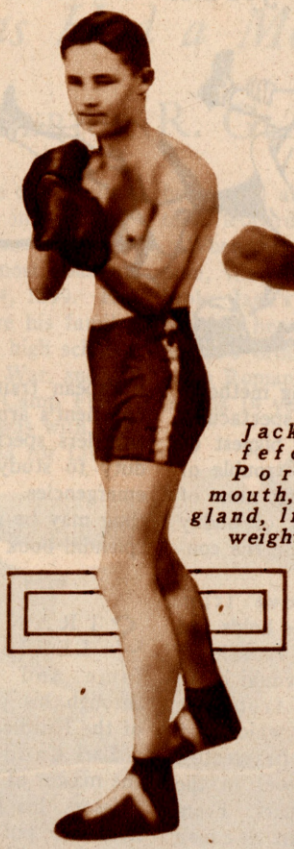
Ivan Linow employed the deadly Full Nelson with effectiveness. That was his ace. The victim of this hold is apt to have his neck broken if he persists in resisting it.

The greatest exponent of the Strangle Hold was Evan Lewis, the Original Strangler, with Ed (*Continued on page 37*)

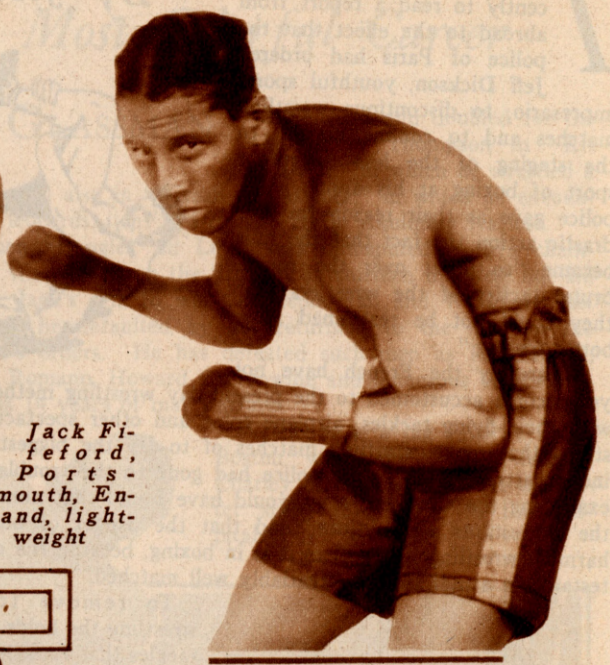
# STARS from AFAR



Greggie Gregerson, Danish bantam, now in Montreal



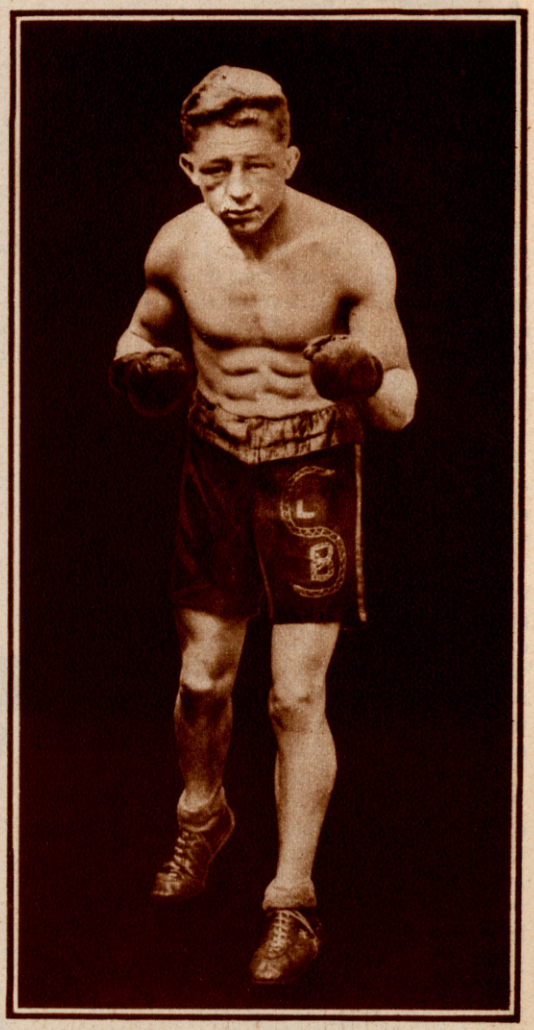
Jack Fifeford, Portsmouth, England, lightweight



Marco Zorilla, Colon, Panama, lightweight, brother of Santiago

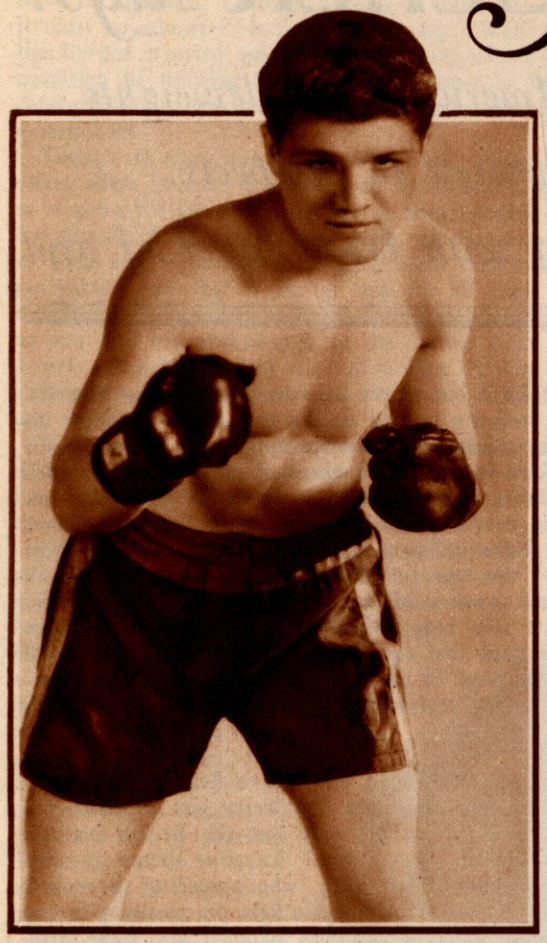
Midget Mexico, aggressive Mexican lightweight

Jose Fino, crack Mexican bantamweight



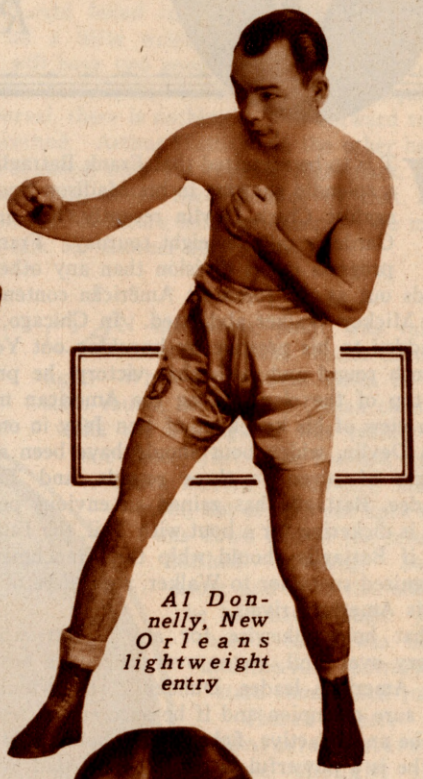
Len Beynon, Wales, England, flyweight contender

# AROUND the COUNTRY

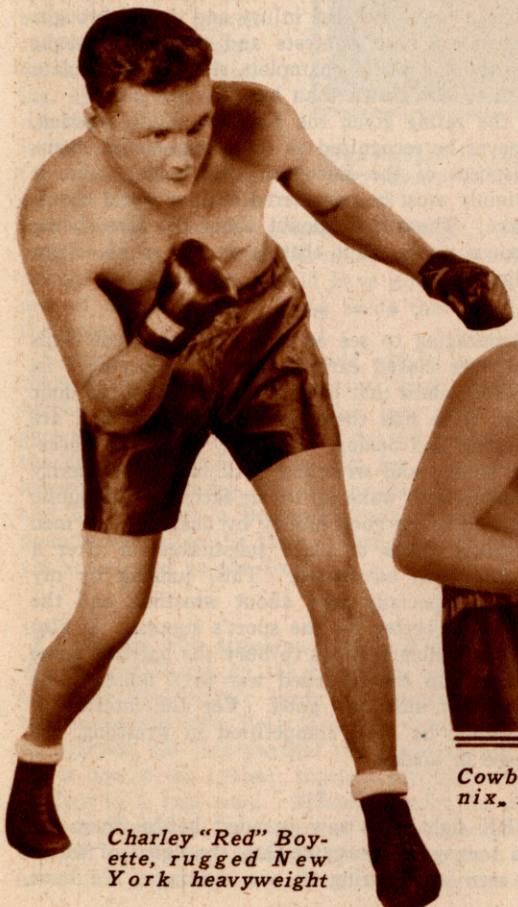


Salvatore "Red" Affinito, one of New York's best welterweights

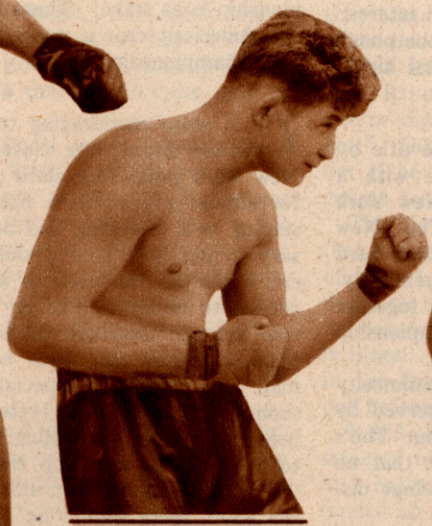
Newsboy Brown, Pacific Coast's bantamweight star



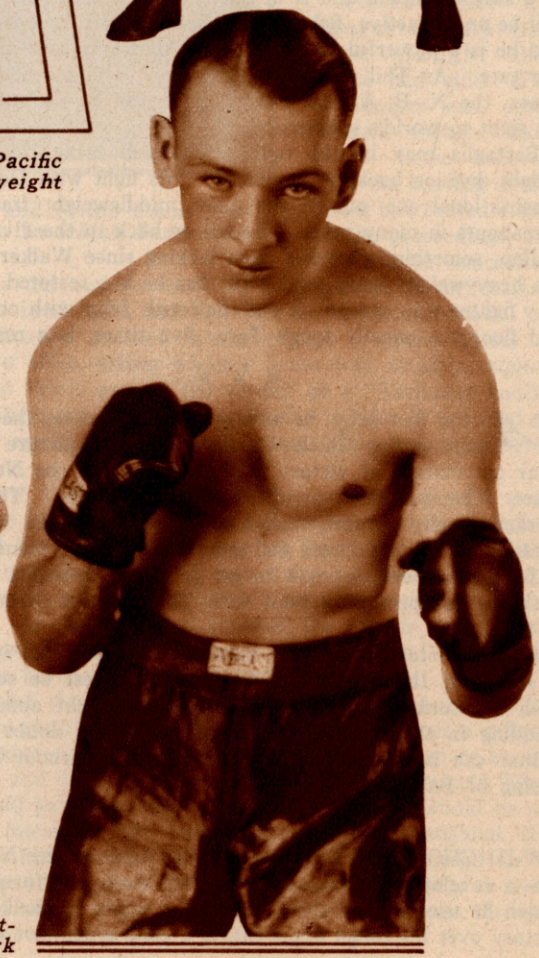
Al Donnelly, New Orleans lightweight entry



Charley "Red" Boyette, rugged New York heavyweight



Cowboy Owen Phelps, Phoenix, Arizona, light-heavyweight



Eddie Reilly, Irish lightweight from New York

# Nat FLEISCHER says:

## *Battaglia and Jeby top American Middleweights*

## *Heavyweight class is poorest in prospects*

## *Referee should count with broad wave of arm*

IT is to be regretted that Frank Battaglia, who made such a splendid showing in his Madison Square Garden debut against Chick Devlin recently, has dropped out of the Garden's middleweight tourney. Frank has made more progress in his division than any other fighter and now stands out as the foremost American contender for the crown that Mickey Walker abdicated. In Chicago, a few weeks ago, he added to his prestige by knocking out Young Terry in the seventh round and with that victory, he proved his right to the top of the class among the American middleweights.

In view of his knockout of Ben Jeby in one round, his draw with Devlin, which bout should have been awarded him by a margin of seven to three rounds, and Thil's victory over Dundee, Battaglia has gained an envious position. His manager is dickering for a bout with Thil, the European title holder and if Battaglia should whip the Frenchman, he will be the recognized successor to Walker, regardless of any of the claims of his American rivals.

That holds likewise for any fighter who should gain a victory over Thil, victor over England's best fighters and the then American leader, Dundee. The Winnipeg Italian looms as a sure champion and if he succeeds in reaching his goal, he will be an attractive, fighting title holder. His style is pleasing and he is a powerful hitter, the kind that acts as a magnet at the gate. As Thil has whipped Harvey, Dundee and Gorilla Jones, the N. B. A. title holder, there can be no question of his right to world's supremacy.

Battaglia may be the fighter who will bring the middleweight division back to popularity. His fight with Devlin was a sensational one, one of the finest middleweight fracas seen hereabouts in many years. He brings back to the division the wallop, something that has been lacking since Walker entered the heavyweight ranks, and with that he has restored interest. Any fighter who can knock out the tough Jeby with one punch and floor the equally tough Terry five times, is a real hitter.

* * *

AS for Ben Jeby, he advanced a step nearer the title by eliminating Chick Devlin from the picture with a clear cut margin of victory in their battle for the New York State Championship at St. Nicholas Club. The New Yorker fought viciously and although at times he was hard pressed, he never faltered and gained the verdict unanimously. It behooves promoters now to get Jeby and Battaglia together with the prospect of a bout with Thil for the championship as the lure.

Such a contest would be a natural and if personal animosity is set aside, the interests of boxing would best be served by such a return engagement. There is no doubt about Thil's standing in the division and there can be no doubt that no fighter can lay claim to the American title without first disposing of Battaglia.

* * *

KID CHOCOLATE'S recent display against Pete Nebo, was a revelation to his admirers. His flashy performance, in which he used all his old Queensberry magic in chalking up a victory over his tough opponent, is a good omen, for when the Keed is good, he is one of the best drawing cards in America. The adverse criticism heaped on the Cuban Bon Bon for his poor showing against Lew Feldman apparently got under his skin. The Keed is a lad with heaps of pride and takes such criticism to heart. It made him come to his senses and get back into his best physical condition. Chocolate's brilliant work against Nebo indicated that the Cuban intends to fight every inch of the way to retain his laurels and under such conditions, he'll prove a mighty hard nut for anyone to crack. The Chocolate who beat Nebo was indeed a second George Dixon. Let's hope that the Keed has learned his lesson and that he will continue to take his work seriously while he remains in the boxing profession.

* * *

BY losing a fifteen round decision to Seaman Watson in Liverpool, the same night that Terry was knocked cold by Battaglia, Nel Tarlton not only lost the British featherweight championship, but several lucrative bouts in this country. The clever Englishman, who according to reports had injured a hand and was forced to fight practically with one hand during most of the battle, was matched with Baby Arizmendi, California featherweight king, and was tentatively matched with Kid Chocolate for the world title in the event he whipped the Mexican boy. But the injury and defeat brought about a cancellation of both contests and the featherweght section remains without a world champion, although Chocolate has a better claim to the crown than has any one else.

Regardless of the rating given the Keed by Eddie Borden, the Cuban will never be recognized as the international champion until he disposes of the European title holder, who, it seems to me, certainly must be considered when a world championship is at stake. There is no doubt about the Keed being the American crown wearer, but that is as far as his claim to a championship can go.

* * *

IT is quite encouraging to see so many of the small clubs whose doors were closed early last year, reopening. In New York alone, four clubs that have had the lock on the door for almost a year, have had their walls redecorated and are staging both wrestling and boxing. The only thing still necessary to put both boxing and wrestling back to the prosperity era, is for the promoters to wake up to the fact that the public refuses to be mulcted of its good money by unscrupulous men who arrange mediocre cards or place substitutes on after a high-class show has been advertised. This, judging by my mail last month, is especially true about wrestling and the sooner it is halted, the better for the sport's success. It also behooves the rival wrestling factions to bury the hatchet, come to their senses and stop the so-called war to a finish. The "war" is doing neither side any good. For the interest of the sport there should be open competition in wrestling, the same as is the case in boxing.

* * *

NEW YORK fight fans saw paraded before them recently a tonnage in heavyweights, the equal of which has never been seen in one ring in one evening. We have

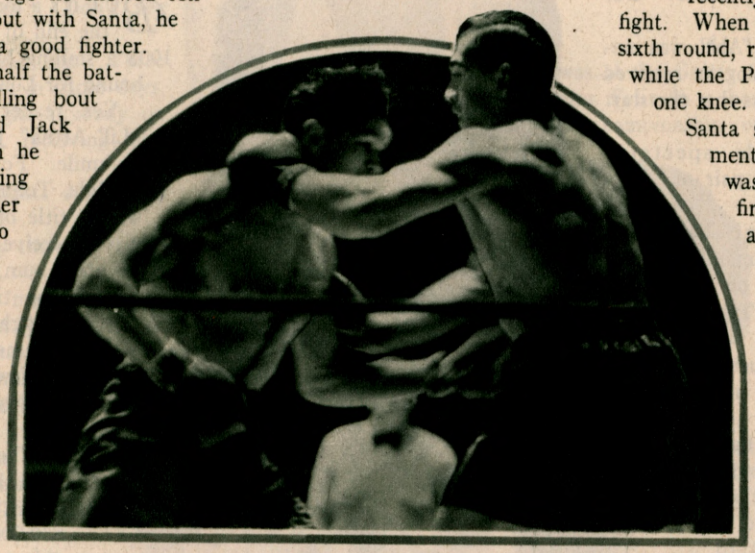
viewed more beef when the wrestlers have held the stage, but never in boxing. To have a total of 2440 pounds on view, it must be admitted, is rather a novelty. Well, that is what the Garden strutted out in its famous emporium with the expectation of drawing a full house, instead of which only a corporal's guard was on hand to offer its encouragement to the entertainers.

Though the show was a big financial flop, it was a most interesting affair because it afforded an opportunity to judge what is in store for the future so far as heavyweights preferred is concerned. From my point of view, the show was productive of good results in that it brought forth two most promising individuals and that it set at rest for all time the talk of building up Primo Carnera for a championship shot. Candidly, as one who has always seen in the Italian giant, a prospect, I was astonished by the lack of ability displayed by Primo against a man about his equal in size, build, fighting knowledge and weight.

We have heard considerable in the past three months of the wonderful progress made by the Venetian. If he has made any, he certainly failed to place it on display against so poor a specimen as Jose Santa, a third rater if ever there was one.

Instead of progressing, Carnera is going back, and at a fast pace. Where half a year ago he showed considerable promise, in his bout with Santa, he lacked every essential of a good fighter. He did not appear to be half the battler he was in that thrilling bout with Stanley Poreda and Jack Sharkey, contests in which he showed at his best. Facing Santa, who is a far easier subject than Campolo, who was stopped by Carnera, Primo seemed to have lost all the skill he displayed against Sharkey.

And Santa, the much publicized Portuguese Man Mountain, was even worse. He proved that he lacks the faintest knowledge of boxing. He is crude to the nth degree, fights awkwardly and doesn't care to take it. For a man of his size, he shows less courage than the average lightweight. He fights like a longshoreman and may prove effective, as he has at times, against palookas, but should have no place on a card against any of the topnotchers in an arena that should cater only to the best.



***Behemoths of the ring. Jose Santa (left) and Primo Carnera as they appeared in their recent Garden bout in which Santa quit***

Carnera scaled 270½ pounds, almost twenty pounds more than he did against Sharkey and Santa weighed 247½. In height, Santa had a margin of two inches, the Portuguese showing 6 feet 8 inches. Their contest proved that bulk is not the chief requirement in boxing, for it was the average-sized heavyweight, Charley Massera, a newcomer from Pennsylvania and Tony Shucco, a Bostonian, both of whom scaled only 179 pounds, who stole the show. Both have recently been beaten, yet are coming to the front.

* * *

IT was the first appearance of each in the Garden, although Shucco fought on the Schmeling-Sharkey, Schaaf-Paulino and Schmeling-Walker cards, and judging by their fine performances, the New York fans will want to see more of each. In Massera, the heavyweight ranks has an ace in the making. He is one of the coolest, sharpest hitting heavies seen among novices in a long time. Massera, under the able tutelage of Sammy Goldman, manager of Tony Canzoneri, should be brought to the top rank within another year. He has every asset of a great fighter and unless the unforeseen happens in the way of accidents, he'll make good despite his recent loss to K. O. Christner in Pittsburgh.

Massera, it was learned, is the first boxer on record to take his work so seriously that he is pursuing a special course of training under Prof. Joseph Pilates of New York City, on "muscle control and muscle relaxation." That his training has already helped him, was evident from the manner in which he beat Juanito Olaquibel, although outweighed by more than twenty pounds.

With the exception of Shucco and Massera, the rest of the special heavyweight card failed to impress. If Shucco and Massera can put on a little weight without injuring their speed, the division will have two good men on whom to bank for the future. As for Cobb, Carnera, Santa, Olaquibel, Walsh, Olin and Dorval, there is nothing to look forward to so far as they are concerned. Arthur Huttick, on the other hand, although beaten by Shucco, may yet reach a high mark. He is still inexperienced, but under the guidance of that able master, Jimmy Bronson, his future looks promising. We must defer judgment on him for another six months.

* * *

CAN interesting point was raised recently in the Santa-Carnera fight. When Santa went down in the sixth round, referee Jed Gahan counted while the Portuguese was resting on one knee. Just as he reached eight, Santa started an upward movement, but at nine one knee still was down and as the referee finished counting, Santa arose and told the official he had had enough. Just then a towel was flung into the ring contrary to state commission rules.

There's where the confusion started. Some thought that Santa had quit. The timekeeper and other officials thought likewise. Some believed that the heaving of the towel had caused a halt in the proceedings, but the referee announced that Santa did not rise until the final motion of the decimal count had been made and therefore he was counted out.

This situation resulted in the receipt of many letters to THE RING office, asking whether Santa was actually counted out or did Primo receive the verdict on a "Technical knockout." Others wanted to know whether a man is regarded as out if he reaches his feet at the same time that the referee counts ten.

The New York State and all other commission rules state that a man is knocked out if he fails to arise before the count of ten. I have seen officials give the boxer the benefit of the doubt on occasions where the fighter arose simultaneously with the ten count, but adhering strictly to rules, such a procedure is illegal. As soon as ten is counted, the fight is over, and as in the Santa case, Gahan already shouted "ten," Santa was out before he decided to quit.

I feel that it would be far better were our referees all instructed to count with the wave of the arm, as does a referee at a ball game. If Gahan had made a broad sweep or an extended up and down movement of his arm as he counted "ten" there would have been no confusion. I think it would be an excellent move for the boxing commissions throughout the country to instruct their referees to count with a broad wave, thus giving all the spectators an opportunity not only to hear the official timekeeper's calls, but to see the progress through the motions of the referee's arms.

# *The* BIG GATE!

## *The part Sydney, Australia, played in its evolution— Foley and McIntosh promotorial pioneers*

### By George F. Nock

DEMPSEY vs. Carpentier, 1921. One and a half million dollars.

Dempsey vs. Tunney, 1926. Two million dollars.

Dempsey vs. Tunney, 1927. Two and a half million dollars.

Quite a lot of money there, folks!

Yes! But where did it all start? Let's turn back the pages—or rather volumes—of time, and see for ourselves how it all came about.

Who staged the first fight?

Maybe Adam was a wife-beater? But why bring that up?

Next! It's history how Abel was unable to stand up to the caning he received from brother Cain. But was that the start of the big gates?

No, sir! Not a single spectator graced the scene. Truly a pair of "Lily-whites"!

"Ah, but here is something! Two mountainsides, packed with humanity. The attention of all is focussed on the center of that natural bowl. Two men come forth to do battle. Who are they? Did you not guess? None other than David and Goliath!

What a "natural" that fight was! A good little man and a good big man. Besides, there was the international angle so dearly loved by old Tex Rickard.

What a harvest for taxes for the Government! But, alas! all were "deadheads."

* * *

BUT what is this? It sure does look familiar. Two men, stripped to the waist, their hands enclosed in leather. And look at that! Seats! Yes, tier upon tier of them, packed with eager spectators.

*Lord Lonsdale, who was shocked at the demand of Burns for $30,000 to fight Jack Johnson and shunted the fight from England*

But look closer! That leather enclosing the hands of those two stalwarts is studded with iron.

The Cestus! A killing weapon, and the men who fought to kill did not worry about the gate. Cheers for the victor!

Centuries pass and the scene changes from ancient Rome to a remote meadow field in Merrie England.

It is the year 1860, and top-hatted gentry gather to witness what was really the first bout for the supremacy of the boxing world.

But did brave Heenan and plucky little Sayers receive a cut out of a tremendous gate, as their efforts deserved? No! It was for $1000 a side and for the honor of their countries that they battled through 42 long and strenuous rounds with bare knuckles.

And now we cross the Big Pond.

A quarter of a century has passed since the Heenan-Sayers fight. In the upper room of an old wooden building, Jack McAuliffe and Billy Myers, the "Streator Cyclone," battle with skin-tight gloves for the world's lightweight title. For 64 rounds they fight. The decision—a draw. Down to the bar-room to split up an $8,000 purse. But, alas! the safe has been jimmied.

Sixty-four rounds for sweet nothing. Too bad!

Then came the club membership days, and the days of the Horton Law. In their wake followed the fights of Corbett and Fitzsimmons, Corbett and Jeffries, and Fitzsimmons and Jeffries. Great fights and great fighters! Great gates? No! Far from it!

* * *

BUT it's a long lane that has no pub at the end of it! One day in the year 1908 a smiling black giant boarded a ship bound for London.

Yes, reader, you are right. It was "Lil' Artha" Johnson. And well might he smile. For was not he on his way to fight Tommy Burns for the heavyweight title of the world? Besides, he was to receive $5,000 for the bout. Not a great sum, but Johnson knew that with the title in his possession he could fight for purses many times that amount.

But 'twas the same old tale of the well-laid plans of men and mice.

When the grand old man of English boxing, Lord Lonsdale, heard that Burns was to receive $30,000, he was shocked. Yes, terribly so! Said that the thought of it was wicked. No! England could not stand for that sort of thing.

So that ended any chance of the bout being staged in England.

Enter Hugh McIntosh.

Mac had built, in Sydney, an arena to seat 20,000 persons, and looking around for a bout to start him off in a big way, began to consider the Burns-Johnson match.

The $30,000 guarantee that Burns demanded looked like a lot of money at first, especially as both Johnson and Burns were foreigners, but after taking into consideration that Burns had beaten Bill Squires, the heavyweight champion of Australia, and that Johnson had given a good account of himself in all his bouts in the country, McIntosh decided that he could make a success of the venture.

And a success it was!

With prices ranging from $50 downward, 20,000 fans paid $130,000 to see Johnson become the world's heavyweight champion.

One hundred and thirty thousand dollars! Just one-twentieth of what Dempsey and Tunney drew at Chicago!

Little did McIntosh think that this would be the outcome of his promoting venture. But, for that matter, little did Larry Foley know that his famous White Horse Hall would lead up to the house that Mac built. You see, it all started way back in Larry's time.

COME! Let's go back to the eighties of the last century and follow the course of events.

Look! There is Mick Dooley walking along George Street in Sydney Town. Mick has just been sacked from his job. Does he look sad? No! On the contrary, he looks quite happy. And with good reason! Mick is on his way to get a job more to his liking than driving a delivery cart.

Walking with a light-hearted step, he reaches Larry Foley's White Horse Hotel and then turns into the White Horse Hall, adjoining it. He breaks the news to Larry. Larry looks pleased. Just lend an ear to his words.

"Now listen to me. I'll give you three quid (about $15) a week to teach my pupils and fight anybody I pick for you on Saturday nights. Don't yer see? Don't yer understand?"

Mick did understand and see. Three quid was quite a lot to him in those days, even if he did have to fight anybody on Saturday nights without receiving any extra.

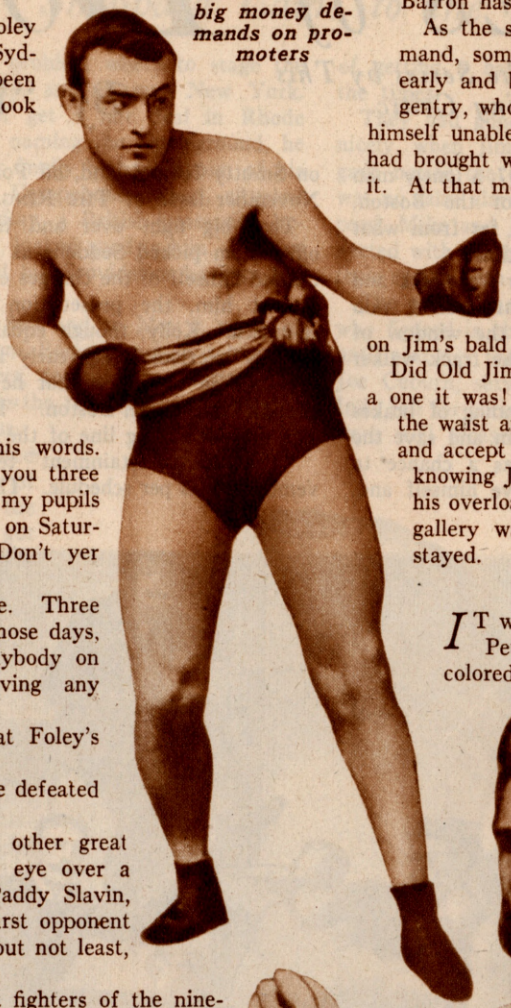
Those Saturday night fights at Foley's Hall!

It was there that Dooley thrice defeated Fitzsimmons.

It was there also that many other great fighters battled. Just run your eye over a few of them: Peter Jackson, Paddy Slavin, Billy McCarthy (Fitzsimmon's first opponent in America), Jim Hall, and last but not least, Young Griffo.

Another place where the great fighters of the nineties showed their wares was the Darlinghurst Skating Rink. It was there that Griffo and Jim Barron fought a 22-round draw in 1892.

The gate, which amounted to $750, was considered a record for those days. A record! 'Tis enough to make one laugh. Especially when one thinks of the fame of Griffo, which endures to this day, and the fact that later Barron, while still a lightweight, held the wily Kid McCoy to a 10-round draw.



*Tommy Burns, who was the first to make big money demands on promoters*

* * *

WHEN Foley gave up his fistic activities and took to demolishing buildings for a living, he was succeeded in the promoting line by Charlie Campbell. Despite his Scotch name, Campbell, like Foley, was Irish as Paddy's pig.

Campbell's Palais de Punch was known as the Gaiety Theatre. Before taking it over, Charlie had been a partner with a Mr. Young in running another hall—the Golden Gate—but had been bought out. While they were not in the same class as the men of the White Horse era, the Gaiety fighters were a lively set, both in the ring and out of it. Many a laugh they had out of old Charlie as they sat around his doorstep of an afternoon.

Charlie was a quaint old soul, and many were the times that he was requested to tell how he had rebuked his wife for wasting money by buying a chandelier. Charlie wanted to know "Who in the hell is there in the house what can play it?"

Much of the seating at the Gaiety was supplied by a gallery which ran nearly all the way round and the front seats of which almost overhung the ring. Jim Barron has good cause to remember that gallery.

As the supply of seats often failed to meet the demand, some of the fans were in the habit of coming early and bringing their tea with them. One of these gentry, who occupied a front seat in the gallery, finding himself unable to polish off one of the many pies that he had brought with him, looked about for a place to deposit it. At that moment the bald top-piece of Barron, who was acting as referee, presented itself, and the galleryite promptly dropped the pie.

Lindbergh himself could not have judged a landing better. Plomp! That unwanted quantity of meat and pastry parked itself on Jim's bald dome.

Did Old Jim exercise his vocabulary? He did, and what a one it was! Swearing as only he could, he stripped to the waist and waited for the pie dropper to come down and accept his challenge to fight. But that gent above, knowing Jim's reputation and thinking of what a target his overloaded tucker-box would make, decided that the gallery was the safest place for him, and there he stayed.

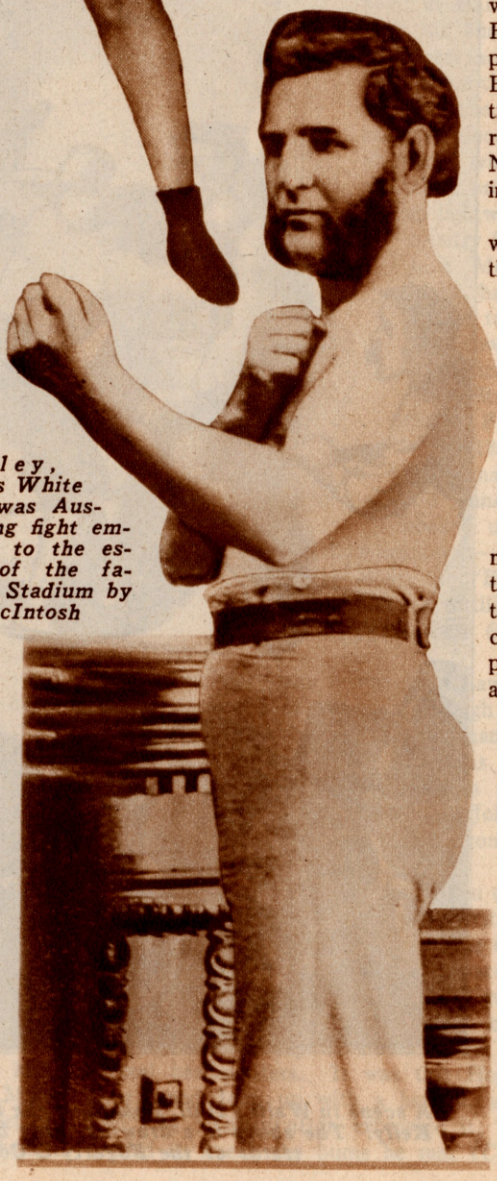
* * *

IT was at the Gaiety that Jack Johnson defeated Peter Felix in a bout billed as being for the colored championship of the world. The fight, which took place on February 19, 1907, was promoted by James Brennan, who for some time previously had been running shows at the National Sporting Club in Castlereagh Street.

When the National, which was at the time the most up-to-date boxing hall in Sydney, was taken over for use as a vaudeville theatre, Brennan had been forced to obtain the lease of the old Gaiety for the night. That was during Johnson's first visit to Australia, and it was not until his second that the opening of McIntosh's Stadium at Rushcutter's Bay caused the passing of the old Gaiety and with it one of the most colorful periods of Australian boxing.

What proved to be the start of the big gates all over the world turned out to be the end of them so far as Australia was concerned. Just as Australia awaits the new Hugh D. McIntosh, so does the world await the successor of old Tex Rickard, conceded the world's greatest sports promoter.

Who will he be?



*Larry Foley, whose famous White Horse Hall was Australia's leading fight emporium prior to the establishment of the famous Sydney Stadium by Hugh McIntosh*

# CRADLES of BOXING

*The Twenty-first Story in the Series by This Famous Boston Boxing Critic*

By "DOC" ALMY

LATE on the night of September 6, 1897, a lonely man was stumbling along the tracks of the Boston, Revere Beach & Lynn railroad, not far from what was known as Crescent Beach station.

A storm was raging—the weather was thick and misty—and, although the engineer of an outward bound train from Boston was watching the rails through the window of his cab, it was not until he was close upon the track walker that the headlight picked him up.

There was the shriek of the whistle, a grinding of brakes suddenly thrown on—an effort to stop the train and save the man on the tracks ahead. Though there was a chance to escape, the walker made no real move to save himself and, all in a few moments another tragedy was written into the annals of railroading.

The body was carried into the Crescent Beach station, there to be viewed by many, but without identification.

"Some tramp on his way to Lynn," was the general verdict. Next day, however, there came to the scene one John Armstrong. He had read of the affair of the night in the morning newspapers and the description of the train victim interested him.

"That is the body of Tommy Kelly, the old-time fighter," he said as he pointed out various marks of identification. "Yes," said others, getting their cue from Armstrong, "that is the old fighter. His career is over."

Armstrong took charge of the body—others rallied to the occasion, and on September 9, services were held for Tommy Kelly in Boston, and he was laid away to rest forever.

* * *

SUCH was the final windup of that Tommy Kelly, once credited by many as being the American featherweight champion, who on October 8, 1868, lost to George Seddons in 96 rounds on Smutty Nose Island, off Portsmouth, N. H., as told in the November issue of THE RING.

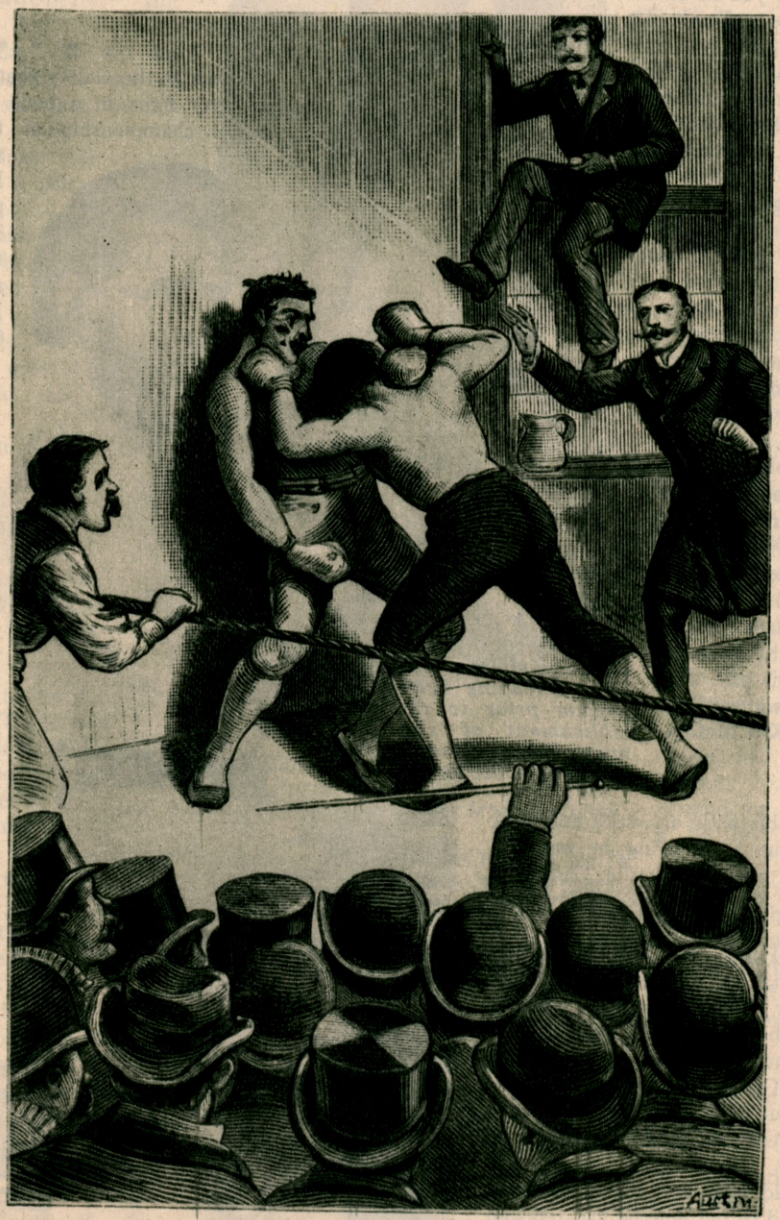
That big fight over and the principals back in Boston, officialdom picked Seddons as "the goat." Though he finally cleared himself of the charges concerning prize fighting brought against him, the prosecution killed off all attempts at a re-match. Kelly, though equally guilty, seems to have been entirely overlooked for early in November an announcement appeared in the press that he was to be given a benefit in Waitt's Hall, South Boston. "It will be a nice entertainment," was the concluding line of the notice.

"The nice entertainment" took place in Waitt's Hall, November 10, as per schedule. The evening was cold and stormy, but such was the fame of the ringster that the place was crowded to the doors. John "Cocky" Woods and William Ford had the general direction of the affair, while those who contributed their boxing wares were Dan Fogarty, Dan Connor, known as the "New York Chicken"; Tom Johnson and Charley Humes. The latter woundup with Kelly in a spirited six-rounder.

All in all, Boston took such a liking to Kelly that he decided that the town was the proper place for him. He became a Hubite, got a job as a dispenser of liquor, did some boxing, and gave much attention to dog and cock fighting. In short, he blossomed forth a regular sport. In the spring of 1869, there came to him a challenge to fight from one Ted Timmony of Providence, R. I., couched in words to the effect that the Rhode Islander would knock off Kelly's ears for $500 a side any time he was disposed to take the chance.

* * *

THIS defy was as a red flag to the worthy Mr. Kelly. He laid aside his apron, got in touch with Jim Keenan, the stake money was raised and Timmony's cash was



*A scene in Waitt's Hall, Boston, at the benefit given to Tommy Kelly. The above is a drawing made by a Police News illustrator of the Fogarty-O'Connor battle*

# *Tom Kelly Claims the American Featherweight Championship—His Easy Victory Over Timmony—How Patsey Sheppard Came to the Fore*

covered. Then there arose the problem where to stage the melee. Boston was off the map, and so was New York. Kelly feared that he would not get a fair deal in Rhode Island. Having the privilege of naming the battleground, he being the challenged party, Kelly finally bethought him of his native heath—New Brunswick. Campobello Island, situated in the mouth of Passmaquoddy Bay, a British possession between Maine and New Brunswick, looked good to him. Keenan was agreeable and Timmony and his Providence backers fell in with the idea.

The date was set as May 10, 1869, and on May 6, many of the sporting party embarked from Boston on two schooners secured by Keenan. The fighters, fearing sea-sickness, also a number of their followers, made the trip by train, Eastport, Me., being the general rendezvous.

From this point they were boated to Campobello Island. By noon of the 10th, all were on the ground, the ring was put up and the fight got underway. The weight of the principals was announced as 114 pounds, but, as to all the details, these we have been unable to secure. The mill went 10 rounds, lasting 32 minutes, and ended with Timmony sprawled out helpless on the turf. All concerned with the bout slipped through the hands of a sheriff and deputies sent to the island to arrest them, the chance of subsequent arrests in Boston probably accounts for the general silence of the day concerning the affair.

* * *

WITH Kelly very much a hero in Boston and New England sporting circles, as the next move he issued a challenge to fight any man in America at 114 pounds, George Seddons, preferred. The money was to be $1000 a side, with the featherweight title as the big stake. Though this defy was spread over the country by the press, it failed to take. There being no responses that amounted to anything, Kelly acclaimed himself the American featherweight champion, a claim which sporting writers here and there, also portions of the followers of fistiana, sustained.

***Patsy Sheppard, famous Boston fistic character***

Becoming tired of champing, and that without a fight, Tommy went back to the business of booze, his fighting dogs and fowl, with occasional trips about the country to various fistic festivities. As an admirer of Patsy Sheppard, formerly for many years a Boston boniface, but at the time of the story a budding pugilist in the lightweight division, one of these trips carried him out to Cold Springs Station, Ind., where Joe Coburn and Mike McCool were slated to battle for the American heavyweight title on May 26, 1868.

It was an affair Kelly remembered and enjoyed relating in detail. The fight did not take place, as Coburn was arrested while on his way to the place of venue. It was charged at the time that he was perfectly willing to be taken into custody, he not caring to go through with the contest.

Whether this was true or not, while McCool and the fans were waiting for Coburn to appear, Patsy Sheppard and Mike Coburn, the latter Joe's brother, went into the ring as sort of a preliminary. No purse was up, the fighters taking a chance of getting a hat collection for their services, a custom of the times.

They had gone but six rounds with Sheppard doing very nicely, when Jim Coburn, another of the clan of that name, gave notice that the police were about to rush the ring. It was no false alarm, for the officers were close at hand. Sheppard, Mike and Jim Coburn, McCool and others closely connected with the battling took to their heels, the mob covering their escape with a show of pistols, knives and knuckle-dusters.

The officers managed to grab Jim "Stone Hammer" Cusick, who figured in the affairs of John C. Heenan, but it was not until next day that they gathered in McCool. The latter, with Joe Coburn, served a sentence of 40 days in the Lawrence, Ind., jail for their part in a bout that didn't take place. They were well pleased at getting off so lightly.

* * *

AFTER that episode, Kelly became more friendly than ever with Sheppard, and may have induced the latter to remove from Providence to Boston, and open a saloon, first in Howard street, next in Hayward Place, then the "Abbey" in Harrison Avenue, and still later his final location in Washington Street, across from Hollis Street. It was here that Sheppard died shortly before the 18th Amendment wiped out his saloon. Incidentally, it was Sheppard who was largely instrumental in bringing Jem Carney, the British lightweight champion, to this country for his great match with Jack McAuliffe in a Revere, Mass., barn in 1887. The story will be told later on.

Meanwhile Kelly kept himself busy, first in his place at 131 Court Street, later at 133 under the old Foster House, and finally about 1883-'84, behind the bar in Thomas McGowan's saloon at 173 Hanover Street. There he hooked up a friendship with a fellow employee—Jack Havlin, who with Ike Weir, the "Belfast Spider," was to contribute a thrilling chapter to ring history with their 61-round draw fight in July, 1887.

In these later years it was John Lawrence Sullivan, heavyweight champion of America through his defeat of Paddy Ryan in 1882, who was the big man of Boston, also the greater part of the country. He was a hero in the eyes of thousands everywhere—the champion of champions. Kelly, like many others, attached himself to John's following—became a worshiper and admirer, both from afar and at close range.

When Sullivan sported in Boston, on occasions Kelly sported with him, and when the champion's first wife haled the Strong Boy into court, it was in Kelly's home in Carver Street where the champion found comfort and solace. So, it finally came about that this pair of sporty cronies got to hanging out with another of their set, William Hogarty, known as the "Sporting Barber," whose shop in Dover Street became one of their several headquarters. It was this Hogarty who more than once tuned John up with a haircut, shave and a shampoo, "All," as Sullivan often expressed it, "that any real fighter needed to knock the bums he met (*Continued on page* 34)

# A FIGHTING

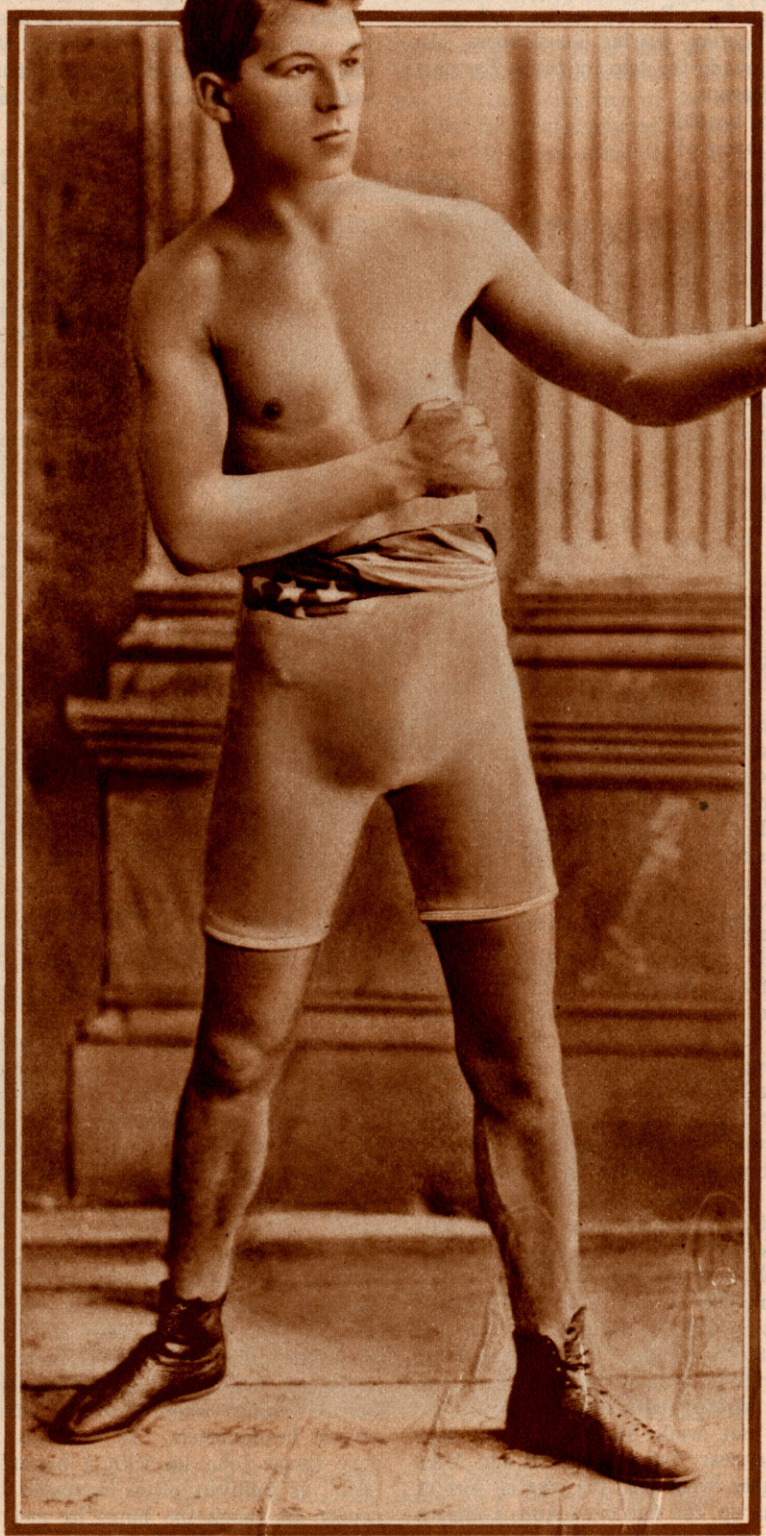
## *Dave, member of famous fistic clan, one of most courageous featherweights in U. S. ring history*

By CHARLEY HARVEY

THERE is something about the name of Sullivan that rings of strength and superiority in combat, and in the history of pugilism, it brings memories of great achievements in the ring. Of course, there are those who assumed the name of Sullivan and, in some cases, brought it little honor; but those who carried it as their birthright from their fathers, within the roped arena built up a reputation that will keep the name fresh in the minds of lovers of the game of boxing. There was John L., Mike and Jack (the twins), "Spike" and Dave; Yankee Sullivan, and Tommy. All were noted fighters and most of them a credit to their race—the fighting Irish.

The subject of this story, Dave Sullivan, was great in every essential that goes to make a fighter. He was one of the outstanding featherweights of his day, and inasmuch as he was in the heyday of his career when Terry McGovern, George Dixon, Oscar Gardner, Patsy Haley, Marty McCue, Joe Bernstein, Kid Broad and "Pedlar" Palmer were in the limelight, Sullivan can be said to be one of the best featherweights of all time.

He never became the champion, but he was in the shadow of the goal on numerous occasions. Dave knew the game well and was a hard puncher, but the outstanding characteristic of this sturdy son of the Sullivan clan was his indomitable courage. Sullivan knew no fear and, while he went down to defeat at times, it took great men to get the better of him, and when they emerged from the ring they always knew that they had been through a terrible mill.



*Dave Sullivan, the sturdy little Irishman of Boston*

Dave didn't know the meaning of the word "quit," and on the few occasions that he did suffer a knockout, it was only when nature gave out and could not keep pace with the heart and courage of the man.

* * *

IN the old days many of the best pugilists in America were born in Ireland, and it was there on May 10, 1877, in the County of Cork, that Dave Sullivan first appeared upon the scene. Dave was a scrapper from that time on and, when he came to this country with his parents at the age of twelve, he was well able to hold up his end with any in the many battles with his associates in which he found himself. It was expected that he could fight and he disappointed no one. He was a sturdy two-fisted boy who didn't look for trouble, but didn't dodge it when it came his way.

Dave's parents lived in a neighborhood in Boston where trouble was the occurrence of the hour with the boys in the street. Many a street fight did Dave Sullivan take part in in defense of his rights, or for some weaker chap whom a bully sought to make a victim. Big or little, Dave would take them on, and when he finished

# SULLIVAN

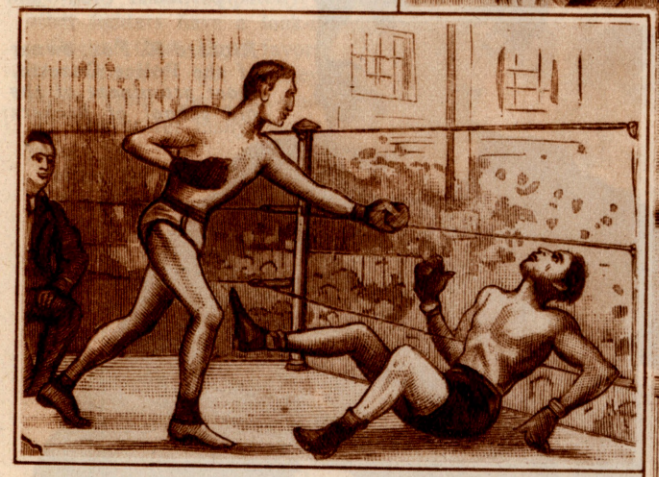
*(This is the fourth of a new series on famous fighters—Editor's note.)*

with them they were willing to admit that Dave was worthy of the name of Sullivan.

It was in that way that Dave developed the sturdiness and courage that so featured his work in the ring. His professional career began when he was eighteen years of age. So successful were his first efforts in the ring that it was not long before his reputation spread beyond the confines of New England.

Some measure of his ability was recognized after he had fought two draws with Austin Rice and Jack Ward. But he jumped right into the front line of featherweights when, on Nov. 24, 1896, he held Casper Leon to a draw in twenty rounds at New York City. Leon was one of the leading little fellows of the day and few, if any, gave Sullivan, comparatively inexperienced, a chance against the Italian.

Sullivan not only held his own, but on several occasions during the twenty rounds had Leon in difficulties. Realizing that in the matter of science Casper was his superior, Sullivan rushed him from the opening gong and kept right on top all the time. Leon's straight-arm jabs did not stop him, for Dave was always willing to accept all that his opponent could hand out in order to get home some of his own punches. It was only the wonderful science of the little Italian that saved him from defeat.

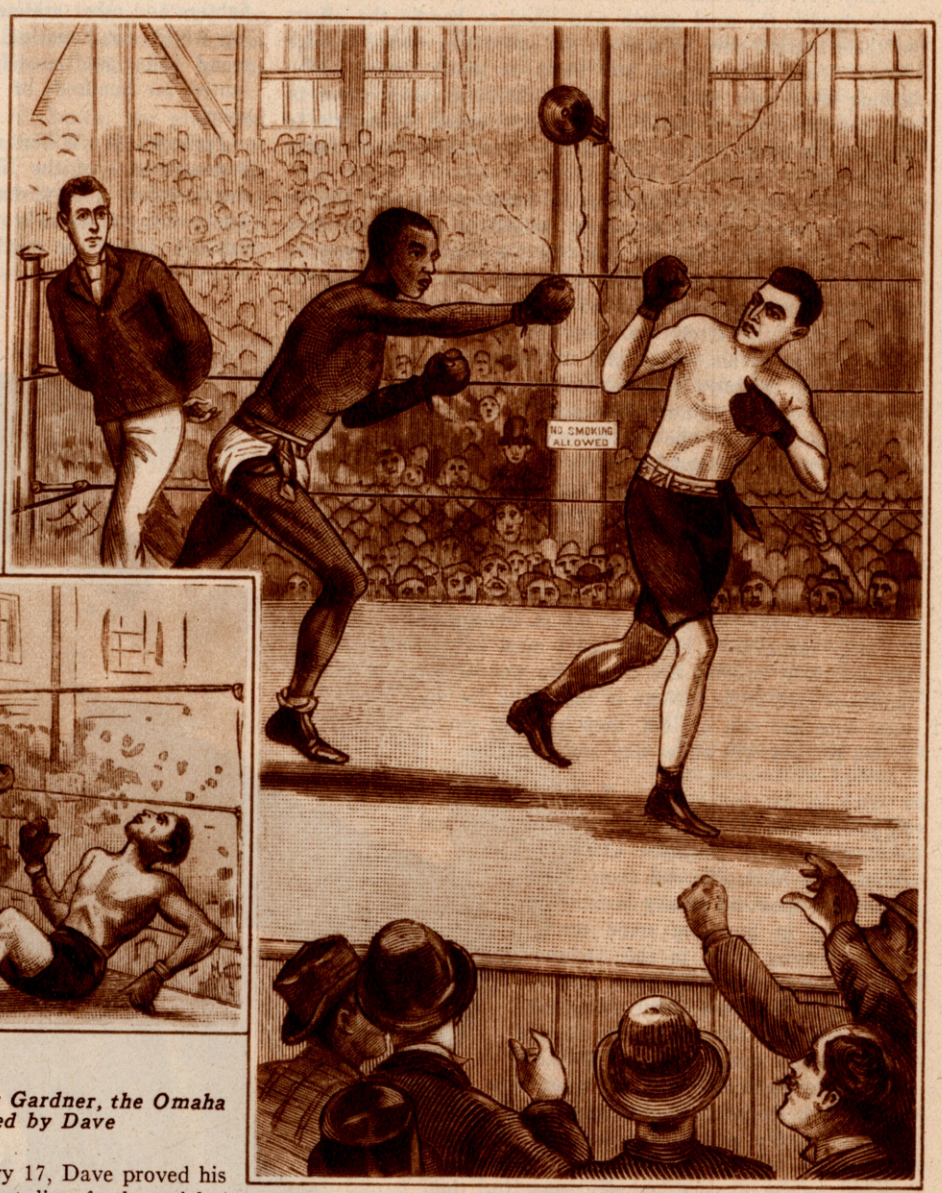


***The knockout of Sullivan by Oscar Gardner, the Omaha Kid, the only k.o. suffered by Dave***

IN the next year, 1897, on February 17, Dave proved his right to a place among the front line featherweights by knocking out the clever Patsy Haley in thirteen rounds at New York City. Haley, now a New York referee, was a mighty capable fighter and had scored victories over several notable 126-pounders. The aggressiveness and the terrific punches of the little Boston boy were too much for the present ring official. Again, on April 28, 1897, Dave took on Patsy and again knocked him out, this time after twenty-two rounds of hard and fast milling.

Sullivan was then looked upon as having a mighty good chance to annex the title of his division, which was then in the hands of the never-to-be-forgotten George Dixon. Meanwhile, Dave's fame had spread to Europe and he was invited to visit England and try conclusions with "Pedlar" Palmer, the champion of his country.

Sullivan gladly accepted the opportunity to meet Palmer, and they clashed on October 18, 1897, at the National Sporting Club in London. Following the only plan of battle he knew, Sullivan started right after Palmer from the sound of the first gong in the opening round, making little or no attempt to box with Palmer, who was a past master at the art. Instead, Sullivan entirely disregarded the Britisher's punches, and kept crowding the little Briton in an attempt to put across the knockout punch. "Pedlar," however, was shifty enough to win the decision on points.




***When Sullivan and George Dixon met at the Lenox Club of New York***

Sullivan then returned to America and scored victories over three famous featherweights in succession. They were Patsy Broderick, who went down in nine rounds in Yonkers, N. Y., on March 4, 1898; Sammy Kelly (*Continued on page 37*)

# A FIELD

IT'S quite refreshing for many of the old time followers of the ring to look back some forty or more years ago and recall the real, thoroughbred backers and managers of fighters of that period, a type of whom there are only a handful left. They were real, true, honest-to-goodness sportsmen who were in the game for the thrills they could get out of it. They were not of the gold digger type of to-day. They were not of the hangers-on school nor the kind that would send a man to the slaughter house simply for the purpose of gathering in a few golden shekels.

They were impressarios in the true sense of the word. They were dyed-in-the-wool sports who liked to handle the affairs of their charges only because of the sport they found in such work. They often spent five times as much money ballyhooing their man than they could obtain as their share of the receipts from a fight. They would spend thousands to take in hundreds, just so long as they could keep their charge in the public eye.

Recently, during a discussion in Madison Square Garden in which several of the present school of managers took part, I ventured to remark that the boys of to-day may be shrewd business men, fellows who talk only in thousands, but that ninety-nine percent of them wouldn't have had a look-in with the birds who ran boxing in my time, when John L. was in his prime, and immediately I was taken to task. I told the boys that on many occasions a manager spent a fortune on his fighter yet wouldn't accept a cent of his earnings and one of the present school almost leaped out of his chair as he directed his words at me:

"What, you old ducks didn't take any of the fighter's earnings? What a silly lot of old guys you must have been. I never managed a fighter who didn't hand over a third of his earnings to me," he continued, "and I never will."

When I explained this generous method to a well-known manager recently, he glared at me in amazement.

"Holy mackerel! You old guys must have been asleep at the switch or snuffing the coke. No wonder some of the old gazaboos died broke. None of that bunk for me. I'm a business man and win or lose, they have all got to come across to me or they will know why and wherefore."

* * *

POOR old Dick Roche, who backed and directed the pugilistic affairs of Tom Allen, Jack McAuliffe and many other ring stars, spent his money lavishly on them and in financing some unsuccessful boxing clubs in this vicinity.

Roche was a wealthy and famous gambler in St. Louis about thirty-five years ago, and when he came to this city, he was worth at least $800,000. No worthy fighter or stranded sport ever had to ask Roche twice for any financial assistance. He was an exceptionally charitable man, indeed. Old Gotham, however, seemed to be a very unlucky spot for the game old gambler, for he died broke in Brooklyn a few years ago, after a hard struggle to retrieve his losses.

Richard K. Fox, the noted proprietor of the now defunct *Police Gazette*, backed many famous fighters, wrestlers and other athletes in his heyday. Among them were Paddy Ryan, heavyweight champion, Jake Kilrain, who battled John L. Sullivan 75 gruelling rounds, Charley Mitchell, the game boxing champion of England, Herbert Slade, of Australia, Johnny Reagan and a host of others.

No one can ever say that Mr. Fox took a dollar from any fighter or athlete he backed or was under his directions. In fact it was quite the contrary. He was very liberal to them all, and gave away thousands of dollars to help them along in many ways.

Besides, Mr. Fox was also very generous to all the old broken down pugilists and athletes. He helped old Jem Mace, Joe Coburn, Dooney Harris, Uncle Bill Tovey, Soap McAlpine and a flock of others in their helpless old age.

Yes, Mr. Fox must have spent half a million dollars on fighters and other athletes during his long career in the sporting world, not counting what it cost him for the many diamond belts, gold medals and other costly trophies he presented for hundreds of different competitions in the field of sport.

Perhaps Mr. William Muldoon, one of the exhalted high commissioners of the New York State Athletic Commission, might unfold a very cheerful tale of Mr. Fox's generosity to him, when he was a young struggling wrestler and needed a financial friend. So might many other wrestlers, if they were so inclined.

* * *

GEORGE LAW, the old owner of the Eighth Avenue surface horse car line was noted all over the old Tenderloin district especially, for his willingness to back fighters. In fact that was his particular fad and

***Richard K. Fox, owner of the* Police Gazette, *most prominent of the old school of backers***

# EXTINCT

## *Wealthy Backers and Managers of Fighters Have Passed with the Commercialization of Boxing*

### *By* ARTHUR LUMLEY

(*Former Manager of John L. Sullivan*)

fancy. He spent thousands of dollars on Joe Coburn, the heavyweight champion of America. Law not only backed Coburn in the ring, but also in a couple of expensive cafés on Broadway, which were not a success, but that didn't worry the multi-millionaire for he continued to lavish his coin on all his pugilistic favorites as usual.

Ed Keaney and John Scannell were the backers of big John Flood, who fought John L. on the barge opposite Yonkers on the Hudson River in 1881. After Sullivan knocked Flood out his generous backers started him in a saloon and continued to help him along for many years in various ways. Flood was a great rough and tumble fighter. He had beaten all comers around Bull's Head market, but in the orthodox ring he was lost against an experienced battler.

It was Ed Kearney along with Al Smith, the great old stakeholder, and Phil Dwyer who backed Jim Corbett against John L. Sullivan for $10,000 a side, when Corbett won his three backers turned over to him the $10,000 they had won. Would any manager or backer of the present be guilty of such generosity? Ask Mr. Jack Kearns if you want to see him have a fit or drop dead from heart failure.

* * *

PHIL DWYER was rather a close fisted man with any ordinary individual, but very liberal to any fighter he fancied. "There's only three men in this world who can get my money," said Mr. Dwyer to me one evening at the old Manhattan Athletic Club. "They are Jim Corbett, Jack McAuliffe and Jack Dempsey" (the Nonpareil). None of the other fighters have a look-in with me."

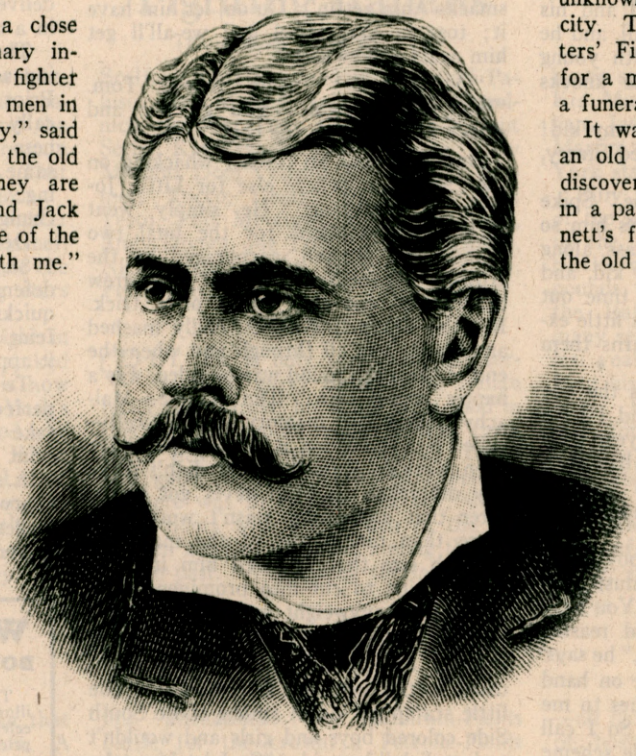
One of these three favorites certainly got money galore from the tight-wad Mr. Dwyer for many, many years.

Mike Dwyer, the heavy racetrack plunger, a brother of Phil's, was also a great fight fan who backed and spent thousands of dollars freely on his favorite fighters, before he finally became a helpless invalid and went broke and passed away.

* * *

"PITTSBURGH PHIL," who's right name was George Smith, another famous plunger on the turf, was a great admirer of formidable fistic gladiators. His money was behind many of them without the world knowing it. Peter Maher, the Irish champion, was a great favorite of Phil's. He spent thousands of dollars on Peter trying to develop him into a world beater.

Maher was a great fighter, but a very unlucky one. He really beat Bob Fitzsimmons in their first fight, but was bamboozled out it by being outsmarted or outcheated by Joe Choynski, who was Fitz's principal second. It cost Pittsburgh Phil quite a pot of money for his pugilistic experience, but he never made a squawk about his losses. He was certainly lucky on the turf, but very unlucky in most of his fistic ventures.



*George Law, owner of the Eighth Avenue car line, a patron of boxing*

OLD Billy Bennett, who had some successful saloons on Sixth avenue and elsewhere in this city for over forty years, backed and staked many a fighter in his salad days. He probably buried more poor pugilists and burglars than any man I ever knew. Old Billy was a very charitable man and was always helping somebody when he had a fat bankroll.

He must have been about eighty years of age when he reopened an old roadhouse on Coney Island Boulevard, which he ran for a couple of years—on his nerve, principally. About twelve years ago, during a very cold spell, he was badly stricken with a severe attack of rheumatism and passed away unknown to his many friends in this city. They buried poor old Bill in Potters' Field at Flatbush. What a fate for a man who had paid for so many a funeral and burial!

It was some weeks before a friend, an old partner in the saloon business, discovered that his old pal was laying in a pauper's grave in Flatbush. Bennett's former partner immediately had the old man's remains removed to Calvary Cemetery, where Bennett owned quite a large plot and where he now sleeps beside his faithful wife.

Billy Bennett was quite a rough-and-tumble fighter in his prime and as game as they made them. At one time he was a partner of John L. Sullivan's in the saloon business in this city.

* * *

WHAT a prince of sports was Al Smith, the famous old stakeholder, some years ago. Many a champion he backed for thousands of dollars without deducting a cent from their winnings. It was Al Smith who toured John L. through the entire country when Sullivan met all comers and knocked out some hundred opponents in less than four rounds each, a fistic feat that has never been accomplished by any other fighter in the history of fistiana.

Smith lived at the old Gilsey House for some 33 years, where he had millions of dollars wagered on important elections, prize fights, horse races and other noted events. Never a dollar was missing that was placed in Smith's hand. He was a strictly honest man in all his dealing, and as a referee has decided his own money away.

Jim Keenan and Billy Mahoney of Boston were two old backers of fighters who never took a (*Continued on page 37*)

# Kids Will Fight

(*Continued from page 13*)

Mr. Zane's annoyances increased. Somebody, maybe Pug, had put some flypaper in Mr. Zane's bed, and Mr. Zane as much as accused Fred as the perpetrator. Fred made hot denial. Mr. Zane remained suave, cool and unbelieving. Starry's fists were clenched.

"Listen, Joe, we are going too slowly," Fred said to his room mate that night. "We've got to join Spike's class."

Joe threw a couple of pillows at Fred to celebrate. Spike Gliven feigned tremendous surprise when the room mates approached him the following afternoon. "I suppose we can find room for a couple more in the class, but I really don't know what you fellows want with boxing. The rest are so far advanced that you may get hurt. Especially you, Fred. You really do not wish to get hurt."

"We'll take our chances," Starry said.

Six weeks later, on his return from Europe, John R. Starry rushed up to Andexter, and again he went into conference with Spike.

"If you don't want a professional pug in the family, call him off," Gliven laughed.

"Well, as you know, the lad and his roomie take those lessons by mail, and he feels his oats in that scrap with young Hensen, whom, incidentally, he knocks cold in one round yesterday."

"Flave's boy knocked cold by my kid! Spike, I could kiss you," shouted Starry, Sr.

"Well, we'll let the kissing be," Spike resumed. "Finally Mr. Zane gets him so roiled that he joins the boxing class, along with Wilk. I sort of taunt the kid, and he surprises the gang the first time out with some fancy steps. Maybe a little exaggerated, on account of he learns them from a mail course.

"Well, after a month in class the boy knows too much for the rest and I have to advance him with the third year lads.

"In the meantime I have a whale of a time keeping Mr. Zane to his bargain. He wants to run out. But I induce him to stick.

"So what happens? The boy challenges Mr. Zane. 'You and I must have this out,' he says to the tutor. 'You have been hounding me for no valid reason. Mr. Zane, you are no gentleman," he says.

"Well, Mr. Zane says he'll be on hand to fight it out, and then he rushes to me to get him out of the scrape. So I call Fred in and give away the whole scheme —how we had arranged with Mr. Zane to do all of that taunting and accusing to rouse him—how the plan had worked to perfection. Well, the boy goes to Mr. Zane and apologizes, and what with one thing and another, they have a love feast.

"Now, here's another knockout. Fred has been out for Spring football practice and they tell me he will make the varsity squad in the Fall."

John R. Starry's friends down on Wall Street would have sold out their Starry Motors holdings had they seen him at that moment, hugging Spike Gliven and dancing about the basement of the Andexter gymnasium.

# When Walcott . . . .

(*Continued from page 8*)

into effect the Root tactics. Sure enough, they worked beautifully. Fred just covered Walcott's face with his huge left paw and whacked away into the body with his right.

Struggle as he would, the little fellow couldn't duck under that left or around it for another good, solid wallop at the freight car he was trying to fight. And when Russell was able to clinch, you may be sure he gave the colored lad every bit of strength he had in a bear-like embrace.

They were to go six rounds, and at the end of four, Walcott, whose training had consisted mostly of the famed haircut and shave of John L.'s day, was a mighty tired young man. Discouraged, too, no end, and as he sank into his corner he gazed up at Tom O'Rourke and began to mumble.

"No use, no use a-tall, Mister Tom," he groaned. "Jes' can't reach him and I think he's jes' cavin' in my ribs!'

"Get out!' roared O'Rourke. "You ain't hurt and it's only two more rounds."

"'Sall right for you to talk that way, Mister Tom, but you ain't a-gettin' these smacks Ahm gettin'. Go on, let him have it; toss in that towel and we-all'll get him again somewhere."

"Quittin', eh?" again roared Tom. "Well, not tonight. You go out and whack him again on the chin."

But there was no further whacking on the chin or anywhere else for Little Joseph that evening. He simply went through the motions for the final two rounds, and Russell, encouraged by the growing weakness in front of him, grew braver but was still afraid of a trick. But the sickened Walcott, badly mashed amidships, was all through and when the end of the sixth round was sounded, was a happy young man. The referee—Malachy Hogan, if memory serves well—called it a draw, but it might easily have been given to Russell. That didn't make any difference, as Fred never got places after that and really wasn't worth any more than nine-tenths of the mammals of such size that followed him in after years trying to cut into prominence and the juicy heavyweight melon-cutting.

O'Rourke laughed heartily afterwards in relating the incidents of the most unusual battle ever seen in the ring. "The little scamp got down among those South Side colored boys and girls and wouldn't train a lick," he said. "So I let him take some punishment just for disciplin's sake. I knew he wasn't hurt much, just tired out. This'll do him a lot of good. He'll train after this when I tell him to."

Guess Tom had it right for Joe fought for nine years after that, fought big and little, good and bad, and never was hurt very much outside of ruffled feelings when things didn't go right. There never was a better trainer nor manager than good old Tom, who is still at it in New York.

This thing called gameness always has intrigued me. I've heard so many and varying opinions of it that the subject always is fresh—and endless.

# Art of Feinting

(*Continued from page 3*)

They seemed to regard signs of having received punishment as a mark of fistic distinction. But as time went on, the fighters began to have a little more regard for themselves and their appearance, and out of the hundreds who followed the sport professionally, there appeared, now and then a few who studied out plans of defense and among those plans was feinting. It was not, however, until Mendoza and Humphreys came on the scene that feinting came into use on a big scale, for both were clever men and intelligent fellows and they took their work more seriously.

They figured that the easiest way to come through triumphant was to gain the upper hand on an opponent during the early stages of a bout. They studied a plan on how to fool their opponents, how to make a rival think he would be hit in one place, only to have the blow delivered to another. They studied how to make an opponent believe there was a chance he would be hit, when there was none, and induce him to think he would be hit one way, when the intention of Humphreys or Mendoza was to deliver the blow with the other hand or in a different way than was supposed.

Thus feinting came into being in boxing as one of the essentials for success. Prior to that time every man had practically the same move, the same sluggishness, the same manner of delivery, the same stance and the same mode of parrying, but Humphreys and Mendoza changed all that.

Defense and feinting have since then, 1788, gone hand in hand. Feinting as defensive work finally figured down to a quickness of the eye and muscles. To feint well, a man must be able to make it appear that he is about to lead.

To do this, the muscles must be under perfect control, so that either hand can take advantage of the least opening the feint may make. It is a science by itself, something neglected by eight out of every ten fighters, yet recognized by the leaders of the fistic profession as a most important part of the sport.

(*To be continued*)

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# Two Great Trainers

(*Continued from page 7*)

the waist and averted a post-bellum free-for-all.

As champion, Fitzsimmons toured the country in vaudeville. Hickey was his sparring partner on the stage, and the effect of receiving a knockout blow in the same spot twice a day left him damaged and dazed after a time. He asked the champion to hit him on the other side of the head. Even this device failed, and Hickey left the stage to teach boxing independently in New York.

After gaining experience with such illustrious pupils as Henry L. Stimson, now Secretary of State, he joined the boxing staff of the New York Athletic Club as assistant to Mike Donovan in 1900. His twenty-four-year career there was pleasant and profitable. When Mike Donovan was succeeded by his son, Arthur, Hickey shared the latter's responsibilities.

"I was in the war for a while," related Arthur Donovan, "and Mike McTigue took my place. Mike had fought some before, but Dan really gave him the pointers he needed to get up to the top. Dan claimed he developed McTigue into a champion."

It was at the New York Athletic Club that he saw Berlenbach wrestle. He believed that the boy had the making of a great fighter and persuaded him to take up boxing.

After a hurricane campaign through the amateur ranks, in which Berlenbach crushed all opposition, he turned professional in 1922 with Hickey as manager and trainer. Hickey found that only by constant repetition could he teach his charge what he had to know if he were to succeed, and is said to have gone over every blow, as he desired Berlenbach to strike it, in his dressing room before a fight. He would make his fighter practice every move a hundred times.

Thus taught, Berlenbach moved up through the light-heavyweight ranks and in 1925 won the championship of the world from Mike McTigue. A little while before the title match, Berlenbach had been knocked out by Jack Delaney in four rounds, but when the title was won, Hickey at once arranged a return match, in which his fighter won the decision. Both Tex Rickard and Humbert Fugazy were eager to stage the return engagement with Delaney, but Fugazy won out. In order to please Rickard, however, Hickey permitted his charge to fight Young Stribling for Tex and on June 10, 1926, Berlenbach outpointed Young Stribling in fifteen rounds, and on July 16, barely more than a month later, met Delaney at Ebbetts Field before a crowd that paid $450,000 to see the match. It was the biggest gate ever taken for a light-heavyweight fight or for any but a heavyweight duel, for that matter. Berlenbach was guaranteed $125,000, but he lost the decision and his championship to Delaney. This was the high point in the prize-ring careers of Berlenbach, Hickey and Fugazy.

Subsequently Hickey became interested in Monte Munn, football player at Nebraska, and endeavored to make him a heavyweight champion. But Munn did not make the grade, George Godfrey, the Negro, knocking him out at Ebbets Field. Hickey and Berlenbach separated shortly before this, and, following the failure of Munn, Hickey dropped out of the spotlight, although he sought to make contenders of two middleweights.

# Fighting Italians

(*Continued from page 11*)

men, from middleweight to heavyweight, and so powerful a physique did he possess that he was able to withstand the shock of severe punishment and remain on his feet regardless of opponent. That is what made him a great attraction.

Then there was another great fighter in Benny Yanger, the Tipton Slasher, who never won a title, yet was among the best of America's crop of young stars twenty-five years ago.

Brooklyn had a clever featherweight in Joe Coster, who twenty years ago ranked with the best in the game. He is now one of the most efficient of New York's boxing judges. Others of that period who starred were Kid Julian, Patsy Kline, Packey Hommey, Eddie and Harry Lenny, Chick Tucker, Joe Tipman, Al Benedict and Joe Trabon. And more recently, we have Ernie Rice, Lou Bogash, Gene Delmont, Terry Martin, Lew Hurley, Joe Scalfaro, Carl Duane, Lou and Emil Paluso, Lew Massey, Johnny Farr, Dominick Petrone, Tony Caragliano, Vincent Serici, Kid Francis, Johnny Vacca, Tony Marullo, Dom Volante, Alf Mancini, Emmett Rocco, George La Rocco, Nick Testo, Phil Mercurio, Roberto Roberti, Andy Divodi, Joe Trippe, Tony Vacarelli, Nick Palmer, Jackie Brady, Joey Costa, Petey Hayes.

* * *

BUT this is only scratching the surface. If every name of an Italian boxer who earned his spurs were used in this story, we would require at least three pages just to print the names. That's how good the Italian boys have been.

There was little Jack Sharkey, whose great bouts with Joe Lynch in the old Garden are still discussed among thrillers of the past. And among the lads in the lower sections of pugilism, Joe Wagner, Kid Murphy, Packey Hommey, Kid Julian, Joe Tipman, Willie Spencer, Terry Martin and Bushey Graham, former New York state bantam king, rank high.

Billy Petrolle heads the list of fighters of the present day who have come close to the top. Billy is an extraordinary battler with a punishing punch. At 140 pounds, he stands supreme. Kid Francis, the Italian featherweight, who fought many sensational contests in this country last year, is another boy who has helped keep his race in the front ranks of fisticuffs. Earl Mastro, the Chicago Windmill, for a time looked like a champion, but the little featherweight became ill and his long confinement sapped his strength and forced his retirement.

On the battlefield and in the ring the sons of Italy have proved themselves brave, sturdy fighters, second to none.

# A Fighting Champion

(*Continued from page 5*)

the welter crown. It is my opinion that he can whip any one in that division. A fight between Petrolle and the welter king, Jackie Fields, is an attraction that would be a record breaker for the indoor season. A Canzoneri-McLarnin bout would draw well, but there isn't the interest in such a contest that there would be in a McLarnin-Petrolle return engagement at catch weights or a Petrolle-Fields fight for the championship.

As things now stand, the promoters have several good fights among the smaller boys that would pack 'em in. With McLarnin, as a result of his showing against Benny Leonard; Petrolle, Brouillard and Fields, to pick from among the welters, the promoters can get three fine attractions. A McLarnin-Fields battle for the crown, a Petrolle-Fields championship tilt or a Brouillard-Petrolle contest, would aid in the recovery of boxing. Likewise a battle between Sammy Fuller and Barney Ross, the winner to receive a bout with Canzoneri for the championship, would give boxing a big impetus.

What the ring needs is more fighters of the Canzoneri type. He has done more this year for the uplift of the sport than any other ring warrior. As a champion, he has been an inspiration to the novices. His clean living, his gentlemanly habits, his sportsmanship both in and out of the ring, his devotion to the sport and his willingness to defend his title at all times —all have endeared him to the followers of boxing. From all appearances, it seems that Canzoneri will emerge this year the winner of THE RING'S annual "Most Valuable Boxer Award."

From the time that Leonard retired to the present day there hasn't been a champion lightweight the equal of Canzoneri. He takes his place along with men of the type of Freddy Welsh, Willie Ritchie, Ad Wolgast and Battling Nelson. A comparison with Leonard or Gans, as I've already remarked, would be futile for they undoubtedly were the masters of all time, and it isn't often that a wizard in boxing is discovered or developed. Tony was holder of the featherweight crown before he gained the lightweight title.

# From Milo to Londos

(*Continued from page* 17)

They were matched to meet at Bellingham, Wash., the following January. Gotch in the meanwhile went into intensive training and defeated Chief Two Feathers and the "Farmer" again in a return match.

* * *

FRANK GOTCH became champion of America on January 27, 1904, after one of the fiercest and roughest battles in all the annals of the mat game. Jenkins had defeated all comers for six years, mostly working them to exhaustion by his rough-house wrestling. His strength was marvelous and, in combination with his knowledge of the game, he was well nigh invincible in the heavyweight class.

He had badly defeated Gotch in their previous meeting. But Frank was out for revenge and he went through a course of training that put him through the ropes the evening of the bout in the best possible condition for a gruelling match. Seats sold for $25. Jenkins was guaranteed $1,000—win, lose or draw; while Gotch worked for a small percentage of the house. It was the biggest match up to that time ever staged on the Coast.

Gotch, although twenty pounds lighter than Jenkins, was the aggressor throughout. For twenty minutes the men wrestled head to head without going to the mat. Jenkins was roughing it at every opportunity, rubbing his elbows and fists across Frank's face and gouging at the eyes.

Gotch retaliated in kind and both were dripping blood after a few minutes work. Jenkins tripped Gotch after twenty minutes and one second and was behind for a few minutes, but Frank wriggled out of a dangerous wristlock and jumped to his feet. As Jenkins arose Gotch rushed him about the ring, cuffing and rubbing his doubled fists into the Clevelander's midsection.

Jenkins crashed down with Gotch behind and Frank worried him off the mat. Three times in the next ten minutes Jenkins worked his way off the mat and held onto the rope when Gotch slipped over a dangerous hold. Tom Davis, the referee, was too careful about calling falls, and he was roundly hissed repeatedly by the spectators when it looked as though Gotch had his opponent's both shoulders on the mat.

Gotch at last worked his way into a half nelson and crotch and slammed Jenkins down hard four times in succession before putting on full pressure. When Gotch turned him loose, after the referee had slapped him on the back, Jenkins was unable to get on his feet and had to be carried to his corner.

During the ten minutes rest Jenkins was rubbed down and his handlers sent him out for the second fall in fair shape. He started after Gotch like a wild man, rushing the Iowan about the mat and rough-housing. In a fierce mix-up he seemingly fastened his deadly head scissors on Gotch, but Frank jerked his way clear by brute strength.

Feeling his strength going, Jenkins deliberately fouled Gotch with a strangle hold. Frank broke the hold without much effort and slammed Jenkins to the mat, pouncing down upon him with all his weight. He lifted Jenkins high up in the air and again slammed him down with terrific force. Both men were out for blood with Gotch holding the upper hand.

Jenkins slipped into a strangle hold a second time, but Frank bunched the muscles on his neck and threw Jenkins away. He roughed him from rope to rope and Jenkins leaped in with another strangle hold.

The spectators were in a frenzy over the foul holds that Jenkins was applying to Gotch, but the referee afterward stated that it was plain that Jenkins resorted to that method in an attempt to save himself from certain defeat as he saw that it was only a question of time for Gotch was smashing through his defense with comparative ease and throwing off the strangle holds with a smile.

Gotch kept his head throughout all this wild mixup, but roughed Jenkins at every opportunity and the Clevelander's eyes and mouth were battered to a pulp. Blood dripped from his nose and he was breathing with difficulty. Gotch was marked up about the face but was smiling through it all and kidding his man.

Jenkins became desperate when he realized that his roughing tactics were of no use and using every ounce of his strength swung a terrific blow at Gotch's head with his closed fist. The punch landed with a thud but Gotch merely shook his head and started to work in close to his man. At this point Referee Davis stepped in and escorted Jenkins to his corner at the same time announcing that he awarded the second and decisive fall to Gotch on a foul.

The scene that followed beggars description. Followers of the Iowan rushed the ring and seizing Gotch by the shoulders lifted him high in the air as they marched about the ring and carried him to his dressing room.

* * *

JENKINS was not disheartened by the outcome and immediately challenged Gotch to a return match for his lost title, which was just as quickly snapped up by the new champion. Jenkins demanded that the bout be held in Cleveland and that a Cleveland man referee. At first Gotch balked at the arrangements, but feeling that he had the Clevelander's number he readily consented.

The match took place February 1, 1905, Jenkins scaled 215 pounds stripped and was in wonderful condition. Gotch was still about twenty pounds lighter. He had spent the intervening time in conditioning himself with some hard matches, throwing Dan McLeod twice in Vancouver and defeating Yankee Rodgers, Jim Parr, Tim Harrington, Aoyagi, Chris Pearson and Emil Maupaus.

As in their previous matches both big fellows were cautious at the beginning, standing head to head pulling and tugging. After 12 minutes 1 second, Jenkins, with a sudden wrench, threw Gotch to the floor, and in an instant was behind the champion, working for a waist lock. Gotch was in a sitting position, but pushed himself clear and jumped to his feet. Jenkins was after him in a wild rage and slammed him up against the ropes, feinting for a head opening.

Gotch countered effectively and held off his challenger for a few minutes, but Jenkins ducked under the outstretched arms and came up in close, hooking both arms about the waist and lifting Gotch over his head. He crashed the Iowan to the canvas and then jumped on top, but Frank worked his way loose and jumped to his feet amid wild yells from the spectators.

Gotch tripped Jenkins as the two stood head to head, but Tom was on his feet before Frank could work his way behind. Jenkins jumped in with a head lock and bore Gotch to the mat, working his arm down into a strangle hold. Frank tugged and squirmed in vain and after 28 minutes of sensational wrestling he slowly caved in.

* * *

THE fast pace had its effects upon Jenkins when he came out for the second fall and he worked fast to throw the champion before his strength had entirely left him. Gotch was equal to the occasion and roughed it just as hard as Jenkins roughed. Gotch grabbed a crotch hold as the two whirled about, and shifting to a double wrist lock, suddenly threw all his weight on Jenkins and the veteran was forced back with both shoulders touching the mat. It took exactly 48 seconds for the fall.

Jenkins was almost exhausted by the gruelling he had been subjected to and was groggy when he answered the bell for the third fall. He leaped in with a strangle hold that the referee broke after cautioning him. Gotch made a headlong dive for Jenkins' legs and secured a riveted hold on his left ankle. Jenkins crashed over and Gotch worried him about the mat, with the Clevelander making futile attempts to break the crushing hold. Gotch worked his way up and crunched in a headlock that he held for two minutes.

Jenkins was in for an awful gruelling and he knew it, but was powerless to resist. Frank worked back to a toe hold, squeezed for a minute with Jenkins twisting about in pain and then clamped on a headlock again. He held this hold for two minutes and then shifted his attack to the legs. Jenkins fought back gamely but was thrown over with a double body scissors. The time was 11 minutes.

Jenkins almost fainted from exhaustion and had to be carried to his corner and first aid given. Gotch was smiling and received the plaudits of the vast assemblage by waving his hands. He jumped lightly over the ropes and seemed as fresh as when he entered the ring.

(*Next installment—How Gotch beat Hackenschmidt for world title.*)

# A Fighting Sullivan

(*Continued from page* 31)

in twenty rounds at New York on May 10, 1898, and Solly Smith in five rounds at Coney Island on September 26, 1898. These three victories proved more convincingly the worth of the little Bostonian and brought about more urgent propagation for a match with Dixon, the little "chocolate champion."

George was always willing to fight anyone and so there was little wrangling and the fight was arranged to take place at the Lenox Club of New York City on November 11, 1898. Both were trained to the minute when they entered the ring, but it was apparent that of the two, Dixon was by far the better man. Tom O'Rourke, who looked after the interests of "Little Chocolate," had him in perfect trim and soon after the fight got under way, Dixon started to roll up points that indicated certain victory.

In the tenth round Dixon flew after his man and sent him sprawling on all fours with a terrific right hand clout to the chin. When Sullivan arose, he held out as long as he could but after a bombardment at close range, he went down without being hit. He was warned and getting to his feet again, he found Dixon fighting him furiously in an effort to deliver the punch soporific.

But just as Dixon got set, Sullivan's second rushed into the ring. They claimed they thought that the bell had rung, but Referee Colville agreed with O'Rourke that the violation constituted a foul and he awarded the fight to Dixon who thereby retained the title.

It was after this fight with Dixon that Dave met Oscar Gardner. The fight took place on January 9, 1899, at New York City. In the fight with the "Omaha Kid," Sullivan was admittedly away off form. It was figured that against Gardner, a fighter of his own aggressive type, Sullivan would prove a wonder. Instead he gave one of the poorest exhibitions in his career and was knocked out cold in the seventeenth round.

This was the first, last and only time that Dave was ever knocked out in his career, which covered a period of eleven years, and fights with the best that both England and America could produce in the featherweight division.

As is the case with most fighters, a knockout proves to them that they are not infallible, and fear and lack of confidence is apt to take hold of them and work to their downfall or to their disadvantage. Dave didn't become a has-been; in fact, he was far from one, but he didn't do as good work as he had done previously.

For instance, his next six fights were draws. Not a single one of those opponents was he able to get the better of in the eyes of the referee. Admirable work—at least, from the standpoint of quantity—features these half-dozen battles, for they totaled 140 rounds, and covered a period of nine months.

On February 11, 1899, he drew in twenty rounds with Marty McCue in Brooklyn, the same McCue who was the Chief Clerk in the Surrogate office of New York City. In the same city, on March 11 he fought Joe Bernstein to a twenty-five-round draw. In Hartford, Conn., on April 19, he staged a twenty-round draw with Jack O'Brien. Jack Hamilton and Dave fought a twenty-five-round tie in Brooklyn on August 19. Again with Joe Bernstein in New York Dave fought a twenty-five-round match on September 30 in which the honors were even. A third bout with Joe over the twenty-five-round route in New York was fought on Nov. 10, and again the result was a draw.

Dave faced Kid Broad in New York City on November 28, 1899, and the string of even breaks was broken—but not in favor of Dave—for he lost the fight in twenty-five rounds. Broad did not knock the little Irishman out, but he so decisively defeated him that there was no alternative for the referee, Charley White, but to call Broad the winner.

Dave was an overwhelming favorite in the betting which preceded the bout, his admirers laying 2 to 1 on his chances of winning. The confidence was hardly justified by circumstances, however, for the little Clevelander put it all over the Bostonian and showed superior ability at every stage of the fighting game—at least, in this instance.

But Dave and the Kid were not done with each other yet. They met again on March 10, 1900 (in the interim Dave had defeated Jack Hamilton in twenty-five rounds in Troy, N. Y.) and Sullivan got the better of a twenty-five-round engagement in New York. On July 3, 1900, Dave lost on a foul to the Kid in sixteen rounds at Coney Island. Their fourth fight brought them together in Louisville, Ky., for twenty-five rounds on January 14, 1901, and in the end the bout was declared a draw. And the last time they clashed was on October 14 of that same year at Fort Erie, and this bout also was a draw. It went 20 rounds.

In 1902 Dave lost a 15-round verdict to Terry McGovern at Louisville, drew with Austin Rice in 20 rounds at Waterbury and won on a foul in 7 rounds from Jimmy Briggs at Boston. On Christmas Day of the following year he beat Rice in 15 rounds at Portland, Ore., and on January 12, 1904, he beat Briggs in a return bout in 15 rounds and the following month he lost to Young Corbett in 11 rounds at San Francisco. Dave retired after losing in nine rounds to Kid Herman at Hot Springs, in 1905.

# The Mat Holds

(*Continued from page* 21)

"Strangler" Lewis rating close behind him.

Hackenschmidt's best hold was the Arm Flying Mare. Once he gained the grip, it was almost a certainty he would toss his man.

The best holds of the leading wrestlers of to-day are:

Ed Lewis, the Head Lock; Sam Stein, the Flying Tackle; Jack Sherry, Double Wrist Lock; Nick Lutze, the Football Tackle; Toots Mondt, the Head Scissors; Dick Shikat, the Body Slam and Spread Eagle; Hans Steinke, the Scissors in which he is a master; Ray Steele, the Scissors; Sandor Szabo, the Double Nelson; Jim McMillen, the Flying Tackle; George Calza, the Headlock; Henri De Glane, the Body Hold; Gino Garibaldi, the Body Scissors and Wrist Lock combination; George Hagen, the Wrist Hold; Ed "Don" George, the Hammerlock; Gus Sonnenberg, the Flying Tackle; Roland Kirschmeyer, the Flying Scissors; Joe Malcewicz, the Back Drop; Mike Mazurki, the Flying Mare and Steve Znosky, the Arm Lock.

The present return to popular favor of the wrestling game can be charged in no small measure to the liberality of the athletic commissions throughout the country. The sport has been opened up, certain roughing which does not inflict serious injury is permitted and so wrestling has been made popular.

# A Field Extinct

(*Continued from page* 33)

cent of their battlers' winnings. They also belong to the old school of managers and backers who were out for the sport and not for the coin there was in the game.

Some of the others I recall were Johnny Newall of Pittsburgh, Eph Holland of Cincinnati, Billy Bradburn of Chicago, Eddie Gaggan of Boston, Harry Hill, Charley Johnston of Brooklyn; Dave Holland; Gus Tuthill, Jack (Nonpareil) Dempsey's old backer; Billy Borst, backer of George Rourke; Billy Myers; Rod McMahon, backer of Jimmy Lynch; Jimmy Wakely, Phil Clare and Ed Price.

To most of the present-day commercialized managers of fighters it may be quite a revelation for them to learn that the old stalwart backers and managers were not in the fistic game for the golden shekels and that they very seldom made any profit out of their fighters.

In fact, most of the old-timers found it quite an expensive luxury to keep a champion in first-cabin style and keep constantly staking them as well. But in those ancient days the fighters had to fight with bare knuckles to a bitter and bloody finish for a few hundred dollars or less. Now the high-rolling scrappers talk in the millions.

What a difference there is in the old manly art affairs!

What will it develop into fifty years hence?


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Have you any old-time boxing programs, or other boxing souvenirs? I'll exchange books on boxing, any listed in Ring Book Shop for such souvenirs. Must be old—especially wanted—boxing colors of old champions, old contracts signed by fighters and managers. Address NAT FLEISCHER, 11 W. 42nd St., New York City.

# IN OUR QUESTION BOX

**Jackie Vaquero, El Centro, California**

Q.—How can I reach Bud Taylor by mail? Is Justo Suarez still in New York? What were the weights in the second Berg-Chocolate fight?

**A.—Reach him at Terre Haute, Indiana. No, Suarez is back in Argentina. Berg weighed 137 and Chocolate 131½.**

**Jack McLeod, Over Dound, Ontario, Canada**

Q.—How would you rate the following boxers in their prime—John L. Sullivan, Jim Corbett, Jim Jeffries, Jack Dempsey and Jack Johnson?

**A.—A matter of opinion. My rating would be Jeffries, Corbett, Johnson, Dempsey and Sullivan. Sullivan undoubtedly was a tremendous hitter, but that is all he had. My rating is based on all-around ability. I know I'll receive hundreds of letters arguing this point with me, but I saw every one of these men in action and I hold to my opinion.**

Q.—How would you rate the following wrestlers—Strangler Lewis, Frank Gotch, Stanislaus Zbyszko, George Hackenschmidt and Joe Stecher, all in their prime?

**A.—Gotch, Hackenschmidt, Zbyszko, Stecher and Lewis.**

Q.—Why don't you publish a full-page picture each month of a great fighter of the past or a great wrestler, that eventually, those so inclined could obtain a fine photo gallery such as in the old days of your great contemporary—the Police Gazette of twenty years ago? I'm sure your readers wouldn't care whether they were published in color or in letter press, just so long as you gave us such a page.

**A.—Just a matter of economy. The depression has hit the publishing field hard and we found it necessary to curb expenses by cutting down the size of our magazine and at the same time helped our readers by cutting down the price by 10 cents. When space will permit and conditions reach normal again, we will gladly oblige.**

**Billy McLarnin, Ontario, Canada**

Q.—What is your advice to a fellow who is eager to become a champion? I am 5 feet 10 inches, weigh 170 pounds, am healthy and strong except for a small rupture, am 19 years old, have knocked cold every fighter I've sparred with and my friends all say I have a tremendous wallop. I went to high school for two years and took up all branches of sport, rugby, basketball, soccer, hockey, etc., and was an outstanding star, but now I love boxing and am anxious to make my mark in it. Am I too old to begin as a pro now? Would you suggest that I join a gym or take a special course of training through the mail? I've been working on a farm and hardly get enough to keep a fellow well clothed—that is, from freezing—hence cannot afford to pay much, if anything. Would my rupture affect me?

**A.—Yours is a difficult case to answer. Perhaps some good manager in Canada will see this and write to you. Send me your address so that if I receive any queries, I'll know where to reach you.**

**I would advise that if you have no money to join a gym, that you get "Training for Boxers" and "How to Box." Study these from cover to cover. Digest them. Then when you can join a gym, do so. Write to Lawson Bampton, 4688 Hutchison St., Montreal, Canada, and to Jack Jarvis, 644 Woburn Ave., Toronto, Canada. He is the boxing instructor of Queens University. The rupture will affect you. I would not do any strenuous work until the rupture is cured.**

**Henrietta Cushing, Chicago, Ill.**

Q.—Is there any rule against a woman becoming the manager of a fighter? If not, how can I get a license, as I have a cousin who in my opinion is a splendid prospect and I want to handle his affairs.

**A.—No. There are a number of women managers in this country, but there are some states, like in New York, where a woman is not recognized as manager and cannot appear before the Boxing Commission to transact a boxer's business. The most noted women managers in this country are Mrs. Baumgartner, wife of the former Philadelphia pitcher; Mrs. Levy, sister of Battling Levinsky, and Mrs. Freeman Pepper, wife of the Kansas City middleweight. Then a few years back New York had a great trainer in Midget Smith's sister, who took care of all his wants during his training periods. If you do go in for it, get yourself a copy of "How to Box," "Training for Boxers" and "How to Second a Boxer," three books that every manager, trainer and second should have and study carefully.**

**IMPORTANT NOTICE**

***No answers will be sent by mail unless a stamped and self-addressed envelope is enclosed with your questions.***

**Hiram Cook, Providence, R. I.**

Q.—I have a weak stomach. I find that I have what is commonly known as a fallen stomach. Is that likely to affect my boxing?

**A.—Yes. Every athlete, in fact every person, should try to possess strong waist muscles that hold the abdominal organs up in proper position and that prevent sagging that interferes so disastrously with their function. Therefore you should pay particular attention to the development of the waist muscles. A good book for that purpose is Earle Liederman's Muscle Building.**

**Thomas Byrne, Brooklyn, N. Y.**

Q.—What is meant by catch-as-catch-can wrestling?

**A.—An opponent can grab any part of the body as opposed to the Graeco-Roman style of wrestling, in which one can grab only that portion of the body that is above the waist.**

**John Henry, Montreal, Canada**

Q.—Who owns the Sullivan championship belt—the one he called the Dog Collar? Who owns the Sullivan-Mitchell belt, of which I recently read?

**A.—The championship belt was melted four years ago in the Philadelphia mint. The Sullivan-Mitchell belt is owned by Nat Fleischer of THE RING, who paid $520 to bring it in from Europe. It brought more than a million dollars in raffles during the world war, when it was auctioned for the war wounded.**

**Herbert Watson, Allentown, Pa.**

Q.—Where can I locate Philadelphia Jack O'Brien? Does he still teach boxing?

**A.—He has two gymnasiums in New York City, where he still teaches physical culture and boxing. He also has an excellent boxing course which he sells by mail.**

**Haskell Kolnedra, Macon, Georgia**

Q.—Is there any book available on judging and refereeing? If so, where can I get such a book or books and what is the cost?

**A.—There are no such books on the market. There is one on sale in England, but it pertains only to amateur contests. You can get the rules on judging and boxing for your state from the boxing commission of your locality. I understand that Nat Fleischer, publisher of this magazine, has decided to get out a book which he will call "A Manual for Judges and Referees," which will contain full information on how to judge and how to referee a fight. In addition, it will contain the complete boxing commission rules in all the leading states. The book will sell for $1.00 and only a limited edition wil be published. Write to him for information. Personally, I think such a book is in great demand.**

**Samuel Fishkin, New York City**

Q.—Is it compulsory for a fighter to wear the "foul-proof" supporter?

**A.—Yes, in New York, Pennsylvania and a number of other states. If you intend to fight in various parts of the country, your manager should obtain the rules as laid down by the boxing commissions in the states where the sport is legalized. In fact, every boxer and manager should have a set of these to guide him in states other than his own with which, I presume, he is already familiar.**

**Hartley Adams, Boston, Mass.**

Q.—How much bandage may a fighter use?

**A.—That all depends in what state you are fighting. In Massachusetts a boxer may use three layers of soft tape and one of hard (electric or plumbers' tape). In New York, he is restricted to the use of soft cloth no more than 6 feet in length and 1½ inches thick, held in hand by not more than 2 feet of surgeon's tape. The same holds in Connecticut. In Michigan, three or four layers is permitted and one final covering of adhesive tape.**

**Joan Severin, Chicago, Ill.**

Q.—Can I obtain a license to manage a fighter for use in New York?

**A.—No. You can get one for Illinois, but New York prohibits women from handling fighters.**

**Thomas Aguinale, Porto Rico**

Q.—If a fighter is registered in Porto Rico with the local boxing commission and his manager also is a registered manager, can he and his manager do business in any state of the Union without paying an additional license fee?

**A.—No. The various states where boxing is legalized require that you obtain a new license for each state.**

# A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

THE most important match of the entire month in the world of fisticuffs was the Tony Canzoneri-Billy Petrolle encounter which was won by Canzoneri after fifteen slashing rounds. Canzoneri, by his skillful performance, proved to be the best of all reigning world's champions. Other matches that earned more than passing attention was that in which Primo Carnera scored over Jose Santa in the sixth round. Maxey Rosenbloom was extended in winning from John Henry Lewis. Ben Jeby clinched the title of New York's outstanding middleweight contender by his victory over Chick Devlin. Seaman Watson commanded attention through his victory over Nel Tarleton, which won for him the British featherweight title. Midget Wolgast's defeat by Young Tommy in an overweight match and Al Brown's fine knockout victory over Emile Pladner, in the second session.

Beginning with the heavyweight line of activity, Carnera heads the group of active campaigners for the month with his Santa kayo and also a three-round knockout over Les Kennedy. Santa defeated Dynamite Sam Ward. Walter Neusel whipped Fritz Hower. George Godfrey disposed of Al Fay in the eighth round, Young Stribling and Johnny Freeman were ejected from the ring in the eighth round for not trying in Australia. Tony Shucco scored over Arthur Huttick. Walter Cobb won from Tiger Henderson and Jack Dorval. K. O. Christner defeated Eddie Benson, Charley Massare and drew with Frankie Wine. Massare whipped Roy Ace Clark and Juanito Olaguibel.

Obie Dia Walker disposed of Frankie Simms in the sixth round. Redy Barry stopped Jack McCarthy in nine sessions. Martin Levandowski kayoed Joe Doctor in five rounds. Al Ettore won over Frankie Cawley. Tom Heeney drew with John Schwake. Leroy Haynes whipped Babe Hunt. Andy Mitchell stopped Yale Okun in four rounds and Marty Fox disposed of Ted Sandwina in eight.

In the light-heavyweight division, Maxey Rosenbloom still manages to make his presence felt. During the month he defeated John Henry Lewis. Lewis in turn scored over Lew Scozza while Scozza stopped Jimmy Braddock in six rounds. Adolph Heuser won from Georgie Nichols and Norman Conrad. Conrad drew with Al Gainer and whipped Tony Shucco. Conrad has been shifted into the light-heavyweight class where he belongs. Gainer was also beaten by Joe Banovic. Joe Knight won over Chick Rains and Pietro Corri.

Ham Jenkins defeated Pedlar Palmer. Harry Ebbets won from Cowboy Frank Willis. Bob Olin whipped Tom Walsh. George Manley kayoed Jimmy Hannah in two rounds. Pierre Gandon defeated Harry Smith and drew with Jimmy Tarante. Maxie Pink kayoed Eddie Mader in two rounds and was disqualified in the sixth round with Nick Palmer for fouling. Roy Lazer won over Abie Bain.

Marcel Thil, head of the middleweight class, disposed of Len Johnson in seven rounds. Frank Battaglia gained additional prestige through his seven-round kayo over Young Terry. Dave Shade won over Sammy Slaughter while Sammy whipped Jack Purvis. Ben Jeby defeated Chick Devlin. Marty Sampson kayoed Neil Kilbane in eight rounds and whipped Paul Delaney. Delaney scored over Jack Rosenberg. Tommy Freeman defeated Doc Conrad but was beaten by Manuel Quintero. Benny Miller scored over Henry Firpo. Buck McTiernan outpointed Bucky Lawless. Jimmy Smith won over Young Johnny Ketchell and Jack Willis. Danny Devlin kayoed Eddie Kid Whalen in three rounds and Tony Dominquez whipped Dick Fullam.

In the welterweight class, Young Corbett scored over Cerefino Garcia. Eddie Kid Wolfe defeated Jimmy Phillips and kayoed Pee Wee Jarrell in eight rounds. Teddy Yarosz won from Jack King. Paulie Walker kayoed Larry Marinucci in the eighth round. Freddy Steele won from Tommy Herman and Millio Millitti. Bep Van Klaveren, latest Holland welterweight contender, whipped Paola Villa in his American debut.

Billy Townsend won over Frankie Petrolle. Eddie Ran drew with Paddy Creedon. Andy Di Vodi defeated Jimmy Evans. Joey Goodman scored over Gordon Mackley. Morrie Sherman outpointed Eddie McKenna. Eddie Murdock scored over Charley Cobb. Joey Harrison whipped Johnny O'Keefe. Cleto Locatelli entered the welter division and defeated Franka Nekolny, Andy Saviola kayoed Jack Graham in two rounds. Vincent Hambright won over Joe Smallwood. Sammy Mandell scored over Billy Hoon.

Tony Canzoneri held his laurels in the lightweight division through the victory over Billy Petrolle. Johnny Jadick stopped Lew Raymond in five rounds. Barney Ross defeated Goldie Hess. Prince Saunders whipped Billy McMahon but was beaten by Tracey Cox. Wesley Ramey scored over Tommy Grogan. Tony Herrera won from Battling Gizzy. Bobby Pacho scored over Joey Costa. Jack Portney kayoed Billy Shaw and Vince Murphy in three rounds each. Pete Nebo drew with Eddie Cool.

Tony Falco whipped Johnny Datto and Stumpy Jacobs. Harry Dublinsky defeated Hershie Wilson. Cecil Payne won from Charley Baxter and disposed of Babe Peleco in three rounds. Young Firpo kayoed Jimmy Reed in six rounds. Reed whipped Al Ridgway. Ridgway scored over Ernie Ratner. Sammy Dorfman drew with Jimmy McNamara. Billy Wallace kayoed Eddie Lord in five rounds. Chino Alvarez whipped Lou Terry. Frank Bojorski defeated Sid Silas. Chico Cisneros scored over Harry Sankey and Texas Kid. Joe Ghnouly defeated Roger Bernard. Patsy Pasculli kayoed Harry McCavanaugh in the fifth round. Lou Lombardi kayoed Al Santora in three rounds. Sammy Binder won from Tony Caragliano.

Kid Chocolate, featherweight titleholder, whipped Eddie Reilly and Pete Nebo. Fidel La Barba kayoed Conrad Sancio in the sixth round. Baby Arizmendi drew with Varias Milling. Seaman Watson dethroned Nel Tarleton for the English featherweight title. Tommy Paul won over Tony Sciolino. Vidal Gregario was beaten by Petey Hayes and Yambo Abrede. Johnny Datto kayoed Franklin Cheek in four rounds, Young Geno kayoed Roger Bernard in five rounds.

Al Brown, still king of the bantams, kayoed Emile Pladner in two rounds. Speedy Dado was kayoed by Young Casanova in five rounds but redeemed himself by winning their return engagement. Pete Sanstol won from Eugene Huat and kayoed Sergio Radam in five rounds. Bobby Leitham scored over Frankie Wolfram. Ernie Maurer won from Tony Marino. Jimmy Thomas kayoed Juan Cruz in two rounds. Eddie Burl won over Johnny Brennan and Nick Scalba whipped Lew Franklin.

Midget Wolgast, head of the flyweight class, was beaten by Young Tommy, a bantamweight. Jackie Brown kayoed Young Perez in the thirteenth round. Valentin Anglemann disposed of Percy Dexter in nine rounds and Praxille Gyde finished Metzner in the sixth round.

**The eight best prospects of the month are:**
**Flyweight—Tony Cangiamelli, New Orleans, La.**
**Bantamweight—Babe Colima, El Paso, Texas.**
**Featherweight—Joe Zodda, New York City.**
**Lightweight—Chuck Woods, Detroit, Mich.**
**Welterweight—Bobby Stone, Brooklyn, N. Y.**
**Middleweight—Leo Salvas, Berlin, N. H.**
**Light-Heavyweight — Eddie Houghton, Philadelphia, Pa.**
**Heavyweight—Red Barry, Washington, D. C.**

## RATINGS FOR THE MONTH OF NOVEMBER

The following are my ratings for the month ending November 23:

| Heavyweights | Light-Heavyweights | Middleweights | Welterweights |
|---|---|---|---|
| World's Champion Jack Sharkey | World's Champion Maxey Rosenbloom | World's Champion Marcel Thil | World's Champion Jackie Fields |
| 1—Max Schmeling | Adolph Heuser | Frank Battaglia | Jimmy McLarnin |
| 2—Max Baer | Bob Godwin | Vince Dundee | Young Corbett |
| 3—Stanley Poreda | Joe Knight | Dave Shade | Johnny Indrisano |
| 4—Primo Carnera | John Henry Lewis | Ben Jeby | Andy Callahan |
| 5—Johnny Risko | Billy Jones | Sammy Slaughter | Eddie Kid Wolfe |
| 6—King Levinsky | Lew Scozza | Gorilla Jones | Teddy Yarosz |
| 7—Walter Neusel | Norman Conrad | Chick Devlin | Lou Brouillard |
| 8—Unknown Winston | Joe Banovic | Marty Sampson | King Tut |
| 9—Larry Gains | Ham Jenkins | Paul Delaney | Paulie Walker |
| 10—Ernie Schaaf | Al Gainer | Jack Rosenberg | Baby Joe Gans |

| Lightweights | Featherweights | Bantamweights | Flyweights |
|---|---|---|---|
| World's Champion Tony Canzoneri | World's Champion Kid Chocolate | World's Champion Al Brown | Title Vacant |
| 1—Johnny Jadick | Fidel La Barba | Speedy Dado | Midget Wolgast |
| 2—Sammy Fuller | Seaman Watson | Pete Sanstol | Little Pancho |
| 3—Barney Ross | Baby Arizmendi | Newsboy Brown | Jackie Brown |
| 4—Lew Massey | Lew Feldman | Young Tommy | Mickey McGuire |
| 5—Benny Bass | Nel Tarleton | Young Casanova | Babe Triscaro |
| 6—Tracey Cox | Varias Milling | Eugene Huat | Phil Tobias |
| 7—Wesley Ramey | Eddie Shea | Bobby Leitham | Valentin Anglemann |
| 8—Tony Herrera | Albert Ladou | Johnny King | Praxille Gyde |
| 9—Bobby Pacho | Tommy Paul | Ross Fields | Jose Arilla |
| 10—Jack Portney | Paul Dazzo | Mose Butch | Maurice Huguenin |

## BOXING IN CUBA

By MILT BARON

ANTONIO HORAS, middleweight from Spain, put over a sensational three-round knockout over Aurelio Vazquez of Santa Cruz del Sur, Cuba. Horas is improving steadily.

Divino Rueda, outstanding bantamweight, scored a six-round win over Prudencio Arce, Cuba's little Jack Dempsey. Kid Montana won over Baby Marmon in six, and Pedro Herrera beat Vincente Tuere in four. Lucio Morejon beat Martin Perez in six rounds of hard fighting. Olayo Nebot won over Jim Penalver.

Humbert Casal, a promising lightweight from Madrid, Spain, drew in six rounds with Chocolatico Reglano, after both scored knockdowns. Alejandro Cordo, another promising featherweight, beat Kid Belmonte in four rounds of hard milling, and Pepe el Herrero beat Serapio Saenz in a slow four-rounder

Lucio Morejon came back to Havana after a long absence and out-punched, out-classed and easily defeated Paulino Dieguez in six rounds. Kid Montana beat Prodencio Arce in six rounds of good fighting.

Criso Perez, Cuba's Maxey Rosenbloom in the lightweight division drew in six furious rounds with Soldier Molina, another crack lightweight. The fans witnessed a real slugfest and a return match is in the making.

Mario Kid Sanchez, runner-up in the bantamweight class, easily outpointed Mario Labrada in six rounds. Kid Sanchez is a revelation to the eye, and has a big following here.

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## IN AND NEAR CHICAGO

**By FRANK MAESTRO**

BOXING and wrestling in Illinois attracted over 925,000 spectators since the first legalized card was presented by Promoter Jim Mullen at the Chicago White Sox park on July 3, 1926, when Sammy Mandell whipped Rocky Kansas for the lightweight boxing championship. Taxes, license fees and other revenue derived from the two sports total $977,400. Net profit to the state treasury is $582,558. These figures are based on statistics which have been submitted to Gov. Louis L. Emmerson by the Illinois athletic commission.

The Gene Tunney-Jack Dempsey heavyweight title bout at Soldiers' field in September, 1927, established a record in attendance and receipts. One hundred and forty-five thousand paid $2,999,913.13. It enriched the state treasury by $241,659.43.

Since the present commission, consisting of Gen. John V. Clinnin, chairman, and George Getz and Fred Gardner, took office in 1929, revenue from boxing and wrestling has amounted to $455,921.84 and expenditures $249,264.53. Net profit to the state was $206,657.31. The fiscal year of Dec. 1, 1931, to Dec. 1, 1932, showed an attendance of 80,000 at the two sports. Financial returns, in round figures, were $78,000. Expenses were $56,000, leaving a profit of $22,000.

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The most promising boxers developed in Illinois in 1932 follow:

Bantamweight—Nick Scalba, Chicago.
Featherweight—Paul Dazzo, Chicago.
Lightweight—Barney Ross, Chicago.
Welterweight—Young Stuhley, Kewanee.
Middleweight—Kid Leonard, Moline.
Light-heavyweight—Baxter Calmes, Chicago.
Heavyweight—Jack Roper, Chicago.

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Although Dave Shade, New York middleweight, has boxed in Chicago several times he made his Stadium debut when he whipped Sammy (Kid) Slaughter. The victory was revenge for Shade as Slaughter won from Dave at Milwaukee last April. Incidentally, it was the only match the New Yorker had lost in nine la t year. Shade's 1932 record follows:

Beat Joey LaGrey, N. Y., (10); beat Henry Firpo, Chicago, (10); beat Angel Cliville, Milwaukee, (10); lost Sammy (Kid) Slaughter, Milwaukee, (10); beat Jack Kilbourne, Chicago, (10); beat Ray Tramblie, Indianapolis, (10); beat Trader Horn, N. Y., (6); beat Norman Conrad, Boston, (10); beat Sammy (Kid) Slaughter, (10).

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Following his victory over Slaughter, Shade signed a blanket contract at the Chicago Stadium for a match with Frankie Battaglia, Winnipeg, Can., middleweight. A date will be set in the event Battaglia accepts terms. Shade still is a ranking middleweight and the man that fellows like Battaglia must beat to receive proper championship consideration. Through his manager, Pete Stone, and his western representative, Joe Glaser, Dave offers to meet Battaglia for a $1,000 purse.

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Nate Lewis, Stadium matchmaker, attended the funeral of his former father-in-law, H. A. Scott, who lived at 1646 Warren avenue. Mr. Scott's daughter, the ex-Mrs. Lewis, now lives in New York.

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Do you know that—Primo Carnera has to wear nine-ounce gloves instead of the regulation six-ounce style when fighting? . . . Dave Mearns, manager of radio station WEDC, thinks he has an embryonic middleweight champion in Walter Jerz? . . . King Levinsky's restaurant at Halsted and Maxwell streets cost over $15,000, one of the features of the place being an electrically charged screen door to kill flies?

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Babe Baron, Johnny McDonald and several other noted Chicagoans are back from Hot Springs, Ark., where they vacationed with Tony Canzoneri, lightweight champion, for two weeks. Whenever Canzoneri is in this section of the country Baron, McDonald and Tom DePina are bound to be near him. Baron, former bantamweight boxer, is interested in Paul Dazzo and several other fighters in Chicago. Dazzo has shown championship ability in his last two bouts. He defeated Jackie Sharkey and knocked out Frankie Wallace.

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The Arcade gymnasium has been moved to 116 West Madison street. The old site, 323 West Madison, was on the outskirts of the loop and too far from transient trade, Howard Carr, known as Kid Howard, said. The new location is much better and roomier. Sammy Wolff, veteran promoter, will collaborate with Howard in the promotion of weekly fights at the new gym.

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The Four Horsemen of Pittsburgh are Kid Howard, Barney Abel, Reddy Mason and Hughey Gaiten. It is said that Howard was a bell-hop in Pittsburgh before he came to Chicago. Gaiten opened the first gymnasium in Pittsburgh. Mason managed Harry Greb, former middleweight champion, and Steve Brody. Reddy said that Brody never jumped from the Brooklyn Bridge to the water 300 feet below, but that a stuffed dummy replaced Brody.

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Mickey (Soldier Boy) Farr, one of the best fellows in the boxing game, is reported to have defeated Mike Murphy and Sambo in a bowling match at Bensinger's. Murphy, *Daily News*, is the youngest fight writer in Chicago.

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Some of this and a little of that—Bill Cunnea, a prominent boxer 38 years ago, is one of the first 10 lawyers in Chicago. . . . A fight story came from the Stadium to the Chicago *Tribune* addressed to Arch Ward, sports editor, or Maestro. . . . Mae West is an inveterate boxing fan, spending every night, but Monday and Saturday—there are no bouts those nights—at the fights at Hollywood, Cal., while preparing a movie called Ruby Red. . . . The first annual Lithuanian amateur boxing championships were decided at the new C. Y. O. center in the Congress Bank building. . . .

Tom Ford, who has been appointed matchmaker of the Coliseum Athletic Club, can be reached at Republic 3256. . . . Jack Moran, Sig Hart's middleweight, lives at 333 South Cicero Avenue with his aunt and uncle. . . . Jack King, Little Rock, Ark., welterweight, is compiling an excellent record since coming to this town. . . . Harry Schuman has placed himself under the direction of Harry Weiss. Weiss has been reappointed matchmaker for the second annual weekly amateur shows at the 24th Ward Democratic club by Moe Rosenberg, Ald. Jacob Arvey and Mitchell Robin. . . .

Young Terry, Trenton, N. J., 160-pounder, made a good impression with local fans following his match with Frankie Battaglia at the Stadium. He is an Italian by birth and his right name is Sammy Pane. . . . Goldie Hess is 23 years old and of Norwegian descent. . . . Art Mann, who manages Mickey O'Shea, is a jeweler at 6 North Wabash Avenue. . . . Les Marriner has placed himself under the direction of Ray C. Alvis. . . . Roy Williams and Harry Fierro are in California.

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Max Schmeling, former heavyweight champion, and Max Baer of California may meet at one of the two Chicago big league baseball parks next summer under the promotion of the Chicago Stadium Corporation, Nate Lewis has announced. Lewis said he had received assurances from both Joe Jacobs, manager of Schmeling, and Ancil Hoffman, director of Baer, that they will sign for the match if terms are suitable. Jacobs, Hoffman and Lewis were to attempt to complete arrangements at a meeting in Chicago.

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Charlie White, who was recognized as lightweight champion by many fight experts, who included Harvey Woodruff of The Chicago *Tribune* staff, will enter Northwestern University this winter to continue the study of anatomy and physiology. Since his retirement from the ring in 1923 White has imparted the health knowledge he acquired during 18 years of boxing and at DePaul University and at the Chicago Health College to thousands, with tremendous results.

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Received a letter from Earl Mastro, Chicago featherweight. He said:

"Was surprised to hear Brother Dick was married, but I expected something like that. I see by the papers Barney Ross beat Goldie Hess. He's sure going great. I hope he keeps it up. Received a letter from Art Winch which included an invitation to dinner when we arrive in Chicago to do our act with the Follow Thru stage show.

"They're a couple of real guys, Winch and Sam Pian, and I know they'll stick by me through anything. Looks as though they will make large chunks of money with Ross at the rate he's going now.

"Floyd Gibbons put on a party for our company at Vancouver, B. C. Had some real beer. Gibbons is a congenial host and there is nothing big shotty about him. Floyd still has the bandage over his right eye. Best regards to all my friends."

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Sam Pian and Art Winch are two of the best handlers of boxers in the business. They have had years of experience and know how to get the most out of their fighters. Pian and Art know how to obtain the best opponents and purses possible. They seldom make serious mistakes.

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Lou Diamond, *Daily Times*, is one of the best boxing writers in the middle west. He scores more news beats than most Chicago newspapermen, although Clair Kelly, Mike Murphy and Frank Maestro are seldom caught napping.

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With the advent of 1933, The Ring, world's foremost boxing magazine celebrates its 12th birthday. We believe that is a record for this style of publication and it is a meritorious tribute to our editor and publisher, Nat Fleischer. A complimentary vote is accorded Nat by us and we know this is heartily endorsed by boxing writers and fans all over the world.

## SIOUX CITY, IOWA, SPARKS
By BILL HAWKINS

RAY MANN, Sioux City's welterweight ace, beat Billy Hoon in 10 rounds at Oskaloosa, Iowa. Mann is fighting in good form.

Looking around the fistic corner during the past month, we found six fight fans reading THE RING at the same time in the same spot; Vern Neilson, Bob Black, Bobby Wright, Harry Hartrook, Tony Pasha, and Pat Daley. (Each had one of his own, too.)

In a good boxing card staged at the K. of C. Hall, Johnny Smogye lost to Kid Ray Schneck in 6; Buzz Smith beat Jimmy Thompson in 6; Joey Rich and Bad News Murphy drew in their 6; Harold Rogers showed plenty of class when he beat Freddie Penn in 6; Bud Lymer shaded Jimmy Johnson in 6.

One of the best looking prospects among bantams here is Harold Rogers. This lad is coming along fast. Watch him.

Mason City, Ia.—Harold Hoxwood, Des Moines, outpointed Kenny Austin, Central City, Nebr., in 8 rounds. Both are middleweights.

Des Moines, Ia.—Dick Daniels, Minneapolis, heavy, defeated Roy Williams, Chicago, in 10 fast rounds.

Paul Anthony, former Sioux City boxer, is now located in Anderson, Ind., where he is promoting boxing shows and runs a large stable of boxers. He also runs a large gym there. Promoters and boxers can reach him care Anderson A. C., Anderson, Ind.

LAST MINUTE SPARKS. . . Sailor Burke, Sioux City Junior welter, handed Jimmy Payne a licking in 6 rounds at Oskaloosa, Ia. . . . Bat Slater, local lightweight, has entered a bicycle marathon contest. . . . Harry Jones, ace of the local promoters, is temporarily idle. . . . Morton Smith, owner of the Princess Cigar Store, used to be a wrestler. . . . The World Theatre, where Nate Dax has staged many a good bout, was hit by fire. . . . The Jackson Pool Hall never fails to place THE RING right square in the window. . . . Earl MacArthur, Sammy Sacco, George Verbeski, Eddie Morris, all good boys in their day, were third men on a recent boxing card. . . . Claude Wisdow, of Akron, Ohio, has a fine looking list of boys. . . . Benny Fisher, of Minneapolis, a tough middle weight, will come to Sioux City soon. . . . Frankie Wolfram intends to return here for an indoor show. . . . "Bad News" Murphy, Omaha lightweight, is coming along in fast form. . . . Jackie Coogan, bantam of South Bend, Ind., is looking for work in this section, he can be reached care of the writer. . . . Harry Eagels, former boxing promoter of Kansas City, Kans., is now on the coast. . . . Bobby Paul, former Sioux City boxing manager, is located in Omaha and doing fine. His many friends can reach him at 216 So. 14th Street, Omaha, Nebr. . . . Stork kicked the writer's front door and left a 10 pound baby boy. . . . Sioux City's fistic force turned out in a body for the election and from the looks of the score, they all voted "Dem." . . . Owing to lack of space, we sign off, with our address as usual 2206 N. Lafayette Pl., Sioux City, Ia. We wish every one a Merry Xmas and Happy New Year.

## KANSAS AND VICINITY
By L. R. FORD

WICHITA, KANS.—The Boxing Champions of the gigantic Southwest Amateur Boxing A. A. U. Tournament from heavyweights down, follow: H.—Bob Cook. L.-H.—Dick O'Connor. M.—Odie Ludlow. W.—Frances Sayres. L.-W.—Mickey Nolan. F.—Benny Duran. B.—Freddie Raigoza. Fly—Benny McIntosh. Auspices of the American Legion. Promoted by Les Showers, Harry Ortmeyer and Jack Slattery.

Coffeyville, Kans.—American Legion district Amateur A. A. U. Boxing Tournament, promoted by Robinson brothers. Winners, H.—Oscar Schildknecht. L.-H.—Dick O'Connor. M.—Kenny Page. W.—Earl Chancey. L.-W.—Lewis Laverty. Jr.-L.-W.—Gus Hindenrich. F.—Kid Wilhoff. B.—Charley Patrick. Fly—George Guererro.

Cherryvale, Kans.—Kenny Page stopped Dick Nixon in one round. Pat Dougherty stopped Tommy Waver in one. Ollie Bird beat Jack Ruggles in 3. Everett Ogle beat Bunk Pope in 3. Tony Lazzerri stopped Young Joe Palooka in 1. Billy Dryden beat Lawrence Davis in 3 rounds.

Waynoka, Okla.—Kenny Hill and Everett Bailes fought 10 rounds to a draw. Many fans thought Hill won.

Tulsa, Okla.—Pewee Terry edged out a win over Bobby Allen in 10 rounds. Terry is reported to have fought 8 of the 10 rounds with a broken right hand. Mickey Thomas beat Rusty Evans in 10. Jack Smith and Odie Ludlow drew in 6. Harold Potts beat Jimmy Hyde in 6. Bob Hamilton beat Joe Manor in 6 rounds.

Oklahoma City, Okla.—Babe Hunt knocked out Bob Brooks in the first. Johnny Owens beat Bill Simth in 4. Chief Paris beat Danny O'Brien in 4. George Williams beat Red Holley in 4. Knute Holliday beat Paul Sharp in 4 rounds.

Tulsa, Okla.—Ham Jenkins beat Pedlar Palmer in 15 torrid rounds of fighting. Jack Smith beat Jack Jones in 6. Wildcat Carter knocked out Homer Wilson in 4. Roy Moore stopped Carl Carson in 4 rounds.

Chanute, Kans.—Johnny Wiggins knocked out Don Bosler in 1. Kenney Page beat Johnny Drybread. Jim O'Brien knocked out Bud Moniger in 2. Melvin Bell beat Tony Lazerri. Rocky Graves knocked out Inky Allen in 3. Ray O'Brien beat Everett Ogle. Bob Miller knocked out Donald Watson in 1. Dave Fraser beat Johnny Hemphill. Billy Dryden beat Bat Green. Ralph Stubbs beat Ray Gossett.

Woodward, Okla.—Kenny Hill defeated Chet Atkins in a 10 round feature bout. It was Hill's fight all the way.

Loose and Drifting—The Robinson brothers staged a three day amateur tournament at Coffeyville and won many friends among the boxers for the cordial treatment accorded the boxers. Les Showers, premier mid-west amateur boxing promoter, is taking a much needed rest in Denver, Colo. Johnny Husong will start the pro game in Wichita soon. Chet Tork and Dennis Magirl, former manager of Babe Hunt, has formed the Topeka Athletic Club and will promote pro and amateur boxing in Topeka. Henry C. Coin is staging bi-monthly shows in Hutchinson and has an excellent stable of amateur boxers. Kansas City, Mo., was the scene of three corking amateur shows, all staged at the International Arena. Hutchinson, Kansas, also was the scene of lively simon pure contests.

## IN CALIFORNIA
By F. R. COLONNELLI

"BABY" Arizmendi, who won over Tommy Paul in Mexico, defeated Newsboy Brown in a 10 rounder. Arizmendi claims the featherweight championship as a result of his victories. Young Tommy and Speed Dado, both clever Filipinos, battled for supremacy and Dado won the duke and the bantam belt of California.

Jimmy Braddock, New York heavy, won from Dynamite Jackson, colored, and lost to John Henry Lewis. Mike Pyan kayoed Frankie Stetson and Al Alcante and drew with Cowboy Charlie Cobb for the state welterweight title in the first open air show held in San Diego since the Leach Cross-Red Watson fight eighteen years ago.

Vearl Whitehead defeated Milo Millitti of Omaha in 10 rounds. Peter Jackson retained the State Lightweight crown by winning over Kenneth LaSalle. Tommy King, Mass., drew with Joe Glick of New York. Eddie Murdock knocked out Erwin Bige.

Lou Snyder, local bantam, K. O.'ed Tommy Tujioka in one round and drew with Midget Wolgast, world's flyweight champion in a non-title bout. Wesley Ketchel, Seattle, K.O.'ed Sandy Casanova in five heats. Tommy Huffman drew with Ray Acosta and Freddie Steele, Seattle sensation. Dutch Weimer K. O.'ed Jose Gonzolas in four.

## ST. LOUIS DISTRICT
By BOB RILEY

BOXING here has taken on a little more life than a month ago, although it still is far from being up to standard. Lou Terry, our local star, drew in ten rounds with Chino Alvarez at Savannah, in a bout that, in my opinion, should have been awarded to Terry. One of the Savannah papers gave Chino only one round. Dave Barry beat Johnny Kennedy of Charleston. Kennedy was dropped in the fourth round.

At St. Louis, John Schwake drew in ten rounds with Tom Heeney. Johnny Miles kayoed Pat Kenney, Indianapolis, in the fifth and Al Stillman beat Rosy Baker, Indianapolis, in ten.

At Savannah, Chino Alvarez beat Lou Terry in a return engagement in ten vicious rounds and Dave Barry stopped Baby Miller, Tampa, in the second.

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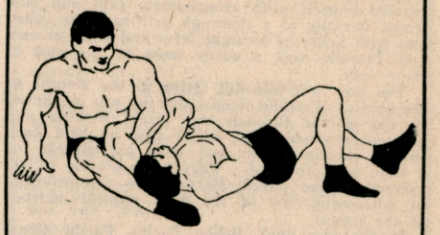

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**Gus Martel, World's K. O. Record Holder, Sends His Full Copyrighted Course on Approval.** See Page 43.

# Along *the* Great Fite Way

## By EDDIE BORDEN

THE outstanding pugilistic event furnished for the Metropolitan area last month was the thrilling fifteen-round lightweight championship bout between Tony Canzoneri, defending champion, and Billy Petrolle, his dangerous challenger, in which Canzoneri showed himself to be the King of Kings through his sterling performance.

Canzoneri upset the calculations of the many experts who thought that he would lose his own fight by slugging it out with Petrolle and fighting right into the hands of the cagy and hard-hitting Fargo Express. Canzoneri fought coolly, smartly, and outgeneraled Petrolle at every move. He fought in spots, boxed and paced himself in brilliant fashion and during the last five rounds carried himself with consummate skill and subjected Petrolle to a thorough grilling. He raked him with a fire of straight lefts and right crosses and Petrolle was a sorry mess at the end of their fray.

The bout left pleasant tastes in the mouths of the public. Petrolle denied that he was weakened to any extent through the weight making and Canzoneri vehemently denied that he held back in the closing rounds and tried his hardest for a kayo until the end. They drew around 18,000 spectators who payed $70,000 for the privilege of witnessing one of the most natural matches of the season.

In the semi-final, Bobby Pacho, Pacific Coast lightweight champion, battered out a well-earned victory over Joey Costa, of Jersey City, after eight rounds of exciting action. Costa floored Pacho twice in the opening round and himself was deposited on the canvas in the same period. They fought at a maddening clip all the way and held the interest of the fans until the finish. Prince Saunders scored over Billy McMahon after eight hard fought rounds of fighting.

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Some one at the Garden pulled a boner by removing the best tickets from the box office and placing them with ticket agencies. This prevented a sell-out as it stopped the fans from buying seats at the box office during the week and on the day of the contest the average fan stayed away because of reports that the house was completely sold out. As a result the night of the fight found the box office stocked up with choice seats which the specs were unable to dispose of.

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Boxing at this moment is in a precarious state. Interest is at a low ebb and the lack of worthwhile drawing material is greatly in evidence. Conditions all over the country are guided by whatever transpires at New York's fistic emporium. A sellout there, insures certain success for other fistic attractions around the country and the development of new fistic material tends to improve that condition in other quarters. Therefore it behooves the Garden to do away with favoritism and to obtain the best talent in the world for its shows. Only then can the Garden and boxing prosper. Let's do away with personal ambitions. Boxing needs the Garden and the Garden needs boxing.

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Following the Canzoneri-Petrolle affair, came the two biggest heavyweights in captivity, Primo Carnera and Jose Santa in the Garden. It was far from a feature Garden attraction but necessity forced these two Gargantuans into headline position. Carnera outclassed his foe and gave him a thorough licking. Santa was game and absorbed every punch that Carnera threw his way and was totally exhausted when he was counted out in the sixth round. Santa was down in the second and third rounds for nine counts before he was counted out. The card drew around $12,000 and would have drawn just as much in Providence, a Portugese town, where Santa is a big attraction.

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Tony Shucco, who was beaten four days before by Norman Conrad, surprised the crowd by winning a clean cut victory over Arthur Huttick. Tony was too smart for his slow-moving opponent. Walter Cobb, a short ender at 4 to 1, outfought Jack Dorval in a rough six-rounder. Dorval was said to have entered the ring with a bad hand. Bob Olin proved too strong and busy for Tommy Walsh. Charley Massare, young Italian heavyweight from East Monongahela, Pa., looked promising in defeating Juanito Olaguibel. Yale Okun voluntarily surrendered to Andy Mitchell in the fourth round when he sustained a badly cut eye.

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Ben Jeby, East Side middleweight star, received the first break that he has enjoyed in several years when he banged out a decisive victory over Chick Devlin in a fifteen-round bout at the St. Nicholas Rink. Jeby fought an aggressive, determined battle and forced Devlin to hold through most of the journey. This gives Jeby a chance to force his way into the middleweight muddle which at the present time is controlled by Marcel Thil, Frank Battaglia, Vince Dundee and Dave Shade. Bep Von Klaveren, Holland welterweight invader, celebrated his American debut by scoring easily over Paola Villa. Bep is a two-fisted gladiator and pleasing in every respect. Matched against the same type, he should prove a welcome visitor.

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Cecil Gallagher, who formerly promoted boxing shows in Steubenville, Ohio, is now confined at the State Branch, Cresson, Pa., with a serious ailment and would like to hear from his friends —Irish Kane, located at Pittsburgh, is getting together a great array of fistic talent and his hustling activities are keeping them busy—Joe Basco, an energetic fight manager from Barberton, Ohio, is sending out notices to the effect that he is now managing the tallest heavyweight in the game—his name is Gil Reichert, seven feet five inches in height and weighs 255 pounds— Donald Young is handling the affairs of Augustin Perez, Cuban welterweight, now located in Denver—Perez came here as a lightweight but has increased in weight and has shown corresponding improvement—Harry Ebbets engaged in one of his periodical engagements when he whipped Cowboy Frank Willis at the Jamaica Arena.

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Mike Valentine started off at the Coliseum by introducing Paul Delaney, a newcomer from the West. He began by whipping Jack Rosenberg in the opening show but was given a setback the following week by Marty Sampson—Delaney is handled by Joe Woodman and is a club fighter par excellence—Jackie Brown of Manchester, England, claimed the flyweight championship through his thirteen-round kayo victory over Young Perez—Marcel Thil, logical claimant to the world's middleweight championship, disposed of a good opponent when he stopped Len Johnson, England's Negro middleweight, in the seventh round—Larry Le Boeuf is now handling Johnny Kid Santoris, Cleveland lightweight— Humberto Arce, Porto Rican heavyweight, is fighting in great form around Philadelphia, under the handling of Georgie Sheppard—Sam Taub, former New York newspaperman and broadcasting expert, was given quite an assignment in the two-reel film starring Jack Dempsey in "Win, Lose or Draw."

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Charley Johnston started off the St. Nicholas Rink season with Kid Chocolate and Pete Nebo giving the fans some corking action in a ten-rounder—Nebo gave Chocolate a stirring battle and for six rounds it appeared as if an upset was in sight but Nebo slowed down while Chocolate forged ahead to win—Petey Hayes, promising New Yorker, gave evidence of real promise by giving Vidal Gregario a real trouncing in the eight-round semi-final—Hayes is only one of a crop of youngsters who have the ability and only need the opportunity to show their calibre— Morrie Sherman scored over Eddie McKenna and Cocoa Kid, colored lightweight from New Haven, looked good when he put Mickey Paul in the third—Danny Rosen, rising East Sider, showed improvement in winning from Vincent Valente—Marty Sampson showed plenty of class in his victory over Paul Delaney—Tony Polozzolo and Jimmy De Angelo, who are handling Sampson, have added Johnny Pena and Patsy Pasculli to their staff and the combination looks mighty formidable—Eddie Levine has severed friendly relationship with his girl friend and in the future will confine his scraps to the squared circle.

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Gus Wilson, feeling that the East offers no further opportunity for himself or his fistic charges, went to the Pacific Coast with his troupe of mitt-wielders—Along with Gus are, Eugene Huat, French bantam; Joe Ghnouly, rugged 130-pounder from St. Louis, and Billy Hogan, recent amateur graduate, who has shown great form in his few professional starts—In the meantime, Gus will leave his training camp at Orangeburg, N. Y., in charge of Eddie Hackett with Phil Ward acting as publicity counsel and Fritz Menn as the culinary specialist—In all of the boxing courses advertised by experts it has never come to our attention whereby personal attention is rendered to the individual scholar— Beginning with the next issue, "Phila. Jack" O'Brien will start a boxing school by mail in which the student is given twelve lessons for $10, a very nominal sum—The course will be strikingly different because O'Brien, himself, will attempt to teach the scholar and will confine his lessons in very simple language that can be understood by a school-boy—It is a noble experiment and anyone who is familiar with O'Brien and his qualifications are assured of his success.

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Experience in any line of endeavor is beneficial and advantageous and incompetence in the same quarter is detrimental to the same extent— An illustration in two instances will bring out the point—Yale Okun, an experienced ringster, received a cut over the eye in the fourth round of his recent bout with Andy Mitchell in the Garden and without waiting for any advices from Young Otto, the referee, raised his hand in surrender and conceded the victory to Mitchell, although Okun was leading on points when the fight ended—In Pittsburgh, K. O. Christner, another seasoned campaigner, was fighting Charley Massare, a youngster in the heavyweight division—Aside from the first round in which Christner scored a knockdown, the fight was wholly one-sided in favor of Massare who was giving his aged opponent a terrific body beating and it looked pitiful for the aged warrior, although he outweighed Massare 205 to 174½—Coming up for the eighth round, Massare landed a terrific right hand smash over Christner's eye, causing a deep gash and the blood to come out in spurts— The blood blinded Christner and he motioned the referee, a youngster by the name of Joe Zivic, to stop the fight because of the injury—Zivic, a rank novice as an arbiter, motioned Christner to continue fighting—They continued and Christner again was struck over the injured optic and again he remonstrated with the referee to stop the fight but Zivic ignored the plea and they kept fighting until the final bell—Christner was hopelessly beaten but for some unknown reason was rewarded with the decision—A wise old veteran used judgment in wishing to stop and the progress of an excellent prospect in the heavyweight division retarded because of the incompetence of another ring official—If Havey Boyle, Boxing Commissioner of Pittsburgh, would weed out the undesirables among his own staff he would be greatly benefiting the boxing game.

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Biddy Bishop, who with Lonnie Austin, comprise the oldest firm of managers in America, has opened a rotisserie half way between Seattle and Tacoma, that is the show place of the Northwest. Biddy's many Eastern friends are rooting hard for his success for he is one of the most popular managers of the last forty years. Biddy's new place, which he is running in addition to his boxing affairs, is called Bishop's Rotisserie. It covers three acres, all in cedar effect—cedar log cabins, trees, tables and chairs, with sunken gardens with ponds on which young mallard ducks swim. Jack Dempsey, who is now in the East, declares that it is a beautiful place and that it is drawing state officials, movie stars, golfers, hunters and fishermen and other sportsmen from all parts. Well, Biddy, here's wishing you heaps of prosperity in your new venture.

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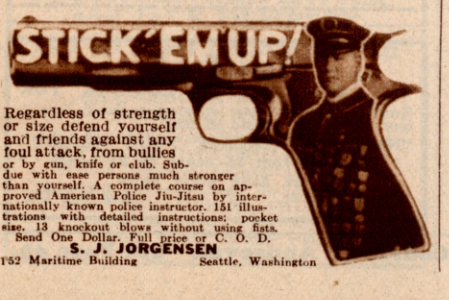


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## THE RING IN PHILADELPHIA
By ROSS E. KAUFFMAN

ALTHOUGH grown round and flabby, the veteran George Godfrey stopped Al Fay, Charleroi, Pa., heavyweight, in the eighth round at the Arena. It was Godfrey's first bout in Pennsylvania since he was barred on account of his questionable low blow battle with Primo Carnera at the Phillies Ball Park in the summer of 1930.

Godfrey dropped Fay several times in the second round and then appeared to play with his opponent the rest of the way until the eighth when referee Joe McGuigan stepped in and called everything off. Fay was outweighed 61 pounds, Godfrey coming in at 261 even. In fairness to Fay he showed a lot of pluck against his bigger and more experienced opponent, who can still punch with both hands.

Ed Prante, the towering U. S. Marine heavyweight and Shakesperean student, knocked out Henry Gerken of Germany and New York in the third round at the Arena. It was Prante's second straight K. O. in eight days at the same club. Prante weighed 206.

Will Matthews, former Baltimore heavyweight tried a comeback at the Arena and was flattened by Umberto Arce, 190 pound Porto Rican, who boxes out of New York. Arce, built like a stevedore, waded into Matthews with a vengeance and finally knocked him out in the second round.

Nick Venore, South Philadelphia Italian middleweight, was going good in his bout with Jack Willis of California, until the veteran started to throw a flock of right hand punches and the former was stopped in the fourth round. Venore packs a wicked left which almost dropped Willis in earlier rounds.

Charley Loughran, younger brother of Tommy, continues to win. His latest victory over Frankie Carr of Chester at the Arena in a six round bout. Charley weighs 154 pounds and has a fancy left jab just like the former world's light heavyweight champion.

Jess McMahon, former matchmaker of Madison Square Garden in New York, is now director of boxing at the Arena, West Philadelphia and intends to bring a lot of new talent to the club this winter.

For the second time Eddie Houghton, South Philadelphia light heavyweight, defeated Wally Sears, the coal region fighter, at the Broadway A. C. In their first meeting at the Arena it appeared that Houghton had stuck his thumb into Sears' eye and temporarily blinded him. In their second clash, Houghton virtually outclassed his opponent in ten rounds.

Joe McCarthy of California, substituting for Nick Venore of South Philadelphia, scored a six round victory over Vince Guidici of Phillie at the Broadway. Venore announced just before show was held he has retired from the ring.

Other bouts on the Broadway card resulted as follows: El Evans beat Speedy Duval in six rounds; Davey Miller, gained technical knockout over Joe Manny, Atlantic City, and Dominic Burrone stopped Jimmy Santore in the fourth round.

Jack Tracy of Philadelphia and Billy Ritchie, Chester, fought an interesting six round draw at Wilmington, as a preliminary to the windup between Tommy Rios of Wilmington and Al Rossi, Newark, in which Rios won in eight rounds. In another bout Pat Patterson of Wilmington knocked out Mickey Morris in the first round.

Harry Blitman virtually reached the end of his meteoric career when he was technically stopped by Tommy Morgano, rival Philadelphia left hander in the fourth round at the Broadway A. C. Sure defeat was staring the veteran Blitman in the face when referee Willie Houck stepped in and called it off to save Harry from further punishment. Blitman is only 23 years old and looked like a world's champion in the early part of his career when he turned in a big string of victories, including a comparatively easy win over Tony Canzoneri. Blitman weighed 136 and Morgano 132. In a whirlwind six round semi final, Bobby Dechter beat Jimmy Mack, a featherweight.

Other bouts on the Broadway card resulted as follows: Benny Britt defeated Davey Siddons in six rounds; Bucky Jones stopped Harry (Kid) Murphy in the third round; Benny Victor outpointed Joey Hayes in six, and Danny O'Donnell won from Gig Rooney in four rounds.

Benny Bass, after settling his court case with his old manager, Phil Glassman, by paying $2500 for his release, according to rumors, signed a contract with Max (Boo Boo) Hoff who will act as his boxing director. Bass signed a new five year contract with Hoff. His old contract still had three more years with Glassman who developed him from the amateur ranks into a national reputation.

After an absence of more than four years, Johnny Jadick returned to action at the Cambria Club where he made his first start, and scored a technical knockout over Lew Raymond of Baltimore in the fifth round. A badly cut eye caused the referee to halt proceedings.

Pat Haley, veteran Kensington middleweight, in his return to the ring, beat Joe Raymond of Baltimore at the Cambria in eight rounds.

## PITTSBURGH GOSSIP
By WILLIAM PIKOR

CHARLEY BELANGER showed to excellent advantage in stopping George Panka, district heavyweight champion, at the Arena in the eighth round. Though there are two clubs functioning on the supposedly weekly basis, Motor Square Garden staged but two shows and the rest of the monthly summary is confined to the activities of the Arena. Jules Beck, Garden matchmaker, finally coaxed Battling Gizzy into the ring with Tony Herrera, and the match brought out the largest attendance of a yet young season. In a ten-rounder at the Arena, Jimmy Belmont slugged out a decision over Buck McTiernan. In an interesting tilt in the same place, Tony Falco, a brilliant Philadelphia lightweight, celebrated his Smoky City debut by beating hard-punching Johnny Datto. Frankie Goosby fought on the card, winning over Paul Schaeffer, Winnipeg middleweight. Jack King, coming welterweight contender, won handily at the Arena over Jimmy Belmont. King hails from Little Rock, Ark.

Jules Beck, enterprising Smoky City matchmaker, presented an all-star arrangement in Motor Square Garden with the following results: Frankie Bojorski trounced Sid Silas in a torrid eight-round battle. Jimmy Thomas t.k.o.'d Juan Cruz, flashy Mexican bantam, 2nd round. Red Bush technically kayoed Phil Wezdick, Erie middleweight, in the 5th spasm. Al Farone lost an unpopular decision to Steve Senich, while Harry Fine won from Frank Rio.

Lew Raymond, matchmaker of Eddie Kapphan's north side club named the Arena, put on a card of thirteen bouts consisting of prelim boys and amateur graduates to bring out talent for his regular Friday night shows. Red Bush, titian-headed middleweight from Cumberland, Maryland, staged his local debut in one of the shows mentioned earlier in the column, knocking out Ray Jennings, colored battler, who had 22 pounds on him. Bush accomplished the feat in twenty-five seconds.

George Panka has severed relations with Manager Bunny Buntach. Jack London sends word that he is representing Red Bush, who won both of his Pittsburgh fights. Tony Marino had two bouts in Canada, he lost to Bobby Leitham in twelve heats and to Ernie Maurer in ten. The younger Zivic brothers are fine prospects. They resemble their famed brethren, Jack and Pete, both of whom have made ring history. Pee Wee Jarrell, Indianapolis welterweight, was another local debutant. Pee Wee went over in sensational style in beating tough Davey Grove in the Herrera-Gizzy semi. His loquacious tactics while fighting was a wow.

Buck McTiernan and Frankie Bojorski are stable-mates under Jack Barry, former local boxer who now lives in Erie. Mose Butch, squatty 120-pound southpaw has an enviable record. He's lost but five decisions in 41 contests, facing among others Eugene Huat, Lew Franklin, Panama Al Brown, Jimmy Thomas, Charley Von Reeden, Jackie Wilson and Willie Davies. When Harry Fierro was touted the coming champion Butch knocked him out in the first round.

Some readers may be interested in knowing that Carl Gross, who knocked out Leo Clements in a prelim heavyweight contest, has since been knocked out by Lloyd Clements, light-heavyweight brother of Leo. Gizzy's speed was lost, thus making him an easy mark for the bobbing, left-jabbing Mexicano. Al Gordon sends in a poster depicting his flashy bantam, Eddie Burl. They're from Baltimore, in case you're interested. Jim McGirr, promoter at McKeesport, has replaced weekly professional shows with amateur cards and doing well. He is bringing new talent for professional shows when he holds them again. Ralph Gizzy, young brother of the Battler, is winning steadily in the amateurs and Bat Gizzy will have him meeting the professionals in a few months. Young Gizzy is a carbon copy of his famous, wild-swinging brother.

Nat Fleischer's Revised 8th edition of "Training for Boxers" is heartily recommended by the scribe. It's the berries. Every boxer, trainer and fight follower should own a copy. Likewise his new "How to Box".

Eddie Kid Wolfe knocked out Pee Wee Jarrell in the eighth round at the Motor Square Garden show. Jarrell was leading before the finish. K. O. Christner got a lucky decision over Charley Massare in the eight-round semi-final.


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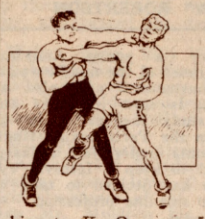

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Of THE RING, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1932.

County of New York } ss.:
State of New York }

Before me a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Nathaniel S. Fleischer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher and Editor of The Ring, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse side of this, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers, are: Publisher, Nathaniel S. Fleischer, 11 W. 42nd St., New York City. Editor, Nathaniel S. Fleischer, 11 W. 42nd St., New York City. Managing Editor, none. Business Manager, none.

2. That the owners are: (If the publication is owned by more than one individual, the name and address of each, should be given below; if the publication is owned by a corporation the name of the corporation and the names and addresses of the stockholders, owning or holding one per cent or more of the total amount of stocks should be given.) The Ring, Inc., New York City; Nathaniel S. Fleischer, 11 W. 42nd St., New York City; Harold S. Fleischer, 11 W. 42nd St., New York City; Daniel M. Daniel, 11 W. 42nd St., New York City.

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NATHANIEL S. FLEISCHER, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 22nd day of March, 1932.

(Seal) CLAIRE WILDER

Notary Public, New York County, New York County Clerk's No. 742, New York County Register's No. 2W120.

Commission expires March 30, 1934.

## GOSSIP FROM EUROPEAN RINGS

**By "SPARROW" ROBERTSON**

PARIS.—Jean Stanley, a young American school student, the winner of the middle-weight "Golden Glove" tournament and also an American championship, is now in Paris and while here, he will study medicine. In off times, he will be seen in the Paris boxing rings, taking part in short bouts under Jeff Dickson, who has been requested to keep a fatherly eye on young Stanley, who has decided to take up professional boxing as a side-line profession.

Murat, French fly-weight, defeated the Italian champion, Cavagnoli, in ten rounds in the Central Sporting Club of Paris. It was a point decision.

At the same entertainment, lightweight Metayer and Polan fought a draw. At the same poundage, Kid Floran defeated Guillermet in six. Welterweight Prilleux defeated Degrauw in the fourth. Lightweight Payne, defeated Young Hauton in ten.

The Central Sporting Club which is known as the nursery of boxing in Paris, has brought to the surface some very good looking propositions so far this season.

While talking with a friend, one of the noted European boxing experts, a few days ago, he informed me that the new British heavyweight boxer, Jack Doyle, is one of the best of the class prospects which he has seen in the past few years in Great Britain. While he has lots yet to learn about the game, he has what very few of the latter-day heavy-weights have had, and that is a hard straight left. Doyle is an Irishman with a real fighting Irish heart.

Kaj Axel, light heavy-weight champion of Denmark, was stopped by the French battler, Lebrize, in the seventh at the Paris Ring arena.

Miss Chrissie Broadribb (daughter of Ted Broadribb), an English lightweight who some years ago fought under the name of "Young Snowball," and who in 1910 defeated Georges Carpentier in four rounds in Paris, was married recently to Don McCorkindale, the South African boxer.

Since Jeff Dickson started promoting in London, Ted has been his confidential man there, and Jeff was the best man at the above wedding which was attended by scores of the better class of sporting celebrities of Great Britain. Don and his handsome young bride went to South Africa where he is signed up to meet Young Stribling and the father and mother of the bride made the trip with the young couple.

Otto Van Porat who recently defeated the German champion, Hein Muller, has been signed by Promoter Jeff Dickson to appear under his auspices in Paris and England.

Jimmy Tarante, the American negro light-heavy-weight, and the French battler, Pierre Gandom, fought a ten-round draw at the Salle Wagram arena. It was the third meeting for the pair.

Al Brown took part in two fights within one week in Brussels, winning both quite easily. The dusky Panama boy appears to be in a class all by himself. There is no doubt about his championship calibre.

Young Stribling has accepted terms to appear in a couple of contests in Europe under the promotion of Jeff Dickson. Stribling recently left Australia, where he did so well, for South Africa, where he is matched up to meet Don McCorkindale the early part of December.

Frankie Genaro, former world champion fly-weight, will try a comeback during the latter part of November at the Paris Ring, one of the small clubs. His first contest will be against Gabes, a rising young French lad.

At Lille, Praxille Gyde, French fly-weight boxer, won the European fly-weight title when he compelled Metzner, the German holder, to quit in the eighth round. Gyde was in top form and administered steady punishment.

Valentin Angelmann, crack French fly-weight, made a disappointing showing against Percy Dexter of England at Paris Ring but finally battered his man into submission in the ninth round when the referee stopped the fight. Dexter was down for nine in the seventh, eighth and ninth rounds.

Aggerholm Einar, Danish welterweight slugger floored Castejon of France for nine in the first round but ran into plenty of trouble until the seventh when the Frenchman's manager threw in the sponge.

Billy Thomas (Bargoed) defeated Harry Mason (Leeds), the ex-light-weight champion, on points over 12 rounds at Preston.

Mason was the cleverer boxer, but Thomas, the aggressor throughout, kept Mason on the retreat with long-range lefts to the body. Mason had his man in difficulties at times, scoring with the right to the jaw, but Thomas always covered up before the Leeds boxer could follow up his advantage.

There was too much clinching to make the fight really interesting.

In other 12 round bouts Jack Stratton (Highbury) was disqualified in the seventh round for a low punch against Lowther (Leeds), and Joe Greenwood (Bolton) outpointed Jimmy Ross (Bishop Auckland).

London.—Dave Lumiansky is manager of the world bantam and flyweight champions—Al Brown and Jackie Brown—Dave is busy these days.

The third meeting between the Yorkshire heavyweights, Bob Carvill, (Bridlington), and George Slack (Doncaster), had an unsatisfactory ending at Hull.

At the end of the tenth round the referee intervened and stopped the fight in favor of Carvill as Slack's left eye was badly damaged.

Jack Casey (Sunderland) knocked out Del Fontaine (Canada) in the fourth round at St. James' Hall, Newcastle, England.

In the third round Fontaine staggered Casey with a left swing, but the Sunderland man began to inflict damage with quick uppercuts, and in the next round put Fontaine, who had been forced to the ropes, out for the full count.

Nel Tarleton, clever Englishman, suffered a double disappointment in losing a fifteen-round decision to Seaman Watson at Liverpool. Besides being shorn of the British featherweight crown, Nel suffered an injury to his right hand which necessitated the cancelling of his bout with Baby Arizmendi in Los Angeles. It was a deep disappointment to the Liverpool lad who has had more than the usual amount of bad breaks.

Al Brown again showed his superhuman qualities when he arose out of a sickbed to put Emile Pladner away in the second round of their scheduled fifteen-round non-title match in Paris. Brown was unable to train for five days prior to the match but did not want to disappoint the promoters or the public and went through under trying circumstances.

Harry Smith, who enjoyed a big reputation in the States in the middleweight division, was beaten on points by Pierre Gandon on the same card.

## PHILIPPINE TYPHOONS!

**By CONRADO MATA**

YOUNG DUMAGUILAS, Cavite flyweight champion, beat Pablo Dano in a nip and tuck affair. Dumaguilas is a promising youngster and bears watching.

Ignacio Fernandez kayoed Con Cordero, Hawaiian welterweight champion, in the 6th round. Cordero almost won the bout in the third round but Fernandez recovered and finally put his opponent away.

Pablo Dano won by a wide margin over Alejandro Pasmore, Filipino-Hawaiian flyweight, in ten rounds.

Joe Velasco, Pampanga's featherweight pride, lost on a foul to Freddie Buck, Porto Rican-Chinese. They were on even terms before the bout ended. Velasco has been on the down grade since he failed to lift the crown from Clever Sison, ex-featherweight champion of the Orient. Sison later lost to Cris Pineda.

Fighting Obsiman, 118-pounder, bowed in defeat to Cunning Nene, Visayan bantamweight champ. In their first go the fight ended in a draw.

Buddy Lynn, red-headed Filipino-American welter, lost to Mati Hari (not the dancer).

## CONNECTICUT NEWS

**By WITMER EBERLE**

AL NELSON GAINER, the Black Panther from New Haven has been extremely active. Al lost a 10-round encounter to Joe Banovic, Binghamton, N. Y., at the New Haven Arena. At George Mulligan's Arena, Waterbury, Norman Conrad, Wilton, N. H., punchsmith, with the weird style of fighting, fought to a draw with Gainer, and they came back to the New Haven Arena in another evenly fought battle.


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Although there is talk to the effect that Tom Donohue, Connecticut's Boxing Commissioner, may be due to give up his position as boxing boss on July 1, as the Democrats have now obtained control of the Nutmeg state. It is hoped this will not be so.

Unknown Winston, Hartford Negro flash, under the guidance of Denny McMahon, has been offered an important heavyweight bout with King Levinsky, in Chicago in December, and a return fight with Ernie Schaaf in Boston.

The amateurs have moved indoors. The New Haven Arena usually runs its shows Thursday nights, the Waterbury A. C. at the Phoenix avenue arena, Thursday night, and Bridgeport, Friday night.

The Cocoa Kid is the latest Negro sensation uncovered in New Haven. Cocoa Kid knocked out Baby Bear at a recent show at the New Haven Arena in the second round. He also put Mickey Paul, New York East Side boxer away in the third round of an eight rounder. The Cocoa Kid weighed 134½ and Paul 135¾.

## GREATER BOSTON BOXING NOTES
**By G. O. "DOC" ALMY**

STAID Boston continues the home of fistic upsets. We had another at the Boston Arena, when Edward "Unknown" Winston, of Connecticut, took the measure of Ernie Schaaf of Boston in a 10 rounder, and didn't have a lot of trouble in the doing of it. Schaaf fought like a chap half asleep, his feet glued to the canvas and "pep" gone. He was far removed from the fighter who twice took Jim Maloney into camp via a kayo in 1931, and, but a few months ago, whipped Winston in a West Springfield ring. There may be a re-match, for which Schaaf is reported as training, but unless he takes the game more seriously than he has, and also can induce Jack Sharkey to come back into his corner and prod him, he's through.

Curiously enough, the bout was not for the N. E. heavyweight title, that is, officially, as Jack Sharkey holds that and the solons won't let anyone else claim it. As Sharkey doesn't intend to fight here in defense of that title, there is no reason why Winston shouldn't be declared the champion. Sharkey should go to the Commission and resign the N. E. heavyweight title so that promoters can book such a contest here.

In the meanwhile Sharkey, an ardent hunter, is having his troubles with a fine German pointer, the gift of Adolf Heuser, the Teuton holder of the European light heavy title, now a member of the Johnny Buckley stable. The dog is a beauty, also a good hunter and of great value, but having been raised and trained in Germany, has no knowledge of English. As the champion is not very handy with the German tongue, their hunting trips have not been a marked success. "The dog is a beauty and a fine hunter," Sharkey explained to the writer, "but until I can learn German, or the dog, English, I do not expect to shoot very much game."

And, speaking of Heuser, at the Valley Arena, Holyoke, he won a 10 round decision over Norman Conrad, an award which did not meet with general approval. However four days later, at the Boston Arena, he defeated George Nichols of Buffalo, in 10 rounds, one of the hottest two-handed fights staged in Boston in years. Six times Nichols was dumped onto the canvas, and three times Heuser went down, but every time each came back fighting, and that with wonderful gameness and determination. Both suffered such severe damage in the matter of cuts and bruises that, though re-matched for a titular fray on November 17, it was found impossible for either to go through with it.

As for Norman Conrad of Wilton, N. H., having whipped about every middleweight in his own state, and many outside of it, as has been told from time to time in THE RING, he encountered Tony Shucco of Boston, N. E. light heavy champion, at the Ritz A. A., a new club opened by Leo Bradley at Manchester, N. H. The title was in there, and, when the 10 rounds had been boxed, Conrad was declared the victor. So the championship has changed hands. Shucco came back to beat Arthur Huttick in the N. Y. Garden.

Andy Callahan of Lawrence, recent victor over Lou Brouillard, and holder of three N. E. titles —light, welter and middleweight, was to have fought King Tut at the Boston Garden. However, while boxing with Tommy Harper, a left hook re-sprung a rib which had been damaged in the Brouillard affair. To conceal the injury, it was given out that Callahan had caught a severe cold and was too ill to go through with the Tut affair. The Garden management made a howl to the Boxing Commission, and Callahan, when examined by the official physician a few days later, was found to be O. K. Acting on this report, the Commission suspended the fighter for two months. Many feel that considerable injustice has been done Callahan, but the Commission was forced to act on the report of its own doctor.

Primo Carnera, the man-mountain of Italy, paid Boston an official visit early in November, made the rounds of the Italian clubs, newspapers, etc., also visited Governor Ely, then stopped Les Kennedy of the Pacific Coast at the Boston Arena in the third round with a short right hook to the jaw.

In the same ring, a new one to Boston was introduced in Obie "Bearcat" Walker of Miami, Fla., now being towed around by Bob Burke, son of that Jack Burke, who on April 6, 1893, fought Andy Bowen a 110 round draw in New Orleans. Walker, who is big, black and can fight, was pitted against Frankie Sims, formerly of Cleveland, but of late a Bostonian. Sims did as well as he could, which was none too good, and in the sixth, the towel was thrown from his corner.

In another bout on the same card, Walter "Bonecrusher" Cobb outpointed "Tiger" Henderson, a 187 pound colored boy from Westerly, R. I.

Jack McCarthy of Dorchester, light heavyweight, continues to play in hard luck. He was to have had a fight at the Boston Garden, but prior to it, took on Don "Red" Barry of Washington, D. C., at the Valley Arena, Holyoke. They went along at a fairly even pace until the ninth round, when McCarthy threw out his left shoulder and was forced to quit.

Norman Conrad met Al Gainer of Hartford in a 10 rounder. It was a return contest, they having fought a draw in Waterbury several weeks ago. Their second bout also ended in a draw.

Johnny Indrisano of East Boston, at one time more than a welterweight championship threat, has recently opened a billiard parlor in Maverick Square, East Boston, known as the "Ringside Billiard Parlors."

Boxing is now going again in Portsmouth, N. H., Lewiston, Maine, and Bangor, Maine, though the gate receipts remain to be anything to get excited over. Charley Miller is slated to present some high class shows at Bangor as in past years. The clubs are just getting by, but, are keeping at it.

Leo Salvas of Berlin, N. H., claimant of the New Hampshire middleweight title, through the stepping up to a higher class of Norman Conrad, was given a tough battle by Mike Troy of Portland, Me., in that city, but made a draw of it.

Tony Catalano of Providence, forced Joe Vignali of Waterbury, to stop after seven rounds at New Bedford, and, a few days later, registered a defeat over Pancho Villa of that city, a boy with a win over Sammy Fuller.

Louis Nemis, the Italian club-fighter of Bangor, Me., made a two round job of Eddie Kid Sullivan of Walpole, Mass., at Bangor. A bad cut over Sullivan's eye forced his retirement.

Frank Monte of Brockton, a light heavyweight importee from Jersey, lasted but four rounds with Dutch Leonard of Waltham in their recent bout fought in a Salem, Mass., ring.

Bud Mignault of West Bridgewater, a hard-hitting middleweight, wound up the career in New Bedford of Willie Callahan of Manchester, N. H., in five rounds in the Whaling City.

## SOUTH AUSTRALIAN BOXING
**By JAMES J. MANNION**

JACK CARROLL picked up some easy money in a recent three-weeks campaign. He stopped Bert Lampson in 8; then he and Tommy Fielding were tossed out of the ring after seven rounds of inartistic loafing; and, lastly, Carroll romped home from Alby Roberts in 15 stanzas. For these "pleasant Sunday afternoons" the middleweight champ collected £235 in guarantees. But he really deserved nothing because of their poor showing. The fans turned up to see the most brilliant boxer in the country; and what they actually did see could be improved on by any tank town palooka.

Fans at Leichhardt were given an overweight match between bantam leader Ern Evans and Jackie McDonald. Evans won in fifteen rounds. Evans had another good win when he and Young Gildo "tripped the light fantastic" over 15 rounds. Les has returned to Melbourne after a very successful trip to Perth (W. A.)

Al Foreman has caused a long succession of verbal wars since he arrived in this neck of the woods. But it now seems definite that he will meet Bobby Delaney next month, with the British Empire lightweight title being up for the winner. The "All-British .Syndicate" has bought Foreman's contract from the N.S.C.A. An effort is to be made to get Al and Young Slew Edwards together in Melbourne on Cup night. He may win both fights, but will have no picnic in doing so. The "All-British Syndicate" is said to be taking over some of Sydney's numerous suburban stadiums.

Following an easy win over Tiger Jack Payne, Clyde Chastain had to fight all the way to earn a draw with Adolph Hintz. A pair of good, honest workers, these two.

Ron Richards (11.7) went up several rungs in the fistic ladder during the month. He performed brilliantly to gain hollow victories over Tony Gora (Hawaii) and Tasmanian Pat Appleton. Ron is improving with every fight despite—or maybe because of—the increasing stiffness of the opposition. This lad looks suspiciously like the real McCoy. No wonder Queenslanders have ceased to gaze enviously down on the stars of the South.

West Australian fans saw: Harry Lister (N. Z. middle) and Ted Hogan fight a none-too-classy draw . . . Wally Hancock outclass Bobby Stone, and win per t. k. o. in 12 . . . Billy Negus do the same in eight . . . Rus Critcher outpoint Tommy Fielding . . . and Hancock won easily from Danny Ryan.

Fred Hannaberry, (11:2), accounted for Jimmy Pearce at Newcastle. Pearce's home town. It was quite a good mill, and Pearce excelled himself for the benefit of the locals. "Lost Endeavor," James!

Young Lew Edwards, the best featherweight we have, stepped out of his division to tackle Ron Negus at Fitzroy. But the difference in weight did not embarrass him any. He was on top throughout the 15 rounds of excellent scrapping, and copped the decision.

Welter champ, Billy "Blue" Jones, had a gay and hearty time pushing the leather into every possible spot on Jimmy Kelso's lightweight carcass. But he dropped one of those hometown decisions to Royce McGrath in a non-title affair at Wagga.

Nat Fleischer's appeal for Max Schmeling (October RING) is what this hombre has been awaiting since June 12, 1930. Imagine that rigid observance of the rules of sport helped to earn Mr. Muldoon his great reputation. Yet when Sharkey broke a vital rule of boxing, and Max Schmeling thereby won his world title—in a perfectly legal manner—Mr. Muldoon, and even Gene Tunney, calmly refused to consider the German as the legitimate world's champion . . .

One of those things—you know what I mean—was the result of putting Tiger Jack Payne and Bob Thornton in the same ring. The decision went to Payne. Which is just another way of saying that the alleged Tiger was not quite as awful as his opponent. I doubt if worse things happen at sea. . . .

Bad matchmaking is one of the things that gives the wowser grounds for anti-boxing campaigns. And just when the game has to watch its step particularly closely, it is about to be jeapordized for the sole purpose of exhibiting Mr. William L. Stribling to the Australian public—and thereby gathering in all the £.S.D. available. . . . Thus we learn of the matching of Strib with Johnny Freeman (Sydney), Tony Gora (Adelaide—yep, the little old Queen City), and George Thompson (Perth). Billy played with Freeman in their Melbourne bout. . . . Gora was comfortably licked by Ambrose Palmer, Strib's first local victim, and others. . . . And George Thompson, never a fighter of class, has been out of the game for years. With everything on the level, Stribling will be saying it with flowers to the sorrowing friends of three departed pugs. . . . Yet if you say "Commission" in these parts, you get the razz—and a sunshade! . . .

Fistic highlights have been practically non-existent in the past few weeks. So don't blame me if the above looks the same as the following: Small Fry: Tommy Fielding whipped Wally Maher in five rounds (k. o.). . . . Tony Gora scrambled home in a 15-rounder with Billy Richards. . . . A Queensland lightweight hope, Alf Wells, stopped Ken Bryant in four heats. . . . Dick O'Connor (8.6) got nearer the top of the Victorian bantam tree by walloping Billy McAlister. . . . Bobby Blay hopped across to New Zealand and knocked out Reg Trowern in nine. . . . Alf Wells knocked out Lee Brander in eleven. . . . This column has often been headed "South Australian Boxing" . . . but don't be misled into thinking there is any such thing!

## IN OKLAHOMA
**By HOOKS GIBSON**

FRANK PACASSI, fight manager, auto salesman, promoter of dance marathons, endurance flights and what have you is the latest manager of Babe Hunt. Frank took the Babe to San Francisco where Leroy Haynes, a young Los Angeles Negro according to press clippings, gave the big Oklahoman a fine shellacking; Haynes has also beaten Paul Swiderski.

Duncan, Okla., the home of the Calmes brothers, is running boxing shows twice a month. Mr. Calmes, father of this trio of fighting youngsters, is the promoter. On his first show, Bobby Calmes and Bat. Delgado fought a fast six-round draw. Spider Calmes and Jackie Snyder ended even. Two weeks later Jackie Snyder held Bobby even in six rounds while Spider won from Harold Potts in six. All are featherweights. Baxter Calmes, best known of the three, is back home after a year's sojourn in Chicago, where he met the best lightheavies in the country.

Jesse James, Wewoka heavy, unheralded and unknown, handed the highly touted Baxter Calmes a lacing in ten rounds at Okla. City. Johnny Ford safely defended his state light-heavy crown against Virgil Freeman. Neil Johnson won from Haskell Long in six rounds. Chief Paris beat Gene Barker in four and Knute Holliday won from Paul Sharpe in four.

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## IN HONOLULU
**By THOMAS HARADA**

THE fight game in Honolulu is picking up due to the invasion of the clever Fidel La Barba. The visit of the former champion instilled new life into the game.

La Barba is a most popular fighter. The fans here like his style and his honest endeavors. Too bad he had to leave us to go to New York for his battle with Kid Chocolate.

His record prior to leaving for the states, included a knockout over Vincente Venturilles, a victory over Ray Butler, former U. S. Navy champion, and a victory over Little Dempsey, stablemate of Little Pancho of the Philippines.

## MONTREAL TOPICS
**By LAWSON BAMPTON**

BOBBY LEITHAM, pride of Verdun, a suburb of Montreal, retained his Canadian bantam title in a fifteen round battle at Winnipeg against the blonde, hard hitting Frankie Wolfram, the best bantam Western Canada has produced for a decade. The bout attracted 4,000 fans to Winnipeg's new $1,000,000 civic auditorium, which was officially opened by the title fight. It was the first titular battle staged there since 1927. Sam Gibbs is pilot of the fine little champion. The N. B. A. recently rated Leitham sixth in the bantam division. Gibbs plans to motor to Los Angeles with Leitham.

Al Foreman, British Empire lightweight king, signalized his presence in Australia by easily outclassing Billy Osbourne, Aussie star, in a fifteen rounder at Melbourne last month. Foreman is boxing independently of promoters there but is in demand. He may meet Bobby Blay and Billy Delaney, defending his title against both. Delaney is the Aussie champ while Blay is his keenest rival.

Barney O'Connell, local baby-faced battler, has been nominated by the Montreal Commission for the Canadian feather title vacated by Leo Kid Roy, mostly on the strength of his recent ten round victory over Benny Brostoff at Quebec City. Sammy Gibbs is keen to prove that his rugged featherweight protege, Frankie Fiore, is certainly entitled to consideration for that title and would like to match Fiore with O'Connell.

Pete Sanstol, Norwegian bantam marvel, came back with a bang to the Forum ring when he toyed with Eugene Huat, heavy hitting Frenchman, in the ten round topliner of Alec Moore's initial card as matchmaker for the Forum. Sanstol won seven rounds. It was a masterly performance.

Joe Ghnouly, stocky St. Louis 130 pounder, saved some of the disappointment caused by Huat's defeat for pudgy Gus Wilson by shading Roger Bernard in a hectic ten rounder semi-final put on after the main bout. Bernard was handicapped by badly burned arms. Billy Hogan, Gus Wilson's former amateur lightweight sensation, proved that he could stand up under fire when he utilized his sharpshooting prowess to floor Jerry Emard, tough Holyoke 140 pounder, for a short count near the end of their six round slugfest to edge out a close decision.

Harold Stewart, former local amateur lightweight star, outclassed Jackie Dupont, Holyoke, in second. Joe Marciente shaded Art Giroux, local feather, in a hectic six rounder. A natural bout here would be a Sanstol-Leitham clash.

Johnny Nemis, Eastern Canada middleweight champion, successfully defended his title by stopping Claude MacKinnon, P. E. I. Provincial champion in the seventh at Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, one of the three Maritime Provinces. Nemis has improved greatly since forsaking the welter class.

Jules Racicot staged a lightweight tourney for the Provincial title at the International Sporting Club operated by Tommy Conway, and George Girardin copped the crown when Wilf Carufel connected low with a wild blow.

STRAY SHOTS. . . . Fred Dobran, popular owner of the Famous Photo Studio, has taken pictures of just about every fighter or luminary in the game . . . that is, any in Montreal or who came to Montreal. . . . He takes action pictures of every big fight here and no fight gathering would be complete without him. . . . Greggie Gregersen, local Danish bantam star, is being dodged plenty . . . if Racicot runs a bantam tourney he will be strong favorite. . . . Charity fights of last September have culminated in scandal. . . . Quite a bit of money missing. . . . Dempsey has yet to be paid his $1500 for refereeing . . . he drew 90% of the crowd. . . . Commission not to blame—can't collect on $6,000 bond they're holding . . . these politicians do mess things up.

## HEARD AND SEEN IN MICHIGAN
**By MICKEY McINTIRE**

JOHNNY MITCHELL, rugged Detroiter and featherweight champion of Michigan lost to George Riley, coming Negro, in ten rounds at the Arena Gardens recently. Riley dominated with a long left jab. Freddy Heinz lost to Ad Kuhlow in the semi-final. Heinz weighed 173, thirteen pounds more than his fighting weight. Holman Williams, Detroit Negro, easily beat Eddie Isaacs in six; Red Casson whipped Sammy Slender; Texas Tanner drew with Harry Saunders; and Jackie Sherman kayoed John Klouth in the second.

Eddie Koppy beat Johnny Jaeger at Mt. Clemens.

One of the leading prospects in Michigan is Harry Nelson, Inkster heavy. Nelson has a nice build, is a fair boxer and punches straight. He has a fine left jab.

K. O. Jack O'Dowd of Detroit got the decision over Battling Bozo but the decision was roundly booed. Bobby Thomas of Saginaw and Frankie Donnelly of Detroit drew in the semi-final. Bill Marrone had little trouble with Al Henderson.

At Ecorse, Charley Long, colored boxer from Los Angeles, stopped Nelson Sisco in the tenth round. Frank Zavadie defeated Johnny Reggi in the semi-final and Ted Marenda drew with Cecil Mobley.

Harry Robertson of Port Huron beat Teddy De Francis of Detroit in 10 rounds at Romeo. Johnny Merrit drew with Cecil Lothery in the semi-final.

Billy Marrone, who only started boxing professionally this summer, is undefeated in the lightweight class.

At Mt. Clemens, Flash Riser, state heavyweight champion, won from Chuck Doris of Grand Rapids in ten listless rounds. Johnny Nardoni beat Al Honos; Red Casson beat Jimmy Laverane and Sammy Slender beat Eddie Trongo.

Ted Marenda stopped Tommy Hughes, colored welter from Detroit, in the fourth at Hazel Park. Dick Chriss beat Milton Reeves in the main preliminary.

Ernie Maurer knocked out Duke Calloway, Chicago Negro, in the sixth. John Vorce, former Detroit amateur, beat Harry English of Toledo in the eight-round semi-final. Harry Fine of Pontiac was floored twice by Johnny Nardoni but came back to win Referee Casey's decision. Russell Moore shaded Frankie Veith and Jackie Sherman knocked out Harold Anthony in the first.

By the way, Jackie Sherman, brother of the well-known Morrie, is a pretty fair prospect. He has won all of his fights so far. He knocked out John Klouth and Harold Anthony in his last starts.

Dwight Mitchie is back in Detroit after an absence of several years. Mitchie expects to get a stable of boxers before long. He has always been known as a square shooter.

Chuck Woods defeated Billy Gladstone in ten hard rounds at the Arena Gardens. Teddy De-Francis knocked out Ham Roberts of Germany in the second round.

Frankie Genovese of Toronto is in Detroit now. Genovese was amateur champion of Canada, but is fighting professional now. He looked good in his workouts at the Monroe A. C.

At the Detroit A. C., Petey Hayes, a classy feather from New York, beat Joe Pallazolla. Tony Tassi shaded Franklin Young, and Andy "Kid" Brown kayoed Johnny Riggi in the prelims.

At the Arena Gardens, George Riley and Young Geno, of La Salle, Ill., fought a draw. Frankie Misko scored a technical knockout over Teddy De Francis in the sixth. Carlo Mazzola shaded Franklin Young; Jack Horton beat Charley House and Jackie Sherman beat Billy Moore.

At Grand Rapids, Wesley Ramey easily beat Tommy Grogan. PeeWee Jarrell demonstrated his superiority over Pete Petroskey in the semi-final.

Eddie Koppy and Chet Smallwood fought a draw at Adrian. Harold English beat K. O. Redmond.

Young Geno put up a great fight but could not beat Billy Marrone at the Arena Gardens. Frankie Donnelly laced Kenneth Offet, Don McLeod beat Johnny Jaeger and Earl Philbin kayoed Johnny Nardoni in 3.

Ernie Maurer defeated Tony Marino of Pittsburgh at Toronto.

Ansell Bell, also known as Kid Buller, the "boy wanderer," from Panama, is now making Detroit his home. He is now trainer of the Jimmy Brady stable of boxers. Incidentally, Brady is one of the best managers in Detroit and any boxer coming here will do well to get in touch with him at Monroe A. C., 34 Monroe Ave., Detroit.

Rueben Edmans of Muskegon lost a very questionable decision to Jack December at the D. A. C. John Voree stopped Wellise.

In a wonderful fight at Arena Gardens, Dario Mareno, Kalamazoo Mexican, fought a draw with Ernie Maurer, Detroit sensation. It was one of the best fights ever seen in a Detroit ring. Holman Williams beat Len Hendrickson of Kalamazoo in the semi. Henry Gowatch beat Billy Cooper; Jackie Sherman beat Carl Adams; and Johnny Thomas beat Jackie Light.

Frankie White is one of the leading welterweights in Michigan having met Red Bragen, Morrie Sherman, Pete Petroskey and Nick Milske. White is planning a trip around the world.

## SOUTHERN OHIO JABS
**By J. JIMMIE AMANN**

NO show worth while mentioning was staged in Greater Cincinnati during the past month and the writer while scribbling these words again takes the Cincinnati Boxing Commission to task for the idleness which has beset every one of Cincinnati's fight promoters.

Until the Commission sets itself down and realizes that the various promoters cannot keep alive with guarantees for mediocre boxers or even top notchers in these days, boxing will be at a standstill. Fighters are only worth what they can draw.

While Freddie Miller, Cincinnati's ex-featherweight threat is on the sidelines recuperating from a fractured finger, Lee Cox, the dashing curly headed welterweight, is making hay while the sun shines.

Cox won from Howard Jones at Louisville, Ky., lost a close ten-round verdict to Pee Wee Jarrel at Springfield, O., and then two weeks later made his debut in the east with a well timed one round knockout over Manuel Suarez at Jersey City. Cox has been under the careful watching of Benny Leonard the former lightweight king and the Cincinnatian is making improved strides in his hitting power since he placed himself under the direction of the former titleholder. The Ohio boy is a steady and pleasing fighter and he should go over big in New York if given the chance.

Joe Basco, Barberton, O., fight manager and promoter, is bewailing the literature which was sent out following the Johnny Edwards-Babe Triscaro scrap at Youngstown, O., recently. This propaganda stated that Triscaro was the winner after 10 sensational rounds but dailies received by the writer from Basco who handles Edwards, give the verdict a draw.

Smokey Maggard, Dayton, Ky., middleweight, edged out Steve Kaplan of Cincinnati in the eight round main event of Frank Rappolds card at the Oakley Square arena in Oakley, O. Maggard won the judges award after a hard fought battle. In the other bouts, Manel Castro knocked out Jess Freeman in 6; Jess Calhoun shaded Young Helms; Johnny Legere iced Ray Jordan; Young Burke trimmed Red Rufus and Johnny Nichols outwalloped Stanley Olzcien.

Vic Ross, one of Cincinnati's best lightweights a few years ago has heard the comeback call and is now fighting out of Cleveland, O., under the direction of Bud Weiser.

Miamisburg, O.—"Bulldog" Wright, Kokomo, Ind., won the decision over Jimmy Brown, Cincinnati in 8; Eddie Bommer, Dayton, defeated Jimmy Saylor, Middletown, O., in 6; Bob Smith, Franklin, and Pee Wee Meyers, Middletown, draw; Woody Blair defeated Red Blount; Leo Medaffri knocked out Squirrel Lawson, and Tony Carraba drew with K. O. Hartzell.

At Louisville, Ky., Joe Peglina, Louisville, outpointed Art Schultz, Covington, Ky., in 10 rounds. The boys put up one of the greatest battles seen in the Kentucky metropolis in many years with Schultz holding the margin until the tenth session when Peglina rallied to take the shade.

Moan Baumgartner, Ft. Wayne, Ind., lightweight pounded out a ten-round verdict over Marty Gornick of Pittsburgh, Pa., at the Dayton, O., Eagles arena.

Around Fountain Square with the Punchers and their Pilots. . . . Word received from the West Coast that Millard Rauh, former wrestling matchmaker, had entered the "benedict" ranks. . . . Mill was wed to Miss Tiny LaRue of San Francisco, Calif., and they are making their home in 'Frisco where Rauh is associated with the Dreamland Arena. . . . Joe Basco has a new heavyweight prospect, ala Carnera. . . . Gil Reichart of Cleveland is the young dreadnaught. Gil tips the beam at 255 pounds is 19 years old and wears size 24 shoes.

Eddie Donnellnon, associate editor of the Cincinnati *Leader*, recently gave THE RING high mention in a special column. . . . Eddie's "Lament and Comment" is good reading and witty and is always read by this writer . . . remember when? . . . Joe Anderson clashed gloves with Jimmy Perdue at the old Humboldt and Tommy Sparks met Johnny Haley in the semi . . . when Frankie Susnell the little sensational Portsmouth, O., battler made his first local appearance . . . when Bunga Buck led the array of southpaws in this district while Tommy Billiards was forever issuing challenges at the "Italian Terror," Johnny Mack . . . the latter is now in Florida with Stubby Staub, former middle star from Cinci. . . .

Information in these parts can be secured by mailing the writer a self stamped, self addressed envelope. Fighters with good records who would like to make a good connection locally should write to 2810 Sidney Avenue, Cincinnati, O. Enclose photo and records when writing.

Newark, O.—Nordi Smith, Newark, and Cliff Cassidy, Middletown, drew in 8 rounds; Tiger Walker, Zanesville, shaded Dudley Ring, Bethel, in 6, while Young Walcott, Newark, knocked out Cocky McDonald, Zanesville, in one round. The bouts opened the 1932-33 Newark indoor boxing season and a well sized crowd was on hand.

Eddie Gerhardt of Cincinnati is leading the wrestling promoters parade in mat doings in the Middle West and ere this writeup goes to press, Gerhardt will have lined up some bouts which should pack his Queen City arena to capacity. One match which Gerhardt hopes to line up before the first of the year is the welterweight championship tilt between Jack Reynolds the recognized champion in the West and Johnny Stote, Schenectady, N. Y., speed boy in the East. This match, without doubt would set a new attendance record around here and no matter if Gerhardt or any other promoter secures the bout, his arena will be jammed.

On one of Gerhardt's feature cards, Augustus von Schindler, German middleweight, tossed Sailor Parker, Norfolk, Va., star, in two of three falls. Swede Sanderson tossed Kenny McKenzie in a one fall match while Wildcat McLain drew with Johnny List in a thirty minute contest. These bouts were held at the Metropolitan Theatre.

Blackie Lantz, Cincinnati's Burlesque king and showman is now featuring mat bouts every week at his Empress Theatre and record crowds have been checked at every one of the programs.

The best welterweight wrestler around Cincinnati at present is Sailor Parker. He has won about every match he has appeared in with the exception of Von Schindler who outweighed him by some odd pounds. Parker would make a swell match with Stote if the latter would meet him.

A pleasing performer in the Middle West is Duke Finnegan the former New York middleweight star.

Wrestlers with good records of all weights who would like to work out this way under capable direction should write to the writer of this column at 2810 Sidney Avenue or Promoter Eddie Gerhardt, 1528 Republic St., both Cincinnati addresses. A good clear photo of the wrestler with his past year's performances will be the ones considered.

## NEWS FROM HUDSON COUNTY, N. J.
**By BABE ORLANDO**

THE Jersey City A. A. opened up full blast once more. For the opening card of the indoor season Jack Jennings had Joey Ferrando and Paolo Villa in a 10-rounder, with the former getting the decision. The semi-final between Allie Tedesco and Manuel Candia nearly caused a riot when the official raised Tedesco's hand in token of victory, although it was apparent that the little Mexican had won 9 of the 10 rounds. Sammy Rello beat Bobby Maguire in 6; Al Tarantino kayoed Dan Ortassi in 2; while Johnny Cashman triumphed over Mickey Macher in the opening 4-rounder.

James J. Braddock of North Bergen lost another bout on the coast, this time to Tom Patrick, at Hollywood, Cal.

Paddy Creedon lost an 8-round decision to Al Diamond at Clifton, N. J.

Joe Kaminsky defeated Bob Jasse in 8 heats at Holyoke, Mass.

Steve Chelso, who is managed by the veteran George Broad, knocked out Shorty Ahearn in the 6th round of the feature bout at Orange.

Bobby Maguire and Nickey Cuspito ushered in the indoor season at the Hudson with the latter winning handily. Joe Simonetti kayoed Kid Indian in the 2nd round; Sammy Russo and Henny DiCarlo drew; and Frankie Durante stopped Rocky Bruno in the 1st of the opening 4.

James J. Braddock was stopped in the 6th round by Lou Scozza of Buffalo at San Francisco, Cal.

Lee Cox, recognized as the welterweight champion of Ohio, is now in our midst. Lee comes here with a good reputation and should have no trouble getting work.

There's no stopping Lou Lombardi's climb to the top of his division. The manner in which he disposed of Al Santora, former Golden Glove champion, Lou looked like a champion. Lou stopped Al with a terrific right cross to the chin in the 3rd round at the Jersey City A. A. Referee Danny Sullivan gave Buckey Keyes a Christmas present in the form of a decision over Jackie Mason in the semi-final. Eddy Olivieri stopped Jimmy Bell in the first; Johnny Clark beat Frankie Durante in 4. Johnny Bowen's new find, Phil Franco, T. K. O'd Young Damiani in the first, and Lee Cox from Cincinnati battled to a thrilling 6-round draw with Willie Lewis of Connecticut.

Al Ridgeway lost an 8-round decision to Jimmy Reed at Atlantic City.

At Jimmy Ambrose club in Bergenfield, Billy Hogan, Gus Wilson's protege, beat Mickey Paul in 6; Patsy Bernadella lost to Pete Laratonda in 6; Stanly Kaza won over Johnny Dario in 6; Gaston Martins kayoed Fred Broad in the first and Jimmy Shirlow lost to Paul Nieman, 4.

In another good card that Sam Cohn features weekly in conjunction with the burlesque show at the Hudson, Union City, Freddie Caruso knocked out Jack Augustine in 2 rounds. Lou Pallarino finished Willie Smith in 2. Willie Gerber upset Al Evans and Gene Mickens stopped Chink Phillips in 2.

Irish Chuck Connors, now making his residence in Union City, fought his first battle hereabouts and started off with a bang when he knocked out Jimmy Rose in the third go at Perth Amboy.

My ratings of Hudson County boxers are as follows: Heavyweight: Stanley Poreda, Mickey Taylor, Phil Johnson. Lightheavy: Charley "Trader" Horn, Freddie Caruso, Steve Chelso. Middleweights: Doni Rizzo, Paddy Creedon, Nickey Williams. Welterweights: Nickey Cuspiti, Sammy Rello, Bobby Maguire. Lightweights: Joey Ferrando, Young Zazzarino, Frankie Carlton. Featherweights: Allie Tedesco, Freddie Grasso, Al Kenny. Bantamweights: Lou Pallarino, Young Johnny Duff, Joe Simonetti. Flyweights: None.

Fight fans, fighters, managers and seconds, start the new year right by subscribing to THE RING, a magazine that carries all the sports of the world to every sport center of the earth. Also give your friends a good Holiday present by giving them each a book of whatever sport they're interested. By visiting the "Ring Book Shop," you'll find all of the books in the sport calendar.

Another good boy has come here to stay and is residing in Jersey City. He is Willie Lewis, a two-fisted colored boy from Stamford, Conn.

Phil Franco won from Long Sing Que at the Hudson A. A. Freddie Grasso beat Al Evans in the semi-final. Joey Tagg knocked out Sandy Clements in the third and Steve Chelso beat Gene Mickens in the other bouts.

Allie Tedesco and Manuel Candia again fought to a draw in 10 torrid rounds at the Jersey City A. C. Doni Rizzo beat Castros Vassis in 8. In two sixes Lee Cox won from Sammy Rello and Johnny Curtin lost to Al Tarantino.

Al Ridgeway outpointed Augie Ratner in the star bout at Ziman's Hall in Carlstadt. Johnny La Rae beat Nick Montana in the 8-round semi-final.

Jimmy Thurer opened up an up-to-date gymnasium in Union City and named it the James J. Thurer Asso. Jim has several boys training there daily.

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## CLEVELAND CHATTER
**By "PARSON" TOM McGINTY**

MICKEY KILCHER, Cleveland's new boxing promoter, opened up his new Banata Hall at Lorain Avenue and West 120th Street, featuring Billy Wallace, Cleveland's fighting crooner and Eddie Lord, of Waterbury, Conn., in the main event of 10 rounds. Wallace has signed a 52 week contract with a local radio station.

Pelt Gannon and Jack Berg are running fights at the old Eagles Hall on East 55th Street—and are putting on good amateur fights there also—They also handle Jack Townsend and Young Tiger Flowers.

Jimmy Dunn and Chuck Sotak, have Mickey Duris, lightweight; Jimmy Vaughn, featherweight, and Ross Fields, a corking good little bantamweight, who has fought Willie Davies, Babe Triscara and other top notchers. Dunn is teaching them at the Gray's Armory gym on Bolivar Road. He has started branching out several amateur boys who look like they will get somewhere.

Ray Van Hook, Pontiac, Mich., welterweight, is finding it hard to get any of the boys around Michigan to fight him. He is a good club fighter and always welcomed back, win or lose.

Jimmy Avon is still plugging around the state—grabbing off fights here and there with Patsy and Leo Severo, Whitey Taylor, Mickey Dugan, and other of his star leather pushers.

Johnny Papke, and John L. McCafferty have opened up a new gym at Billy Sulzman's Hall, Walnut Avenue. They have some very good boys, especially in Nick Boris and his lightweight Teddy Smith.

Jack Pallet is a good Ohio fighter who is well in demand.

Joe Kelly, who trains Billy Wallace, is promoting amateur shows at his gym on Euclid Ave. and has a large stable of fighters.

Eddie Mead has returned from New York where his wife underwent a successful operation and plans to run shows at the Central Armory.

Tom McGinty has gone into another new venture, he is going to promote the six day bicycle races in Cleveland in January.

Babe Triscaro knocked out Louis Carpentero at Youngstown on the Xmas fund benefit show. This kid has everything.

Ollie and Johnny Downs, have started their winter season of amateur bouts, and will run regularly from now on. They have several star performers.

Joey Duggan of Worcester, Mass., blew into town and was matched up with Joey Kushner, but disappeared the next day. Guess he became homesick.

Times are picking up around the state—Bill Watson is promoting regular shows at Zanesville and Akron and Canton are in line and so is Youngstown.

The Jolly Bowl at Newcastle is again going. It looks like the old fight game might come back very soon around Ohio.

Tommy Freeman is down in Miami, Florida.

Bob Sangster has several good fighters under his wing fighting around the south—his best bet is Chico Cisneros.

Joe Tuma has branched out as an amateur promoter. He will run fights at the Argonne A. C.

The soldier of fortune, Jerry Sachs, is again with us. He is managing Freddy Polo.

Marty McHale and Tony Lombaro fought a great bout at Zanesville. The fans booed long and loud when Lombardo was given the duke.

Bryan Downey is back in Chicago teaching boxing at Howard's gym.

Rosey Rosales was injured while enroute to Springfield to box Larry Johnston. His car turned completely over.

Eddie Simms and his manager Tom Stanley are still hot after Johnny Risko.

Johnny Risko turned down Nate Lewis's offer to box King Levinsky at Chicago.

All good first class boxers out of work might get an occasional shot around Cleveland and Ohio rings by getting in touch with the writer. Local managers are requested to send in photos and out-of-town fights for publication in THE RING—I must have the copy by the 15th of each month.

Teddy Smith beat Johnny Sheppard, and Babe Salupa won over Troy Bellini at the Irish American show on Detroit Ave. and W. 65th St.

Frank Bojorski won a ten-round decision over Mickey Duris at Newcastle, Marty Tonkonen, Cleveland, won over Young Terry, Akron, at Newcastle, Pa.

Walter Taylor is promoting wrestling matches at the Equestrium and Charley Marotta takes care of all shows at the Public Auditorium and the Central Armory.

Doc Kiser is handling another famous Filipino, Chick Torres, and plans on bringing him into Cleveland.

Mose Donley is keeping Johnny Datto as busy as a bee. He is a crowd pleaser.

Johnny Farr is after the country's best 130 pounders.

## LOUISIANA IN FISTIANA
**By JOE LEWIS**

IN one of the greatest fights this winter has seen, a contest staged by Martin Burke at the Coliseum arena, Nutzie Liuzza and Tony Cangiamilla stood toe to toe for ten torrid rounds without a letup. They got a draw for their efforts.

Erwin Berlier beat Johnny Cook for the third time in a good bout.

Lou Jallos, who arrived here from New York highly recommended by Damon Runyon, was going like a house afire after winning two straight fights until he ran into Erwin Berlier at the Coliseum. Berlier beat Jallos in every round of a ten round fight.

Archie Lewis is in training again after a layoff of about six months. Here is a boy who has the makings of a champion; watch him.

Buster Mallini, Mississippi Whirlwind, after being away from these parts came back here and boxed Guido Conte, the highly touted Italian middleweight, ten rounds to a draw. This bout was staged at the Hi Li Fronton by Promoter Jimmy Feely. In the semi-windup, K. O. Baer and Cy Ernst boxed six rounds to a draw.

Rodney Bridges, who once was a sparring partner for Terrible Terry McGovern is now chief second at the Coliseum. He has two boys under his tutelage who are destined to go far, Lenny Jaeger, lightweight, and George Clasuen.

Roy Calamari is coming back with a bang. Calamari's latest victim was Tommy Martin.

Joe Ghnouly, who boxed here lately and made a big hit with fight fans, is anxious to show here again. Ghnouly is under the direction of Gus Wilson, who once trained Georges Carpentier and Jack Dempsey.

Any fighter or manager who wants to find out anything about the fight game here should write me at 1245 Constance St., New Orleans, La.

A little of everything—Pal Moran who once was a contender for the lightweight title is working at the Jefferson race track—Harold Buckley, who once was THE RING correspondent, is now press agent for the Coliseum—Sydney Brown, former featherweight, is now a fight manager—Basile Galiano is a dock board patrolman—Martin Burke is now a big time promoter—Harold Casson, old time fighter, is now a usher at the Coliseum.

## ALABAMA BOXING NEWS
**By SAM CARPRI**

PETEY SARRON, after resting from all boxing activities, not only has begun urgent training but also has undertaken to assist Gen. Gorgas Post No. 115, in Birmingham, in supervising amateur boxing shows at the Birmingham Athletic Club.

Boxing shows will be held in Huntsville this winter. They are planning to promote shows semi-monthly at the National Guard Armory, where 1500 persons can be accommodated. Most of our best boys in this locality are journeying Huntsville way.

Jackie Ausborne, of Bessemer, manages to keep himself in great demand by the promoters in out of town rings. His two latest took place in Savannah, with Pat Flaherty, local welterweight. Jackie drew one and lost the other.

Matchmaker Simon Denaburg, for Post No. 1 Drum and Bugle Corps, has lined up a fine bunch of amateur glove-slingers to perform at the Birmingham Athletic Club.

The little city of Fairfield is patronizing wrestling more than any other city for its size in the country. Promoter Chris Jordan, a veteran middleweight wrestler, also promoter, has won the distinction of having put Fairfield on the map. Catch-as-can speaking.